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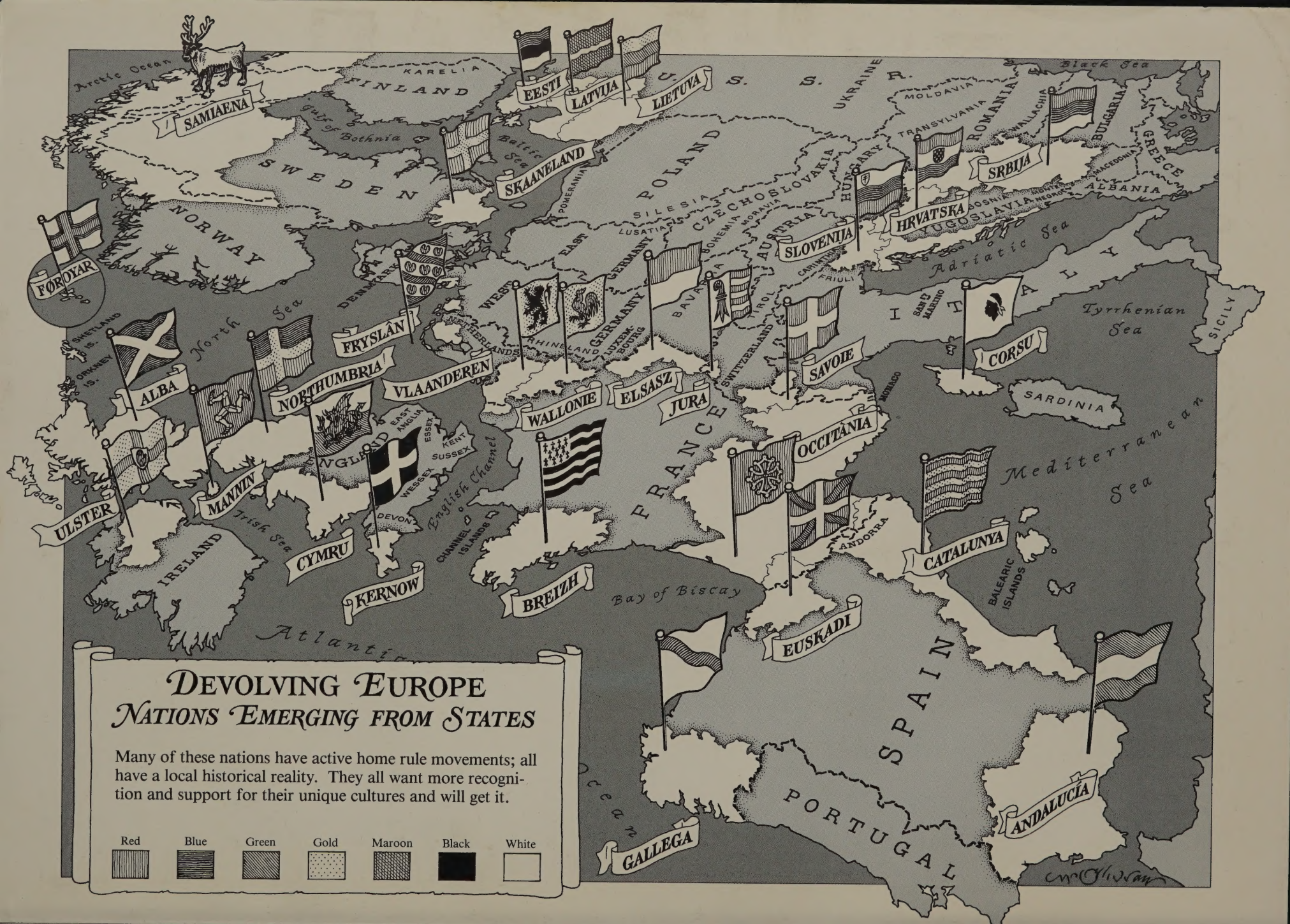
CoEVOLUTION

Quarterly

BIOREGIONS



DEVOLVING EUROPE

NATIONS EMERGING FROM STATES

Many of these nations have active home rule movements; all have a local historical reality. They all want more recognition and support for their unique cultures and will get it.

Red	Blue	Green	Gold	Maroon	Black	White

WHERE YOU AT?

What follows is a self-scoring test on basic environmental perception of place. Scoring is done on the honor system, so if you fudge, cheat, or elude, you also get an idea of where you're at. The quiz is culture bound, favoring those people who live in the country over city dwellers, and scores can be adjusted accordingly. Most of the questions, however, are of such a basic nature that undue allowances are not necessary.

1. Trace the water you drink from precipitation to tap.

2. How many days till the moon is full? (Slack of two days allowed.)

3. What soil series are you standing on?

4. What was the total rainfall in your area last year (July-June)? (Slack: 1" for every 20".)

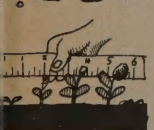
5. When was the last time a fire burned your area?

6. What were the primary subsistence techniques of the culture that lived in your area before you?

7. Name five native edible plants in your region and their season(s) of availability.

8. From what direction do winter storms generally come in your region?

9. Where does your garbage go?



10. How long is the growing season where you live?

11. On what day of the year are the shadows the shortest where you live?

12. When do the deer rut in your region, and when are the young born?

13. Name five grasses in your area. Are any of them native?

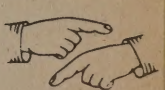
14. Name five resident and five migratory birds in your area.

15. What is the land use history of where you live?

16. What primary geological event/process influenced the land form where you live? (Bonus special: what's the evidence?)

17. What species have become extinct in your area?

18. What are the major plant associations in your region?



19. From where you're reading this, point north.

20. What spring wildflower is consistently among the first to bloom where you live?

SCORING

0-3	You have your head up your ass.
4-7	It's hard to be in two places at once when you're not anywhere at all.
8-12	A fairly firm grasp of the obvious.
13-16	You're paying attention.
17-19	You know where you're at.
20	You not only know where you're at, you know where it's at.

Quiz compiled by: Leonard Charles, Jim Dodge, Lynn Milliman, Victoria Stockley.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON RYAN

No. 32 Winter 1981

COEVOLUTION Quarterly

BIOREGIONS

THEORY AND PRACTICE

DEVOLUTION AND THE FOURTH WORLD

NORTH AMERICA

COVERS

Kathleen O'Neill of Brown Bag Farms in Petaluma, California, created the front cover painting, giving visual life to a concept of Peter Berg's. Seventy-six-year-old Ivy Jones of Wichita, Kansas, created the Homestead Quilt which is centered on Morgan Cowin's photograph of the vegetation at Point Reyes, California. Ivy, writes folklorist Jennie Chinn (who photographed the Homestead Quilt), "quilts for the joy of arranging colors. . . . The Homestead Quilt, finished in the winter of 1979, depicts the homestead in western Kansas where Ivy grew up. Besides quilting, Ivy has sewed for a living, was a beautician, keeps an herb garden, built a cement and stone wall around her house, braids rag rugs, paints, and collects Kansas fossils." The Homestead Quilt and Jennie Chinn's comment on it came to us by way of Gary Coates and the University for Man in Manhattan, Kansas. —SM

Inside Front Cover:
Devolving Europe *by Bruce McGillivray*

KEY TO PLACE NAMES:

Alba — Scotland (U.K.)
Andalucía — Andalucia (Spain)
Breizh — Brittany (France)
Catalunya — Catalonia (Spain, France)
Corsu — Corsica (France)
Cymru — Wales (U.K.)
Eesti — Estonia (U.S.S.R.)
Elsasz — Alsace (France)
Euskadi — Basque Lands (Spain, France)
Føroyar — Faeroe Islands (Denmark)
Fryslân — Friesland (Netherlands, W. Germany)
Gallega — Galicia (Spain)
Hrvatska — Croatia (Yugoslavia)
Jura — Jura (Switzerland)
Kernow — Cornwall (U.K.)
Latvija — Latvia (U.S.S.R.)
Lietuva — Lithuania (U.S.S.R.)
Mannin — Isle of Man (U.K.)
Northumbria — Northumberland (U.K.)
Occitània — Occitania (France, Italy)
Samiaena — Lapland (Norway, Sweden, Finland, U.S.S.R.)
Savoie — Savoy (France, Italy)
Skaaneland — Scania (Sweden)
Slovenija — Slovenia (Yugoslavia)
Srbija — Serbia (Yugoslavia)
Ulster — Northern Ireland (U.K.)
Vlaanderen — Flanders (Belgium, France)
Wallonie — Wallonia (Belgium; Belgium is entirely divided between Vlaanderen and Wallonie)

UNDERSTANDING WHOLE SYSTEMS

LEARNING

POLITICS

LAND USE

CRAFT

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COMMUNICATIONS

COMMUNITY

SOFT TECHNOLOGY

NOMADICS

BUSINESS

COEVOLUTION Quarterly

Planetary Passions: A Reverent Anarchy

by Stephanie Mills

ALL IS NOT RIGHT AMONG US, nor between us and the planet; the time to righten up those relationships is running out, and the way to righten them up is through a devolutionary mode: bioregionalism. If this beginning reminds you of the ecology movement, of those good old obstructionist "Why don't we just not do it?" types who were obdurately trying to stop progress, it's not surprising. Bioregionalism takes off from the same place, does a structural analysis of environmental problems, and goes further. What's up, as they used to say at the Sierra Club, is "Not blind opposition to progress, but opposition to blind progress." And, furthermore, the proposition of a new biosocial order.

Urgent situations and loyal opposition lead to editorializing – sounding a timely alarm and laying out a theoretical basis for a biorenaissance to come. Thus there's more *why* – by Jim Dodge, Murray Bookchin, Molly Ivins, Peter Berg, and myself – than *how* in this issue, and that's unusual for us. CQ tends to favor present reality over fine proposition, pragmatism over other principles. But bombast and essay are what kick over those engines. Besides, what we've got here is conceptual news.

Regionalism can denote anything from a school of poetry to a mode of federal jurisdiction. But bioregionalism admits life to governance, and that's what makes it original, and hopeful. In a bioregion, the citizenry is more than human. Bioregionalism goes beyond ecology, in its enfranchisement of other life forms and land forms, and its respect for their destinies as intertwined with ours. For environmentalists, regulation of industrialism and the judicious employment of technology seemed to be a sufficient goal, one which could be accomplished with the help and good will of existing governments. But nation-state governments will not do those things, and they certainly won't devolve themselves, as Jimoh Omo-Fadaka points out in his discussion of Nigeria's devolutionary civil war.

Bioregionalism depends on harmony rather than dominance or defense, cooperation with nature and social self-management rather than centrist control. Nation-states are increasingly on the defensive, increasingly control-oriented and prone to excess. The center will not hold, though. Inflation will make the bureaucratic, police, and military glue required to bind things as artificial as nation-states together prohibitively expensive.

This binding takes a lot of transportation and communication and tends to be energy intensive, as most endeavors which require the maintenance of simplified systems ultimately are. Simplification is violent, and violence is increasingly insupportable. On the other hand, culture, history, and topophilia can center and hold smaller, more diverse and particular societies. Whenever there's an opportunity for information to displace material, there is cause for optimism, because information may be infinite and material may not.

One form of information which has been (and we hope will become once more) infinite in its variety is language. National history rather than natural history seems to be the motive for devolution in Europe. This and a passion for the vernacular have inflamed nationist movements in Europe for centuries. Fighting words. Peter Berg tells the story of a Breton father being jailed by the French government for the crime of giving his children Breton names. That a mighty nation-state saw a need to control something as personal and immaterial as naming a child attests to the radical value of indigenous languages. It also demonstrates that an imposed language is an instrument of conquest. Welsh Nationalist Gwynfor Evans elaborates on this theme in "How a Language Could Be Political."

We got into a politico-linguistic border dispute over Bruce McGillivray's "Guide to Nationist Europe," the map appearing on the inside front cover. In the course of preparing it, a debate arose. McGillivray felt that our intention to name the nationist places as the people who live there do

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Stephanie Mills is some new kind of activist journalist and editor who moves from issue to print with a dedication to creating an ecologically and civilly coherent world. Her population manifesto graduation speech at Mills College was followed by work as diverse as The Population Activist's Handbook *and an article on astrological birth control for* Playgirl. *Interest in ecological issues prompted editorship of* EarthTimes *and Friends of the Earth's* Not Man Apart. *How Stephanie managed to actually get a grant for holding a year's worth of salons to bring together eco-activists and others remains one of the greater bio-civil mysteries.*

Her identity with the natural integrity of the Bay Area extends to the extraordinary length (for this time of year) of swimming in San Francisco Bay five times a week with the Dolphin Club, and a continuing interest in bodily well-being that prompted previous editorship of Anne Kent Rush's The Basic Back *Book may likely result in a future book on Chinese medicine.*

"I'm really grateful to have had a chance to work in a place I love," says she. "This area is an estuary for writers."
—Peter Berg (PB)

would exclude too many readers from comprehending the map at all. My first inclination was to go for consistency, and if that meant Anglicizing all the names, I was for it. But as the debate continued, it seemed to me (and had all along to Peter Berg) that the map would be far more informative if indigenous languages were used. Such nomenclature would illuminate the real diversity beneath the veneer of the nation-states and would relieve us of the error of linguistic imperialism. (We are printing a key on the contents page, however, to orient all you English speakers after you've enjoyed the shock.)

Imposed languages reduce diversity and subvert living in place and community self-management. They make life easy for administrators, convenient for tourists and international businessmen. They make it too handy for the wrong kind of people to get around – the greedy, the lazy, the detached.

In Joe Bacon's and Peter Berg's articles you'll read about tourists viewing funerals as quaint local spectacles, taking snapshots of the dead as cultural souvenirs. It's ironic – the further we go in search of local color and character, of the texture that makes human existence rich, the further behind we leave the possibility of discovering that texture in our own home places, and the more the people upon whom we visit ourselves change to accomodate us.

This displacement of subtle values by gross (a.k.a. "Progress") is current and widespread, mild, but not innocent. Its extremest form is genocide – the extermination of native peoples, also current and widespread. Once, in a vein of accepting present reality as that which is meant to be, I asked Ray Dasmann why ecosystem people always seem to capitulate to biosphere people. "Bullets are swifter than spears" was the gist of his reply. Stamping out nationism and assimilating indigenous cultures always has and will continue to require main force.

We have devoted considerable space to the problems of Native Americans because they're close to home (for most of us) and the U.S. and Canadian governments' relations with them are a classic story of ruthless expansionism. In his article on the relocation of Navajo and Hopi traditionals away from their homeland, Jerry Mander describes the U.S. government's kidnapping and indoctrination of Indian children as part of the campaign to force their assimilation. This is essentially the same process as the Breton story, maybe a little more brutal for being the utter shattering of a culture. Ultimately, we all suffer this loss. Over time, indigenous people have evolved ways of living in place which permit local self-reliance without a violation of the planet's integrity. Their rules for living are simple poetry in languages which give voice to the spirit of the land. We have to go to enormous lengths, performing scientific and intellectual somersaults, to reinvent the (prayer) wheel which these peoples have had for centuries.

That is why, when a Native American leader like Winona La Duke calls for us to make common cause with Indians and support their treaty rights, we might look on doing that as the ultimate pragmatism, an opportunity to share some vital and time-tested bioregional technique.

The point of the treaty map and the Europe map is not history but current affairs. The classic cheapshot directed against devolutionaries is to accuse them of a desire to Balkanize everyone and strike the tower of Babel anew; devolution is rather a movement which could put a little soul into the future. Because it has continuity, bioregionalism is forward looking in a way that leaps into space are not. The resistance of people to colonization and cultural destruction is a constant of human history. A loyalty to the planet, a detailed sense of place, and an informed love of homeland will save us.

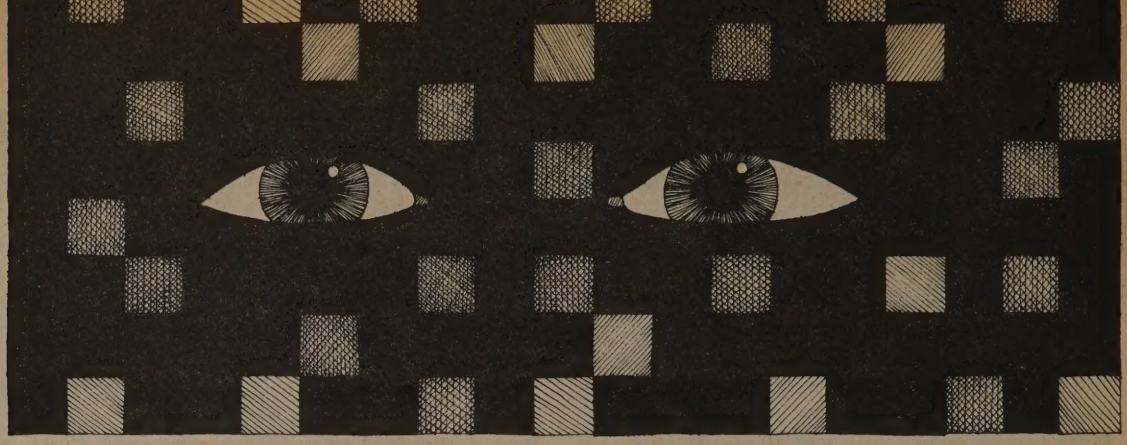
Presenting Peter Berg

Peter Berg is charismatic and a *spieler*. He acts, in every sense of the word. Before he was a Digger, he wrote, directed, and performed with the San Francisco Mime Troupe. Much later, after Planet Drum began, he, with Peter Coyote and others, was part of the Reinhabitory Theater. This ensemble, started by Judy Goldhaft, who is Peter's partner, created new/old worlds from the sheer thespian ether. Great stuff.

When I first met him, Peter was a Digger and I was a wet-behind-the-ears editor of EarthTimes, a short-lived tabloid offshoot of Rolling Stone. Peter appeared, hunkered intensely in the corner of my cubicle and made something between a request and a demand for a four page Digger-edited pull-out in the next issue to be distributed wide, and of course free. Timid and intimidated, I passed the buck to Jann Wenner and didn't see too much of Peter for the next few years. Now here we are together, working a whole hundred pages of an idea whose time has finally come.

The last few years of growing friendship with Peter and Judy, which have preceded this collaboration, have been stimulating, still challenging, and rewarding. Their commitment to providing a voice for the planetariat through Planet Drum's activities is firm.

It's a gift to associate with committed people who think and express themselves well. Peter is one, and I am pleased that CQ readers have this opportunity to get better acquainted with him. –SM



Living by Life

Some Bioregional Theory and Practice

by Jim Dodge

Illustrated by Jack Malotte

I WANT TO MAKE IT CLEAR from the outset that I'm not all that sure what bioregionalism is. To my understanding, bioregionalism is an idea still in loose and amorphous formulation, and presently is more hopeful declaration than actual practice. In fact, "idea" may be too generous: bioregionalism is more properly a notion, which is variously defined as a general idea, a belief, an opinion, an intuition, an inclination, an urge. Furthermore, as I think will prove apparent, bioregionalism is hardly a new notion; it has been the animating cultural principle through 99 percent of human history, and is at least as old as consciousness. Thus, no doubt, the urge.

My purpose here is not really to define bioregionalism – that will take care of itself in the course of things – but to mention some of the elements that I see composing the notion, and some possibilities for practice. I speak with no special privilege on the matter other than my longstanding and fairly studious regard for the subject, a regard enriched by my teachers and numerous bioregional friends. My only true qualification is that I'm fool enough to try.

"Bioregionalism" is from the Greek *bios* (life) and the French *region* (region), itself from the Latin *regia* (territory), and earlier, *regere* (to rule or govern). Etymologically, then, bioregionalism means life territory, place of life, or perhaps by reckless extension, government by life. If you can't imagine that government by life would be at least 40 billion times better than government by the Reagan administration, or Mobil Oil, or any other distant powerful monolith, then your heart is probably no bigger than a prune pit and you won't have much sympathy for what follows.

A CENTRAL ELEMENT of bioregionalism – and one that distinguishes it from similar politics of place – is the importance given to natural systems, both as the source of physical nutrition and as the body of metaphors from which our spirits draw sustenance. A natural system is a community of interdependent life, a mutual biological integration on the order of an ecosystem, for example. What constitutes this community is uncertain beyond the obvious – that it includes all interacting life forms, from the tiniest fleck of algae to human

INITIAL LETTERS COMPUTER-GENERATED BY JOHN WARNOCK

Jim Dodge is one of the best new writers in the bioregion. Now there are writers like musicians who can really play, and there are writers like composers (authors, some would call them) who can really think. Jim can do both. What's more, the kid can edit. He and his Cazadero, California cohorts put out a rich little nugget of bioregional news and comment called ***Upriver/Downriver*** *($6/year, irregular – between 2 to 4 issues, Box 390, Cazadero CA 95421).*

Jim lives on a sheep ranch and works for Leonard Charles and Associates as an environmental consultant. He is engaged to be married in the year 2000. *–SM*

beings, as well as their biological processes. To this bare minimum, already impenetrably complex, bioregionalism adds the influences of cultural behavior, such as subsistence techniques and ceremonies. Many people further insist – sensibly, I think – that this community/ecosystem must also include the planetary processes and the larger figures of regulation: solar income, magnetism, gravity, and so forth. Bioregionalism is simply biological realism; in natural systems we find the physical truth of our being, the real obvious stuff like the need for oxygen as well as the more subtle need for moonlight, and perhaps other truths beyond those. Not surprisingly, then, bioregionalism holds that the health of natural systems is directly connected to our own physical/psychic health as individuals and as a species, and for that reason natural systems and their informing integrations deserve, if not utter veneration, at least our clearest attention and deepest respect. No matter how great our laws, technologies, or armies, we can't make the sun rise every morning nor the rain dance on the goldenback ferns.

To understand natural systems is to begin an understanding of the self, its common and particular essences – literal self-interest in its barest terms. "As above, so below," according to the old-tradition alchemists; natural systems as models of consciousness. When we destroy a river, we increase our thirst, ruin the beauty of free-flowing water, forsake the meat and spirit of the salmon, and lose a little bit of our souls.

Unfortunately, human society has also developed technologies that make it possible to lose big chunks all at once. If we make just one serious mistake with nuclear energy, for instance, our grandchildren may be born with bones like overcooked spaghetti, or torn apart by mutant rats. Global nuclear war is suicide: the "losers" die instantly; the "winners" inherit slow radiation death and twisted chromosomes. By any sensible measure of self-interest, by any regard for life, nuclear war is abhorrent, unthinkable, and loathsomely stupid, and yet the United States and other nations spend billions to provide that possibility. It is the same mentality that poohpoohs the growing concentration of poisons in the biosphere. It's like the farmer who was showing off his prize mule to a stranger one day when the mule suddenly fell over sideways and died. The farmer looked at the body in bewildered disbelief: "Damn," he said, "I've had this mule for 27 years and it's the first time he's ever done this." To which the stranger, being a biological realist, undoubtedly replied, "No shit."

WHILE I FIND an amazing depth of agreement among bioregionalists on what constitutes *bios*, and on what general responsibilities attend our place in the skein of things, there is some disagreement – friendly but passionate – on what actually constitutes a distinct biological region (as opposed to arbitrary entities, like states and counties, where boundaries are established without the dimmest ecological perception, and therefore make for cultural incoherence and piecemeal environmental management). Since the very gut of bioregional thought is the integrity of natural systems and culture, with the function of culture being the mediation of the self and the ecosystem, one might think "bioregion" would be fairly tightly defined. But I think it must be kept in mind that, to paraphrase Poe and Jack Spicer, we're dealing with the grand concord of what does not stoop to definition. There are, however, a number of ideas floating around regarding the biological criteria for a region. I'll mention some of them below, limiting the examples to Northern California.

One criterion for determining a biological region is biotic shift, a percentage change in plant/animal species composition from one place to another – that is, if 15 to 25 percent of the species where I live are different from those where you live, we occupy different biological regions. We probably also experience different climates and walk on different soils, since those differences are reflected in species composition. Nearly everyone I've talked with agrees that biotic shift is a fairly slick and accurate way to make bioregional distinctions; the argument is over the percentage, which invariably seems arbitrary. Since the change in biotic composition is usually gradual, the biotic shift criterion permits vague and permeable boundaries between regions, which I personally favor. The idea, after all, is not to replace one set of lines with another, but simply to recognize inherent biological integrities for the purpose of sensible planning and management.

Another way to biologically consider regions is by watershed. This method is generally straightforward, since drainages are clearly apparent on topographical maps. Watershed is usually taken to mean river drainage, so if you live on Cottonwood Creek you are part of the Sacramento River drainage. The problem with watersheds as bioregional criteria is that if you live in San Francisco you are also part of the Sacramento (and San Joaquin) River drainage, and that's a long way from Cottonwood Creek. Since any long drainage presents similar problems, most people who advance the watershed criterion make intradrainage distinctions (in the case of the Sacramento: headwaters, Central Valley, west slope Sierra, east slope Coast Range, and delta/bay). The west slope of the Coast Range, with its short-running rivers and strong Pacific influence, is often considered as a whole biological area, at least from the Gualala River to the Mattole River or, depending on who you're talking to, from the Russian River to the Eel River, though they aren't strictly west slope Coast Range rivers. The Klamath, Smith, and Trinity drainages are often considered a single drainage system, with the arguable inclusion of the Chetco and the Rogue.

A similar method of bioregional distinction is based upon land form. Roughly, Northern California breaks down into the Sierra, the Coast Range, the Central Valley, the Klamath Range, the southern part of the Cascade Range, and the Modoc Plateau. Considering the relationship between topography and water, it is not surprising that land form distinctions closely follow watersheds.

A different criterion for making bioregional distinctions is, awkwardly put, cultural/phenomenological: you are where you perceive you are; your turf is what you think it is, individually and collectively. Although the human sense of territory is deeply evolved and cultural/perceptual behavior certainly influences the sense of place, this view seems to me a bit anthropocentric. And though it is difficult not to view things in terms of human experience and values, it does seem wise to remember that human perception is notoriously prey to distortion and the strange delights of perversity. Our species hasn't done too well lately working essentially from this view; because we're ecological dominants doesn't necessarily mean we're ecological determinants. (In fairness, I should note that many friends think I'm unduly cranky on this subject.)

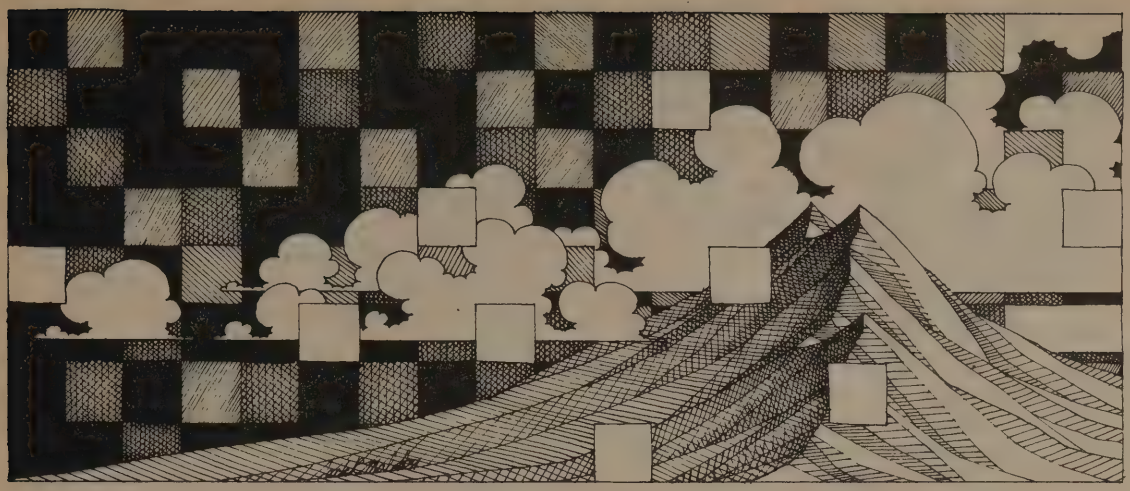
One of the more provocative ideas to delineate bioregions is in terms of "spirit places" or psyche-tuning power-presences, such as Mount Shasta and the Pacific Ocean. By this criterion, a bioregion is defined by the predominate psychophysical influence where you live. You have to live in its presence long enough to truly feel its force within you and that it's not mere descriptive geography.

Also provocative is the notion that bioregion is a vertical phenomenon having more to do with elevation than horizontal deployment – thus a distinction between hill people and flatlanders, which in Northern California also tends to mean country and city. A person living at 2000 feet in the Coast Range would have more in cultural common with a Sierra dweller at a similar altitude than with someone at sea level 20 miles away.

To briefly recapitulate, the criteria most often advanced for making bioregional distinctions are biotic shift, watershed, land form, cultural/phenomenological, spirit presences, and elevation. Taken together, as I think they should be, they give us a strong sense of where we're at and the life that enmeshes our own. Nobody I know is pushing for a quick definition anyway. Bioregionalism, whatever it is, occupies that point in development (more properly, renewal) where definition is unnecessary and perhaps dangerous. Better now to let definitions emerge from practice than impose them dogmatically from the git-go.

A SECOND ELEMENT of bioregionalism is anarchy. I hesitate using that fine word because it's been so distorted by reactionary shitheads to scare people that its connotative associations have become bloody chaos and fiends amok, rather than political decentralization, self-determination, and a commitment to social equity. Anarchy doesn't mean out of control; it means out of their control. Anarchy is based upon a sense of interdependent self-reliance, the conviction that we as a community, or a tight, small-scale federation of communities, can mind our own business, and can make decisions regarding our individual and communal lives and gladly accept the responsibilities and consequences of those decisions. Further, by consolidating decision making at a local, face-to-face level without having to constantly push information through insane bureaucratic hierarchies, we can act more quickly in relation to natural systems and, since we live there, hopefully with more knowledge and care.

The United States is simply too large and complex to be responsibly governed by a decision-making body of perhaps 1000 people representing 220,000,000 Americans and a large chunk of the biosphere, especially when those 1000 decision makers can only survive by compromise and generally are forced to front for heavy economic interests (media campaigns for national office are expensive). A government where one person represents the interests of 220,000 others is absurd, considering that not all the people voted for the winning representative (or even voted) and especi-



ally considering that most of those 220,000 people are capable of representing themselves. I think people do much better, express their deeper qualities, when their actions matter. Obviously one way to make government more meaningful and responsible is to involve people directly day by day, in the processes of decision, which only seems possible if we reduce the scale of government. A bioregion seems about the right size: say close to a small state, or along the lines of the Swiss canton system or American Indian tribes.

If nothing else, bioregional government – which theoretically would express the biological and cultural realities of people-in-place – would promote the diversity of biosocial experimentation; and in diversity is stability. The present system of national government seems about to collapse on the weight of its own emptiness. Our economy is dissolving like wet sugar. Violence is epidemic. The quality of our workmanship – always the hallmark of a proud people – has deteriorated so badly that we're ashamed to classify our products as durable goods. Our minds have been homogenized by television, which keeps our egos in perpetual infancy while substituting them for a sense of the self. Our information comes from progressively fewer sources, none of them notably reliable. We spend more time posturing than we do getting it on. In short, American culture has become increasingly gutless and barren in our lifetimes, and the political system little more than a cover for an economics that ravages the planet and its people for the financial gain of very few. It seems almost a social obligation to explore alternatives. Our much-heralded standard of living hasn't done much for the quality of our daily lives; the glut of commodities, endlessly hurled at us out of the vast commodity spectacle, is just more shit on the windshield.

I don't want to imply that bioregionalism is the latest sectarian addition to the American Left, which historically has been more concerned with doctrinal purity and shafting each other than with effective practice. It's not a question of working within the system or outside the system, but simply of working, somewhere, to pull it off. And as I mentioned at the beginning, I'm not so sure bioregionalism even has a doctrine to be pure about – it's more a sense of direction (uphill, it seems) than the usual leftist highway to Utopia . . . or Ecotopia for that matter.

Just for the record, and to give some credence to the diversity of thought informing bioregionalism, I want to note some of the spirits I see at work in the early formulation of the notion: pantheists, Wobs, Reformed Marxists (that is, those who see the sun as the means of production), Diggers, liberterreans, Kropotkinites (mutual aid and coevolution), animists, alchemists (especially the old school), lefty Buddhists, Situationists (consummate analysts of the commodity spectacle), syndicalists, Provos, born-again Taoists, general outlaws, and others drawn to the decentralist banner by raw empathy.

A THIRD ELEMENT composing the bioregional notion is spirit. Since I can't claim any spiritual wisdom, and must admit to being virtually ignorant on the subject, I'm reluctant to offer more than the most tentative perceptions. What I think most bioregionalists hold in spiritual common is a profound regard for life – all life, not just white Americans, or humankind entire, but frogs, roses, mayflies, coyotes, lichens: all of it: the gopher snake and the gopher. For instance, we don't want to save the whales for the sweetsie-poo, lily-romantic reasons attributed to us by

those who profit from their slaughter; we don't want them saved merely because they are magnificent creatures, so awesome that when you see one close from an open boat your heart roars; we want to save them for the most selfish of reasons: without them we are diminished.

In the bioregional spirit view we're all one creation, and it may seem almost simple-minded to add that there is a connection – even a necessary unity – between the natural world and the human mind (which may be just a fancy way of saying there is a connection between life and existence). Different people and groups have their own paths and practices and may describe this connection differently – profound, amusing, ineluctable, mysterious – but they all acknowledge the importance of the connection. The connection is archaic, primitive, and so obvious that it hasn't received much attention since the rise of Christian dominion and fossil-fuel industrialism. If it is a quality of archaic thought to dispute the culturally enforced dichotomy between the spiritual and the practical, I decidedly prefer the archaic view. What could possibly be of more practical concern than our spiritual well-being as individuals, as a species, and as members of a larger community of life? The Moral Majority certainly isn't going to take us in that direction; they're interested in business as usual, as their golden boy, James Watt, has demonstrated. We need fewer sermons and more prayers.

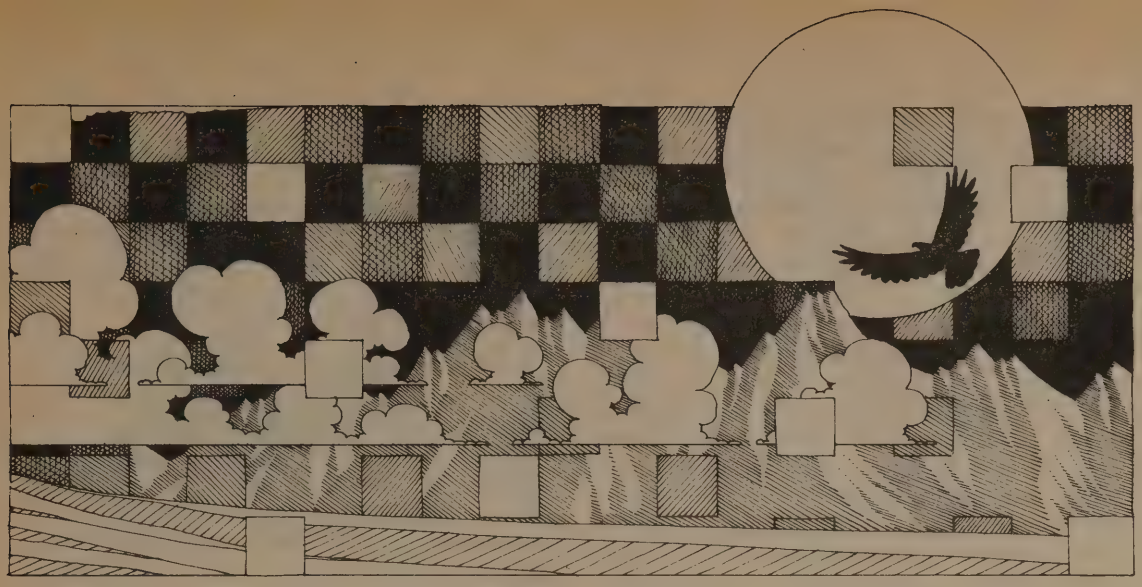
This sense of bioregional spirit isn't fixed to a single religious form or practice. Generally it isn't Christian-based or noticeably monotheistic, though such views aren't excluded. I think the main influences are the primitive animist/Great Spirit tradition, various Eastern and esoteric religious practices, and plain ol' paying attention. I may be stretching the accord, but I also see a shared awareness that the map is not the journey, and for that reason it is best to be alert and to respond to the opportunities presented rather than waste away wishing life would offer some worthy spiritual challenge (which it does, constantly, anyway). Call it whatever seems appropriate – enlightenment, fulfillment, spiritual maturity, happiness, self-realization – it has to be earned, and to be earned it has to be lived, and that means bringing it into our daily lives and working on it. Instant gratifications are not the deepest gratifications, I suspect, though Lord knows they certainly have their charms. The emphasis is definitely on the practice, not the doctrine, and especially on practicing what you preach; there is a general recognition that there are many paths, and that they are a further manifestation of crucial natural diversity. I might also note for serious backsliders that the play is as serious as the work, and there is a great willingness to celebrate; nobody is interested in a spirit whose holiness is constantly announced with sour piety and narrow self-righteousness.

COMBINING THE THREE ELEMENTS gives a loose idea of what I take to be bioregionalism: a decentralized, self-determined mode of social organization; a culture predicated upon biological integrities and acting in respectful accord; and a society which honors and abets the spiritual development of its members. Or so the theory goes. However, it's not mere theory, for there have been many cultures founded essentially upon those principles; for example, it has been the dominant cultural mode of inhabitation on this continent. The point is not to go back, but to take the best forward. Renewal, not some misty retreat into what was.

Theories, ideas, notions – they have their generative and reclamative values, and certainly a loveliness, but without the palpable intelligence of practice they remain hovering in the nether regions of nifty entertainments or degrade into more flamboyant fads and diversions like literary movements and hula-hoops. Practice is what puts the heart to work. If theory establishes the game, practice is the gamble, and the first rule of all gambling games has it like this: you can play bad and win; you can play good and lose; but if you play good over the long haul you're gonna come out alright.

Bioregional practice (or applied strategy) can take as many forms as the imagination and nerves, but for purpose of example I've hacked it into two broad categories, resistance and renewal. Resistance involves a struggle between the bioregional forces (who represent intelligence, excellence, and care) and the forces of heartlessness (who represent a greed so lifeless and forsaken it can't even pass as ignorance). In a way, I think it really is that simple, that there is, always, a choice about how we will live our lives, that there is a state of constant opportunity for both spiritual succor and carnal delight, and that the way we choose to live is the deepest expression of who we truly are. If we consistently choose against the richest possibilities of life, against kindness, against beauty, against love and sweet regard, then we aren't much. Our only claim to dignity is trying our best to do what we think is right, to put some heart in it, some soul, flower and root. We're going to fall on our asses a lot, founder on our pettiness and covetousness and sloth, but at least there is the effort, and that's surely better than being just another quivering piece of the national cultural jello. Or so it seems to me.

However, the primary focus of resistance is not the homogeneous American supraculture – that can be resisted for the most part simply by refusing to



participate, while at the same time trying to live our lives the way we think we should (knowing we'll get no encouragement whatsoever from the colonial overstructure). Rather, the focus of resistance is against the continuing destruction of natural systems. We can survive the ruthless homogeneity of national culture because there are many holes we can slip through, but we cannot survive if the natural systems that sustain us are destroyed. That has to be stopped if we want to continue living on this planet. That's not "environmentalism"; it's ecology with a vengeance. Personally, I think we should develop a Sophoclean appreciation for the laws of nature, and submit. Only within the fractional time frame of fossil-fuel industrialization have we begun to seriously insult the environment and impudently violate the conditions of life. We've done a great deal of damage in a very short time, and only because of the amazing flexibility of natural systems have we gotten away with it so far. But I don't think we'll destroy the planet; she will destroy us first, which is perhaps only to say we'll destroy ourselves. The most crucial point of resistance is choosing not to.

AND THEN WE MUST TRY to prevent others from doing it for us all, since by allowing monopoly-capital centralized government (which, like monotheism, is not so much putting all your eggs in one basket as dropping your one egg in a blender), we have given them the power to make such remote-control decisions. The way to prevent it is five-fold: by being a model for an alternative; by knowing more than they do; by being politically astute; by protecting what we value; and by any means necessary. (I think it's important to note that there is nearly complete agreement that nonviolence is the best means available, and that the use of violence is always a sad admission of desperation. Besides, they have all the money, guns, and lawyers. People advocating violent means are probably not very interested in living much longer.)

I think political smarts are best applied in the local community and county. Most crucial land use decisions, for instance, are made at the county level by boards of supervisors. The representative-to-constituent ratio is obviously much better in a county than in a country, and therefore informed and spirited constituents have a far greater influence on decisions and policies. Work to elect sympathetic representatives. Put some money where your heart is. Go to your share of the generally boring meetings and hearings. Challenge faulty information (thus the importance of knowing more than they do). Create alternatives. Stand your ground.

Buying land is also a strong political move; "ownership" is the best protection against gross environmental abuse, just as living on the land is the best defense against mass-media gelatin culture, assuming the quality of information influences the quality of thought. Owning land also affords increased political leverage within the present system. Besides, bioregionalism without a tangible land base would be like love without sex; the circuits of association wouldn't be complete. (Of course, it isn't necessary to own land to either appreciate it or resist its destruction, and I hope nobody infers that bioregionalism is for land aristocracy.)

THE GROWTH AND STRENGTH of the "environmental movement" in the past decade has encouraged awareness about the destruction of natural systems and the consequences of such callous disregard. This is all to the good, and we

should continue to stay in their faces on critical issues. But it's going to be continual crisis ecology unless we come up with a persuasive economic alternative; otherwise, most people will go on choosing progress over maturity, for progress is deeply equated with payroll, and money, to most people, means life. It's that cold. It's also basically true, and many friends share my chagrin that it took us so long to grasp that truism. It now seems painfully obvious that the economic system must be transformed if we hope to protect natural systems from destruction in the name of Mammon. Economics seems to baffle everyone, especially me. I have no prescriptions to offer, except to note that it doesn't have to be one economic system, and that any economics should include a fair measure of value. What's needed is an economy that takes into true account the cost of biospheric destruction and at the same time feeds the family. People must be convinced that it's in their best economic interest to maintain healthy biological systems. The best place to meet this challenge is where you live – that is, personally and within the community.

It's probably also fairly plain that changing the economic system will involve changing our conception of what constitutes a fulfilled life and cracking the cultural mania for mindless consumption and its attendant waste. To realize what is alive within us, the who of who we are, we have to know what we truly need, and what is enough. As Marshall Sahlins has pointed out, affluence can be attained either through increasing production or reducing needs. Since increased production usually means ravaged natural systems, the best strategy seems the reduction of needs, and hopefully the consequent recognition that enough is plenty. A truly affluent society is one of material sufficiency and spiritual riches.

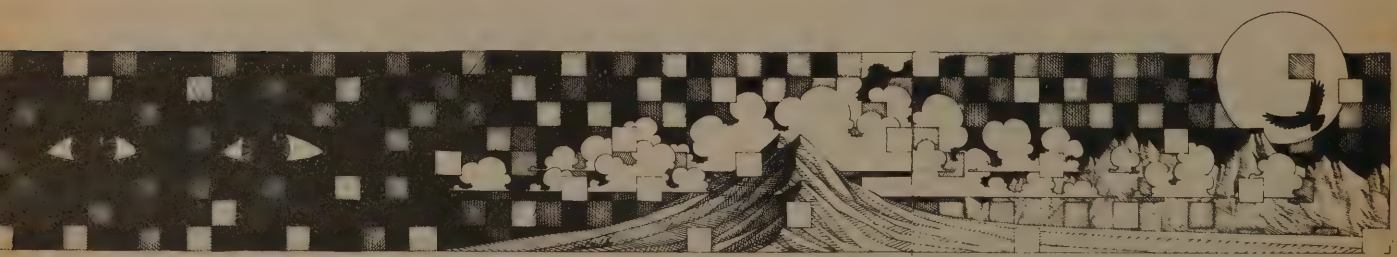
While we're keeping up this resistance in our daily lives – and I think it is in the quality of daily life rather than momentary thrills that the heart is proven – we can begin repairing the natural systems that have been damaged. Logged and mined watersheds need to be repaired. Streams have to be cleared. Trees planted. Checkdams built to stop gully erosion. Long-term management strategies developed. Tough campaigns waged to secure funding for the work. There's a strong effort in this direction happening in Northern California now, much of it through worker co-ops and citizens' groups, with increasingly cooperative help from local and state agencies. This work has really just begun, and the field is wide open. So far it seems to satisfy the two feelings that prompted it: the sense that we have a responsibility to renew what we've wasted, and the need to practice "right livelihood," or work that provides a living while promoting the spirit.

Natural system renewal (or rehabilitation, or enhancement, or whatever other names it goes by) could well be our first environmental art. It requires a thorough knowledge of how natural systems work, delicate perceptions of specific sites, the development of appropriate techniques, and hard physical work of the kind that puts you to bed after dinner. What finer work than healing the Earth, where the rewards are both in the doing and the results? It deserves our participation and support. For the irrefutable fact of the matter is that if we want to explore the bioregional possibility, we've got to work, got to get dirty – either by sitting on our asses at environmental hearings or by busting them planting trees in the rain. Sniveling don't make it.

The chances of bioregionalism succeeding, like the chances of survival itself, are beside the point. If one person, or a few, or a community of people, live more fulfilling lives from bioregional practice, then it's successful. This country has a twisted idea of success: it is almost always a quantitative judgment – salary, wins, the number of rooms in the house, the amount of people you command. Since bioregionalism by temperament is qualitative, the basis of judgment should be shifted accordingly. What they call a subculture, we call friends.

Most of the people I talk with feel we have a fighting chance to stop environmental destruction within 50 years and to turn the culture around within 800 to 1000 years. "Fighting chance" translates as long odds but good company, and bioregionalism is obviously directed at people whose hearts put a little gamble in their blood. Since we won't live to see the results of this hoped-for transformation, we might as well live to start it right, with the finest expressions of spirit and style we can muster, keeping in mind that there's only a functional difference between the flower and the root, that essentially they are part of the same abiding faith.

The Sun still rises every morning. Dig in. ■



POEM

by Kevin Opstedal

the last bear killed near here
1879
the hills full of berries

"Dancing on the brink of the world"
— that is an Ohlone song
they knew where they were
the last coast
the final drop
edge of the world

the grass murmurs beneath the pavement
the highway
laid down across ancient migratory paths

Who will feed on the wrecked automobile
Who will hunt it down
lay in wait, pounce upon it
& tear out its carburetor?

on the access road
far from the highway
I thought I heard the roar of traffic
for a moment
then realized
it was only the rush of wind
thru the trees.

WATERFALL

by Zara Altair

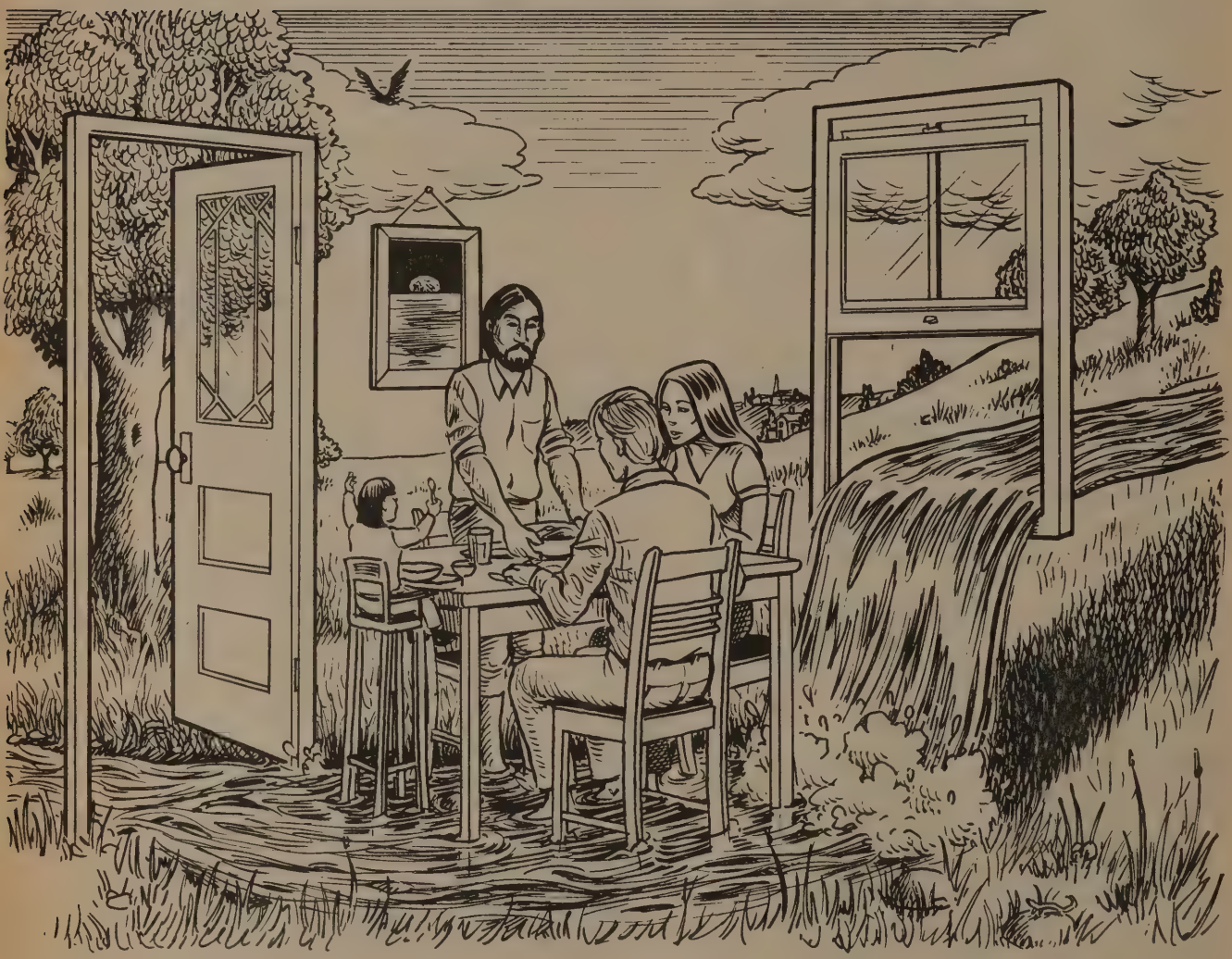
wild iris
ripple
red
sandstone
down
cliff
spray
trickle
fall
red
down
rushes
crowded callas
splash
down again
pool
salt grass
pond
sedge clump
rock
stream
through rocks
over sand
drop
flow
fresh
tide
wash
salt
foam
surge
boulder

floating ducks
between
pieces of the land
at sea

Zara Altair and Kevin Opstedal both live in the Northern California bioregion. The scrap rubber prints of waterfowl are by Mary Lou Sanelli, who does them while "out to sea for long spells at a time on our Salmon trap (floating) in Southeastern Alaska." —SM

THE CONCEPT OF SOCIAL ECOLOGY

by Murray Bookchin *Illustrations by Jay Kinney*



Murray Bookchin is the grand old man of American anarchism. A tireless exponent of self-management and ecological sanity, Bookchin has been a scrupulous dissident in radical circles. His prescient book, ***Our Synthetic Environment*** *(CQ Summer 1975), antedated* ***Silent Spring*** *and understood that social revolution was indispensable to realigning humanity's relationship with nature. Not surprising that Bookchin didn't quite achieve Carson's fame. Since then (1962) Bookchin has written numerous other equally visionary books, edited the late* ***Anarchos*** *magazine, and founded and directed the Institute for Social Ecology at Goddard College. Bookchin now publishes his own newsletter called* ***Comment*** *($5/year for 7 issues from Comment Publishing Project, P.O. Box 158, Burlington, VT 05402) and resides in Vermont.*

This selection has been adapted, by Peter Berg, from the first chapter of Bookchin's ***The Ecology of Freedom*** *which will be published this spring by Cheshire Books. It's a magnum opus – the most carefully elaborated statement of Murray Bookchin's vision of a free, ecological society. –SM*

THE RECONSTRUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE tendencies in our time are too much at odds with each other to admit of reconciliation. The social horizon presents the starkly conflicting prospects of a harmonized world and an ecological sensibility based on a rich commitment to community, mutual aid, and new technologies on the one hand, and the terrifying prospect of some sort of thermonuclear disaster on the other. Our world, it would appear, will either undergo revolutionary changes, so far-reaching in character that humanity will totally transform its social relations and its very conception of life, or it will suffer an apocalypse that may well end humanity's tenure on the planet.

The tension between these two prospects has already subverted the morale of the traditional social order. We have entered an era that consists no longer of institutional stabilization but of institutional decay. A widespread alienation is developing toward the forms, the aspirations, the demands, and above all the institutions of the established order. The most exuberant, in fact, theatrical evidence of this alienation occurred in the '60s, when the "youth revolt" exploded into what seemed to be a counterculture. Considerably more than protest and adolescent nihilism marked the period. Almost intuitively, new values of sensuousness, new forms of communal lifestyle, changes in dress, language, and music, all borne on the wave of a deep sense of impending social change, rolled over a sizable section of an entire generation. We still do not know in what sense this wave began to ebb: whether as a historic retreat or as a transformation into a serious project for inner and social development. That the symbols of this movement eventually became the artifacts for a new culture industry does not alter the movement's far-reaching effects. Western society will never be the same again – all the sneers of its academics and its critics of "narcissism" notwithstanding.

What makes this ceaseless movement of deinstitutionalization and delegitimation so significant is that it has found its bedrock in a vast stratum of Western society. Alienation permeates not only the poor but also the relatively affluent, not only the young but also their elders, not only the visibly denied but also the seemingly privileged. The prevailing order is beginning to lose the loyalty of social strata which traditionally rallied to its support and in which its roots were firmly planted in past periods.

CRUCIAL AS THIS DECAY of institutions and values may be, it by no means exhausts the problems that confront the existing society. Intertwined with the social crisis is a crisis that has emerged directly from man's exploitation of the planet.[1] Established society is faced with a breakdown not only of its values and institutions, but also of its natural environment. This problem is not unique to our times: the dessicated wastelands of the Near East, the areas where the arts of agriculture and urbanism had their beginnings, are evidence of ancient human despoilation. But this example pales before the massive destruction of the environment that has occurred since the days of the Industrial Revolution, and especially since the end of the Second World War. The damage inflicted on the environment by contemporary society encompasses the entire Earth. The exploitation and pollution of the Earth have damaged not only the integrity of the atmosphere, climate, water resources, soil, flora and fauna of specific regions, but also the basic natural cycles on which all living things are dependent.

Yet modern man's capacity for destruction is quixotic evidence of his capacity for reconstruction. The powerful technological agents we have unleashed against the environment include many of the very agents we require for its reconstruction. What we crucially lack is the consciousness and sensibility that will help us achieve such eminently desirable goals – a consciousness and sensibility that is far broader than we customarily mean by these terms. Our definitions must include not only the ability to reason logically and respond emotionally in a humanistic fashion;

1. I use the word "man," here, advisedly. The split between humanity and nature has been precisely the work of the male, who, in the memorable lines of Theodor Adorno and Max Horkheimer, "dreamed of acquiring absolute mastery over nature, of converting the cosmos into one immense hunting ground." (Page 248, **Dialectic of Enlightenment**; 1972, 258 pp.; $5.95 postpaid from Continuum Publishing Company, 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10022.) For the words "one immense hunting ground," I would be disposed to substitute "one immense killing ground" to describe the male-oriented "civilization" of our era.

they must also include a fresh awareness of the relatedness between things and an imaginative insight into the possible. On this score, Marx was entirely correct to emphasize that the revolution required by our time must draw its poetry not from the past but from the future, from the humanistic potentialities that lie on the horizons of social life.

THE NEW CONSCIOUSNESS and sensibility cannot be poetic alone; they must also be scientific. Indeed, there is a level at which our consciousness must be neither poetry nor science, but a transcendence of both into a new realm of theory and practice, an artfulness that combines fancy with reason, imagination with logic, vision with technique. We cannot shed our scientific heritage without returning to a rudimentary technology, with its shackles of material insecurity, toil, and renunciation. By the same token, we cannot allow ourselves to be imprisoned within a mechanistic outlook and a dehumanizing technology – with its shackles of alienation, competition, and brute denial of humanity's potentialities. Poetry and imagination must be integrated with science and technology, for we have evolved beyond an innocence that can be nourished exclusively by myths and dreams.

IS THERE A SCIENTIFIC DISCIPLINE that allows for the indiscipline of fancy, imagination, and artfulness? Can it encompass problems created by the social and environmental crises of our time? Can it integrate critique with reconstruction, theory with practice, vision with technique?

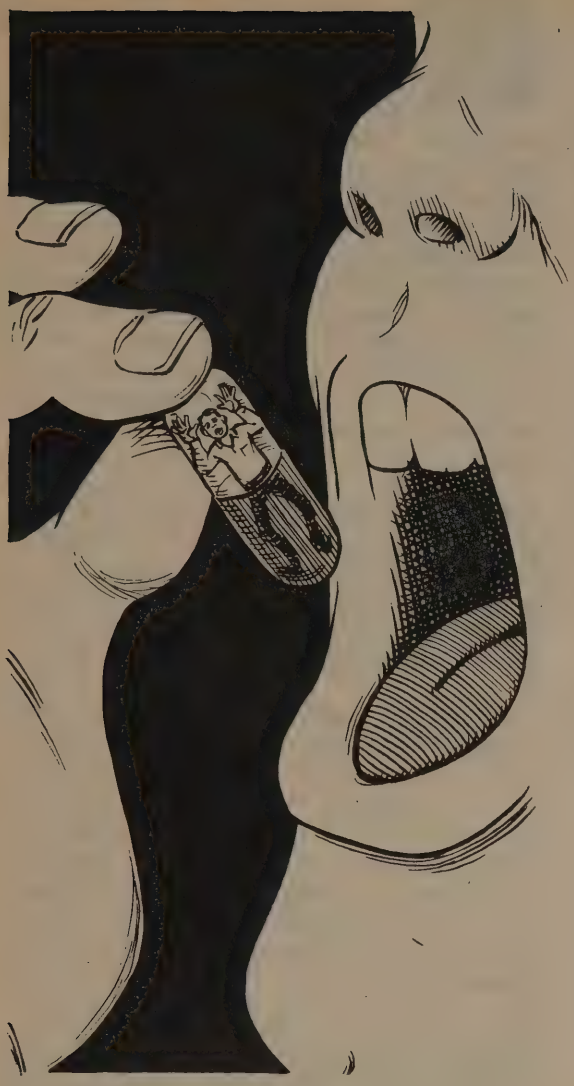
In view of the enormous dislocations that now confront us, our own era raises the need for a more sweeping and insightful body of knowledge – scientific as well as social – to deal with our problems. Without renouncing the gains of earlier scientific and social theories, we are obliged to develop a more rounded critical analysis of our relationship with the natural world. We must seek the foundations for a more reconstructive approach to the grave problems posed by the apparent "contradictions" between nature and society. We can no longer afford to remain captives to the tendency of the more traditional sciences to dissect phenomena and examine their fragments. We must combine them, relate them, and see them in their totality as well as their specificity.

IN RESPONSE TO THESE NEEDS, we have formulated a discipline unique to our age: "social ecology." The more well-known term "ecology" was coined by Ernst Haeckel a century ago to denote the investigation of the interrelationships between animals, plants, and their inorganic environment. Since Haeckel's day, the term has been expanded to include ecologies of cities, of health, and of the mind. This proliferation of a word into widely disparate areas may seem particularly desirable to an age that fervently seeks some kind of intellectual coherence and unity of perception. But it can also prove to be extremely treacherous. Like such newly arrived words as "holism," "decentralization," and "dialectics," the term "ecology" runs the peril of merely hanging in the air without any roots, context, or texture. Often it is used as a metaphor, an alluring catchword, that loses the potentially compelling internal logic of its premises.

Accordingly, the radical thrust of these words is easily neutralized. "Holism" evaporates into a mystical sigh, a rhetorical expression for ecological fellowship and community that ends with such in-group greetings and salutations as "holistically yours." What was once a serious philosophical stance has been reduced to environmentalist kitsch. "Decentralization" commonly means logistical alternatives to gigantism, not the human scale that would make an intimate and direct democracy possible. "Ecology" fares even worse. All too often it becomes a metaphor, like the word "dialectics," for any kind of integration and development.

Perhaps even more troubling, the word in recent years has been identified with a very crude form of natural engineering which might well be called "environmentalism."

I am mindful that many ecologically oriented individuals use "ecology" and "environmentalism" interchangeably. Here, I would like to draw a semantically convenient distinction. By "environmentalism" I propose to designate a mechanistic, instrumental outlook that sees nature as a passive habitat composed of "objects" such as animals, plants, minerals, and the like which must merely be rendered more serviceable for human use. Given my use of the term, "environmentalism" tends to reduce nature to a storage bin of "natural resources" or "raw materials." Within this context, very little of a social nature is spared from the environmentalist's vocabulary: cities become "urban resources" and their inhabitants "human resources." If the word "resources" leaps out so frequently from environmentalistic discussions of nature, cities, and people, an issue more important than mere word play is at stake. Environmentalism, as I use this term, tends to view the ecological



project for attaining a harmonious relationship between humanity and nature as a truce rather than a lasting equilibrium. The harmony of the environmentalist centers around the development of new techniques for plundering the natural world with a minimal disruption of the human habitat. Environmentalism does not question the most basic premise of the present society, notably, that humanity must dominate nature; rather, it seeks to facilitate that notion by developing techniques for diminishing the hazards caused by the reckless despoilation of the environment.

To distinguish ecology from environmentalism and from abstract, often obfuscatory definitions of the term, I must return to its original usage and explore its direct relevance to society. Put quite simply: ecology deals with the dynamic balance of nature, with the interdependence of living and nonliving things. Since nature also includes human beings, the science must include humanity's role in the natural world – specifically, the character, form, and structure of humanity's relationship with other species and with the inorganic substrate of the biotic environment. From a critical viewpoint, ecology opens to wide purview the vast disequilibrium that has emerged from humanity's split with the natural world. One of nature's very unique species, *Homo sapiens*, has slowly and painstakingly developed from the natural world into a unique social world of its own. As both worlds interact with each other through highly complex phases of evolution, it has become as important to speak of a social ecology as to speak of a natural ecology.

Let me emphasize that the failure to explore these phases of human evolution – which have yielded a succession of hierarchies, classes, cities, and finally states – is to make a mockery of the term "social ecology." Unfortunately, the discipline has been beleaguered by self-professed acolytes who continually try to collapse all the phases of natural and human development into a universal "oneness" (not wholeness), a yawning "night in which all cows are black," to apply one of Hegel's caustic phrases to a widely-accepted pop mysticism that clothes itself in ecological verbiage. If nothing else, our common use of the word "species" to denote the wealth of life around us should alert us to the fact of specificity, of particularity – the rich abundance of differentiated beings and things that enter into the very subject matter of natural ecology. To explore these differentia, to examine the phases and interfaces that enter into their making and into humanity's long development from animality to society – a development latent with problems and possibilities – is to make social ecology one of the most powerful disciplines from which to draw our critique of the present social order.

BUT SOCIAL ECOLOGY not only provides a critique of the split between humanity and nature; it also poses the need to heal them. Indeed, it poses the need to radically transcend them. As E.A. Gutkind pointed out, "The goal of Social Ecology is wholeness, and not mere adding together of innumerable details collected at random and interpreted subjectively and insufficiently." The science deals with social and natural relationships in communities or "ecosystems."[2] In conceiving them holistically, that is to say, in terms of their

2. The term "ecosystem" – or ecological system – is often used very loosely in many ecological works. Here, I employ it, as in natural ecology, to mean a fairly demarcatable animal-plant community and the abiotic or nonliving factors needed to sustain it. I also use it in social ecology to mean a distinct human and natural community, the social as well as organic factors that interrelate with each other to provide the basis for an ecologically rounded and balanced community.

mutual interdependence, social ecology seeks to unravel the forms and patterns of interrelationships that give intelligibility to a community, be it natural or social. Holism, here, is the result of a conscious effort to discern how the particulars of a community are arranged, how its geometry (as the Greeks might have put it) makes the whole more than the sum of its parts. Hence, the wholeness to which Gutkind refers is not to be mistaken for a spectral oneness that yields cosmic dissolution in a structureless nirvana; it is a richly articulated structure that has a history and an internal logic of its own.

History, in fact, is as important as form or structure. To a large extent, the history of a phenomenon is the phenomenon itself. We are, in a real sense, everything that existed before us and, in turn, we can eventually become vastly more than we are. Surprisingly, very little in the evolution of life forms has been lost in natural and social evolution, as the embryonic development in our very bodies attests. Evolution lies within us (as well as around us) as parts of the very nature of our beings.

For the present, it suffices to point out that wholeness is not a bleak undifferentiated universality that involves the reduction of a phenomenon to what it has in common with everything else. Nor is it a celestial, omnipresent energy that replaces the vast material differentia of which the natural and social realms are composed. To the contrary, wholeness comprises the variegated structures, articulations, and mediations that impart to the whole a rich variety of forms and thereby add unique qualitative properties to what a strictly analytic mind often reduces to "innumerable" and "random" details.

TERMS LIKE "wholeness," "totality," and even "community" have perilous nuances for a generation that has known fascism and other totalitarian ideologies. The words evoke images of a "wholeness" achieved through homogenization, standardization, and a repressive coordination of human beings. These fears are reinforced by a "wholeness" that seems to provide an inexorable finality to the course of human history – one that implies a suprahuman, narrowly teleological concept of "social law" which denies the ability of human will and individual choice to shape the course of social events. Such notions of social law and teleology have been used to achieve a ruthless subjugation of the individual to suprahuman forces beyond human control. Our century has been afflicted by a plethora of totalitarian ideologies that, placing human beings in the service of "history," have denied them a place in the service of their own humanity.

ACTUALLY, such a totalitarian concept of wholeness stands sharply at odds with what ecologists denote by the term. In addition to comprehending its heightened awareness of form and structure, we now come to a very important tenet of ecology: ecological wholeness means not an immutable homogeneity but rather the very opposite – a dynamic unity of diversity. In nature, balance and harmony are achieved by ever-changing differentiation, by ever-expanding diversity. Ecological stability, in effect, is a function not of simplicity and homogeneity but of complexity and variety. The capacity of an ecosystem to retain its integrity depends not upon the uniformity of the environment but upon its diversity.

If we assume that the thrust of natural evolution has been toward increasing complexity, that the colonization of the planet by life has been possible only as result of biotic variety, a prudent rescaling of man's hubris should call for caution in disturbing natural processes.

To assume that science commands life's vast nexus of organic and inorganic interrelationships in all its details is worse than arrogance: it is sheer stupidity. If unity in diversity forms one of the cardinal tenets of ecology, the wealth of biota that exists in a single acre of soil leads us to still another basic ecological tenet: the need to allow for a high degree of natural spontaneity. The compelling dictum "respect for nature" has concrete implications.

Thus a considerable amount of leeway must be permitted for natural spontaneity, for the diverse biological forces that yield a variegated ecological situation. "Working with nature" largely means that we must foster the biotic variety that emerges from a spontaneous development of natural phenomena. I hardly mean that we must surrender ourselves to a mythical nature that is beyond all human comprehension and intervention, a nature that demands human awe and subservience. Perhaps the most obvious conclusion we can draw from these ecological tenets is Charles Elton's sensitive observation: "The world's future has to be managed, but this management would not be just like a game of chess – [but] more like steering a boat." What ecology, both natural and social, can hope to teach us is the way to find the current and understand the direction of the stream.

WHAT ULTIMATELY distinguishes an ecological outlook as uniquely liberatory is the challenge it raises to conventional notions of hierarchy. Let

me emphasize, however, that this challenge is implicit: it must be painstakingly elicited from the discipline, which is permeated by conventional scientistic biases. Ecologists are rarely aware that their science provides strong philosophical underpinnings to a nonhierarchical view of reality. Like many natural scientists, they resist philosophical generalizations as alien to their research and conclusions – a prejudice that is itself a philosophy rooted in the Anglo-American empirical tradition. Moreover, they follow their colleagues in other disciplines who model their notions of science on physics. This prejudice, which goes back to Galileo's day, has led to a widespread acceptance of systems theory in ecological circles. While systems theory has its place in the repertoire of science, it can easily become an all-encompassing, quantitative, reductionist theory of energetics if it acquires preeminence over qualitative descriptions of ecosystems, that is, descriptions rooted in organic evolution, variety, and holism. Whatever the merits of systems theory as an account of energy flow through an ecosystem, the primacy it gives to this qualitative aspect of ecosystem analysis fails to take adequate account of life forms as more than consumers and producers of calories.

If we recognize that every ecosystem can also be viewed as a food web, we can think of it as a circular, interlacing nexus of plant-animal relationships (rather than a stratified pyramid with man at its apex) that includes such widely varying creatures as microorganisms and large mammals. What ordinarily puzzles anyone who sees food-web diagrams for the first time is the impossibility of discerning a point of entry into the nexus. The web can be entered at any point and leads back to its point of departure without any apparent exit. Aside from the energy provided by sunlight (and dissipated by radiation) the system to all appearances is closed. Each species, be it a form of bacteria or deer, is knitted together in a network of interdependence with each other, however indirect the links may be. A predator in the web is also prey, even if the "lowliest" of organisms merely makes it ill or helps to consume it after death.

Nor is predation the sole link that unites one species with another. A resplendent literature now exists that reveals the enormous extent to which symbiotic mutualism is a major factor in fostering ecological stability and organic evolution. That plants and animals continually adapt to unwittingly aid each other, be it by an exchange of biochemical functions that are mutually beneficial or even dramatic instances of physical assistance and succor, has opened a whole new perspective on the nature of ecosystem stability and development.

WE MUST NOT get caught up in direct comparisons between plants, animals, and human beings or in direct comparisons between plant-animal ecosystems and human communities. None of these is completely congruent with another. It is not in the particulars of differentiation that plant-animal communities are ecologically united with human communities but rather in their logic of differentiation. Wholeness, in fact, is completeness. The dynamic stability of the whole derives from a visible level of completeness in human communities as in climax ecosystems. What unites these modes of wholeness and completeness, however different they are in their specificity and their qualitative distinctness, is the logic of development itself. A climax forest is whole and complete as a result of

the same unifying process – the same dialectic that makes a particular social form whole and complete.

When wholeness and completeness are viewed as the result of an immanent dialectic within phenomena, we do no more violence to the uniqueness of these phenomena than the principle of gravity does violence to the uniqueness of objects that fall within its "lawfulness." In this sense, the ideal of human roundedness, a product of the rounded community, is the legitimate heir to the ideal of a stabilized nature, a product of the rounded natural environment. Marx tried to root humanity's identity and self-discovery in its productive interaction with nature. But I must add that not only does humanity place its imprint on the natural world and transform it, but also nature places its imprint on the human world and transforms it. To use the language of hierarchy against itself: it is not only we who "tame" nature but also nature that "tames" us.

These turns of phrase should be taken as more than metaphors. Lest it seem that I have rarefied the concept of wholeness into an abstract dialectical principle, let me note that natural ecosystems and human communities interact with each other in very existential ways. Our animal nature is never so distant from our social nature that we can remove ourselves from the organic world outside us and from the one within us. From our embryonic development to our layered brain, we recapitulate the totality of our natural evolution. We are not so remote from our primate ancestry that we can ignore its physical legacy in our stereoscopic vision, acuity of intelligence, and grasping fingers. We phase into society as individuals in the same way that society, phasing out of nature, comes into itself.

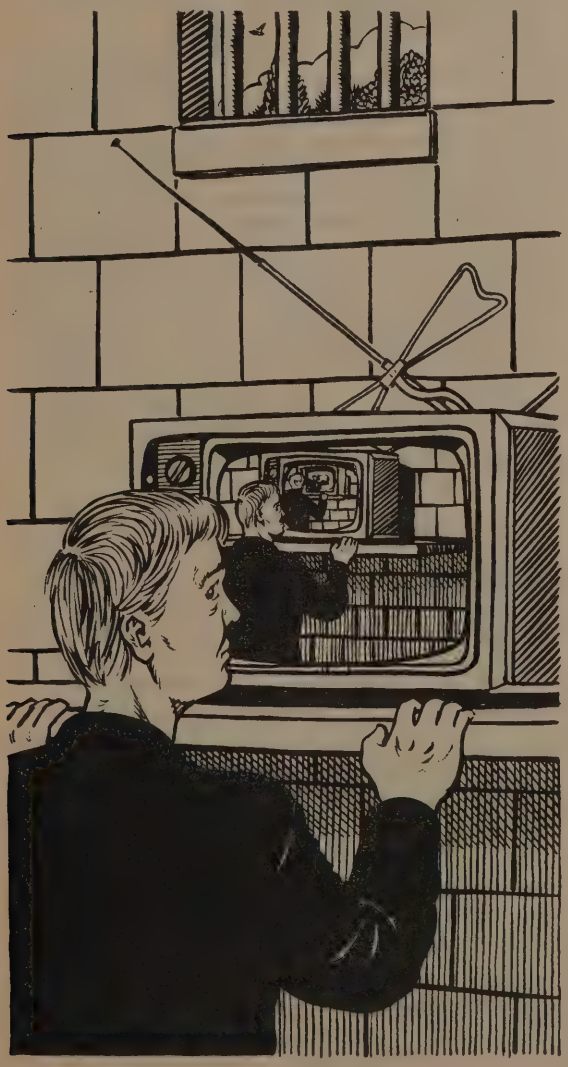
These continuities, to be sure, are obvious enough. What is often less obvious is the extent to which nature itself is a realm of potentiality for the emergence of social differentia. Nature is as much a precondition for the development of society – not merely its emergence – as technics, labor, language, and mind. And it is a precondition not merely in William Petty's sense – that if labor is the "Father" of wealth, nature is its "Mother." This formula, so dear to Marx, actually slights nature by imparting to it the patriarchal notion of feminine passivity. The affinities between nature and society are more active than we care to admit. Very specific forms of nature, that is to say, very specific ecosystems, constitute the ground for very specific forms of society. At the risk of using a highly embattled phrase, I might say that a "historical materialism" of natural development could be written that would transform "passive nature" – the object of human labor – into "active nature," the creator of human labor. Labor's metabolism with nature cuts both ways, so that nature interacts with humanity to yield the actualization of their common potentialities in the natural and social worlds.

AN INTERACTION OF THIS KIND, in which terms like "Father" and "Mother" strike a false note, can be stated very concretely. The recent emphasis on bioregions as frameworks for various human communities provides a strong case for the need to readapt technics and work styles to accord with the requirements and possibilities of particular ecological areas. Bioregional requirements and possibilities place a heavy burden on humanity's claims of "sovereignty" over nature and "autonomy" from its needs. If it is true, as Marx wrote, that men make history but not under conditions of their own choosing, it is no less true that history makes society but not under conditions of its own choosing. The hidden dimension that lurks in this wordplay with Marx's famous formula is the natural history that enters into the making of social history – active, concrete, existential nature that emerges from stage to stage of its own evermore complex development in the form of equally complex and dynamic ecosystems. Our ecosystems, in turn, are interlinked into highly dynamic and complex bioregions. How concrete the hidden dimension of social development is – and how much humanity's claims to "sovereignty" must defer to it – has only recently become evident from our need to design an alternative technology that is as adaptive to a bioregion as it is productive to society. Hence our concept of wholeness is not a finished tapestry of natural and social relations that we can exhibit to the hungry eyes of sociologists. It is a fecund natural history, ever-active and ever-changing – the way childhood presses toward and is absorbed into youth, and youth into adulthood.

WITHIN THIS HIGHLY COMPLEX context of ideas we must now try to transpose the nonhierarchical character of natural ecosystems to society. Sociobiology has made this project deceptively simple and crudely mechanistic. To refute the notion that savanna baboons are hierarchical, for example, we take refuge in the complete exclusivity of society – its immunity to natural principles. If nature is hierarchical, so the argument goes, need this be true of a human community guided by reason, love, and mutualism?

What renders social ecology so important is that it offers no case whatsoever for hierarchy in nature and society; it decisively challenges the very func-

tion of hierarchy as a stabilizing or "ordering" principle in both realms. The association of order as such with hierarchy is ruptured. And this association is ruptured without rupturing the association of nature with society – as sociology, in its well-meaning opposition to sociobiology, has been wont to do. In contrast to sociologists, we do not have to render the social world so supremely autonomous over nature that we are obliged to dissolve the continuum that phases nature into society. In short, we do not have to accept the brute tenets of sociobiology that link us crudely to nature at one extreme or the naive tenets of sociology that cleave us sharply from nature at the other extreme. Of course, the fact that hierarchy does exist in present-day society does not mean that it has to remain so – irrespective of its lack of meaning or reality for nature. But the case against hierarchy is not contingent on its uniqueness as a social phenomena. That hierarchy threatens the existence of social life today certainly does mean that it cannot remain a social fact. And that it threatens the integrity of organic nature means that it will not remain so, given the harsh verdict of "mute" and "blind" nature.



The continuity with nonhierarchical nature suggests that a nonhierarchical society is no less random than an ecosystem. That freedom is more than the absence of constraint, that the Anglo-American tradition of mere pluralism and institutional heterogeneity yields substantially less than a social ecosystem – these and more have been argued with telling effect. In fact, the very term "democracy" as the apotheosis of social freedom has been sufficiently denatured, as Benjamin R. Barber has emphasized in **The Death of Communal Liberty** (1974, 302 pp.; $21 postpaid from Princeton University Press, Princeton, NJ 08540), to yield

> the gradual displacement of participation by representation. Where democracy in its classical form meant quite literally rule by the *demos*, by the *plebes*, by the people themselves, it now often seems to mean little more than elite rule sanctioned (through the device of representation) by the people. Competing elites vie for the support of a public, whose popular sovereignty is reduced to the pathetic right to participate in choosing the tyrant who will rule it.

Perhaps more significantly, the concept of a public sphere, a body politic, has been literally dematerialized by a seeming heterogeneity – more precisely, an atomization that reaches from the institutional to the personal – that has replaced political coherence with chaos. The displacement of public virtue by personal rights has yielded the subversion not only of a unifying ethical principle that once gave substance to the very notion of a public, but of the very personhood that gave substance to the notion of right.

IN CONCRETE TERMS, what tantalizing issues does social ecology raise for our time and our future? In restoring a new and more advanced interface with nature than we have had previously, will it be possible to achieve a new balance between humanity and nature by sensitively tailoring our agricultural practices, urban areas, and technologies to the natural requirements of a region and the ecosystems of which it is composed? Can we hope to manage the natural environment by a drastic decentralization of agriculture which makes it possible to cultivate land as though it were a garden, balanced by a diversified fauna and flora? Will these changes require the decentralization of our cities into moderate-sized communities, creating a new balance between town and country? What technology will be required to achieve these goals – indeed, to avoid the further pollution of the Earth? What institutions will be required to create a new public sphere, what social relations to foster a new ecological sensibility, what forms of work to render human practice playful and creative, what sizes and populations of communities to

scale life to human dimensions controllable by all? What kind of poetry? Concrete questions – ecological, social, political, and behavioral – rush in upon us like a flood that heretofore has been damned up by the constraints of traditional ideologies and habits of thought.

LET THERE BE NO MISTAKE about it: the answers we provide to these questions have a direct bearing on whether or not humanity will be able to survive on the planet. The trends in our time are visibly directed against ecological diversity; in fact, they point toward a brute simplification of the entire biosphere. Complex food chains in the soil and on the Earth's surface are being ruthlessly undermined by the fatuous application of industrial techniques to agriculture, with the result that soil has been reduced in many areas to a mere sponge for absorbing simple chemical nutrients. The cultivation of single crops over vast stretches of land is effacing natural, agricultural, and even physiographic variety. Immense urban belts are encroaching unrelentingly on the countryside, replacing flora and fauna with concrete, metals and glass, and enveloping large regions with a haze of atmospheric pollutants. In this mass urban world, human experience itself becomes crude and elemental, subject to brute noisy stimuli and crass bureaucratic manipulation. A national division of labor, standardized along industrial lines, is replacing regional and local variety, reducing entire continents to immense smoking factories and cities to garish, plastic supermarkets.

Modern society, in effect, is disassembling the biotic complexity achieved by eons of organic evolution. The great movement of life from fairly simple to increasingly complex forms and relations is being ruthlessly reversed in the direction of an environment that will be able to support only simpler living things. To continue this reversal of biological evolution, to undermine the biotic food webs on which humanity depends for its means of life, places in question the very survival of the human species. If the reversal of the evolutionary process continues, there is good reason to believe – all control of other toxic agents aside – that the preconditions for complex forms of life will be irreparably destroyed and the Earth will be incapable of supporting us as a viable species.

IN THIS CONFLUENCE of social and and ecological crises, we can no longer afford to be unimaginative; we can no longer afford to do without utopian thinking. The crises are too serious and the possibilities too sweeping to be resolved by customary modes of thought – the very sensibilities that produced these crises in the first place. Years ago, the French students in the May-June uprising of 1968 expressed this sharp contrast of alternatives magnificently in their slogan: "Be practical! Do the impossible!" To this demand the generation that faces the next century can add the more solemn injunction: "If we don't do the impossible, we shall be faced with the unthinkable!" ■

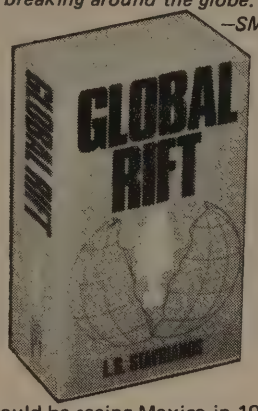
Global Rift

Different from Stavrianos' visionary **Promise of the Coming Dark Age**, *but not disappointing,* **Global Rift** *belongs here because the coming of age of the Third World has been prerequisite to the emergence of the Fourth.*

Stavrianos opens one in an infinite set of boxes nesting in space and time. The space: topography. The time: history, endless waves of invading peoples breaking over the lifeways of the "first" inhabitants.

Global Rift *details the mercantile technique which shredded traditional cultures all over the world and commoditized and monetized much of the planet. It also details the political responses to that domination — surging waves of revolution breaking around the globe.*

—SM



Global Rift
(The Third World Comes of Age)
L.S. Stavrianos
1981; 890 pp.

$16 postpaid from:
William Morrow and Co.
Wilmor Warehouse
6 Henderson Drive
West Caldwell, NJ 07006
or Whole Earth Household Store

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I see Teheran today and I could be seeing Mexico in 1915. We had Pancho Villa, Zapata, Lagos Chazaro. It was chaos and it took years to settle down, but something was being born. . . .

If there is one thing that is happening around the world, it is the determination of peoples not simply to accept the two versions of inevitable progress — that of Western capitalism or Soviet socialism — but to find ways of combining the power of technology with the energy of their own traditions. —Carlos Fuentes (1980)

Suicide in April 1868 by Ethiopian Emperor Theodore, who sought, like Mohammad Ali of Egypt, to modernize his country, but was opposed by Britain. He took his life while the British commander, Sir Robert Napier, saluted.

The Agricultural Revolution some ten thousand years ago began the displacement of food gatherers by peasants, who thereafter comprised the overwhelming majority of the human race. Today the peasants in turn are being displaced by the dynamic capitalist technology engendered by the Third Industrial Revolution. If current trends continue for several decades, the world's peasantry will follow the food gatherers into historical oblivion. This is the root cause for the ongoing revolutionary impulse convulsing the Third World and, indirectly, the rest of the globe. Premier Chou En-lai, in his report to the Tenth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party (August 24, 1973), fittingly described the worldwide ferment as "great disorder under Heaven." This disorder is the most important force in global affairs at present and for the foreseeable future.

When Robert Goizueta, Coca Cola's chairman, opened his company's first bottling plant on the China mainland since 1949, he said: "April 15, 1981, may be one of the most important days in the history of our company, and in more ways than one, in the history of the world."

The Self-Managing Environment

A puff from Jack Mundey drew me into this book. Mundey, the Australian unionist who helped institute green bans, is, with Roberts, a theorist of "a socialism that has not only a human face, but also an ecological heart." What kept me reading was a dawning awareness that ignorance of Marxist analysis is callow. E.F. Schumacher said as much, and Roberts' book amply demonstrates why.

This approach to the environmental issue, which takes the worker's personhood as its starting and ending point, offers radical insights. Roberts holds that consumerism is innately destructive to the environment. He argues that self-management is the key to solving the environmental crisis because it will restore meaning to work and end the need to assuage the desire for self-determination materially.

In the course of making this case, Roberts covers a lot of interesting territory. He presents one of the most evidential yet concise arguments against nuclear power I've seen anywhere; an historical refutation of Garrett Hardin's "Tragedy of the Commons"; and succinct descriptions of the green bans, the Lucas Aerospace workers' conversion plan, and instances of worker-commandeered factories in France.

Roberts sees self-management as the invisible hand that might steer us away from the ecological collapse threatened by growthmania. His thought is tangent to Theodore Roszak's, that the needs of the person are the needs of the planet. Like Karl Hess, he asserts that political wisdom is local produce, grown from the grass roots up. There's a convergence going on here, and this cosmopolitan book is part of it. Especially recommended for eco-fish who can't tell you much about the capitalist water they're swimming in. —SM

The Self-Managing Environment
Alan Roberts
1979; 189 pp.

$18.50 postpaid from:
Rowman and Littlefield
81 Adams Drive
P.O. Box 327
Totowa, NJ 07511

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The prevailing assumption today is that power belongs properly at the top; that agreed upon, mechanisms for some degree of intervention from below (consultation, plebiscites, the election of representatives) may be provided. The common theme of self-management is in flat contradiction to this. It allocates power in decision-making to the body of people most immediately concerned and affected by those decisions; that agreed upon, mechanisms for reconciling conflicting interests (horizontal consultation, representative advisory bodies) may be required. The self-managed socialist society is not a fresh invention; many of its leading elements can be found in old anarchist writings, as a strand in Marx, in the ideas of guild socialism and in many other sources. What *is* new is the way it has now been put on the agenda by the ecological crises of our time, when the essentially hierarchical society of consumerism has revealed the threat it poses for the continued existence of human civilization.

DEVOLVING BEYOND GLOBAL MONOCULTURE

by Peter Berg *Photos by Judy Goldhaft*

IN THE ANXIOUS ATMOSPHERE of our Late Industrial epoch the question of the well-being of the planetary biosphere, the web of life surrounding Earth that sustains us and upon which our fate as a species ultimately depends, raises nothing but apprehension. It's neither overreaction to a few incidents nor indulgence in doomsday posturing that promotes our lack of faith that ecological disasters of greater and greater scope can be avoided.

There's been a spectacular assortment of unthinkable outcomes in the last few years, just when, ironically, our awareness of the implications of environmental tampering has been at its greatest. Community poisoning at Love Canal, the near meltdown at Three Mile Island, genetic damage still unfolding from Agent Orange, the recent conclusion that increased carbon dioxide in the atmosphere from burning fossil fuels will eventually warm temperatures to alter climate planetwide: what will happen next? "In 25 years all the remaining tropical forests will have been destroyed, the chemical composition of both the air and the oceans will have been drastically altered, naturally pure water will have practically ceased to exist and a good part of the arable soil will have blown or eroded away," predicts Edward Goldsmith of **The Ecologist**. Permanent damage to human DNA? Wiping out microorganisms that are the starting link of essential food chains? More horrible than the stretched themes of horror films is the fact that probabilities like these are commonly held to be more or less certain.

A prospect this dismal and the failure of confidence it implies for established social and political means to deliver anything different should have us in the midst of a radical transformation of society's values and direction. It doesn't. Even modest efforts to avert the obvious consequences of smokestack fumes that cause acid rain are blocked by the argument of "affordabilty." Everyone knows we can't afford acid rain, but the inertial fear of stagflation and recession freezes any change in direction like a deer caught in the glare of oncoming headlights.

We have to cross over from economics to ecologics and we have to do it soon. The huge scale of biospheric depredations required by the Late Industrial is vastly beyond anything that's been gotten away with so far. At one time, single valleys with prime topsoil were sacrificed for hydropower reservoirs, single hills demolished for coal, or single forests stripped for timber. Now nothing less than entire regions are consumed. "Environmental impact" is a pitifully inadequate description of deforesting the Amazon Basin, leveling the Black Hills, and diverting the Sacramento River to Southern California. These projects are some that are underway or slated as necessary "solutions," and their effects will be as

disastrous as the Aswan Dam, which ruined soil it was supposed to irrigate and ended fishing off the Egyptian coast. Gaping holes in the biosphere like these can't be justified as acceptable losses: the battle is ultimately against us. If the stakes for preserving the industrial model of society threaten continued life on this planet, we have to raise the stakes for our participation and demand a way of life that can retrieve the future.

The shape of a transformed society isn't difficult to imagine: responsive to the biosphere through use of alternative energy, appropriate technology, and sustainable agriculture; smaller political units defined by natural borders rather than straight lines; filling in the qualities of mutual aid, direct democracy, and opportunities for personal creativity and freedom that are nearly absent now. The problem is recognizing how and where this is currently happening on a level that includes all the varied segments of a whole society from construction workers to scientists, and believing it can happen wherever you are.

Some hard-dried conceptual barriers have to crack before the actual concrete starts coming down. One is that the biosphere hasn't been a direct social and political concern for the last several hundred years. Neither the U.S. Declaration of Independence nor the Communist Manifesto gives it anything but the most indirect reference.

THE STRONGEST OBSTACLE is the world view of Late Industrial society, the perspective of Global Monoculture. This vision of humanity and the planet offers a universal and only slightly varying set of activities and expectations, a homogenized directory of standards for everything from diet and clothes to transportation and architecture. Global Monoculture dictates English lawns in the desert, business suits in Indonesia, orange juice in Siberia, and hamburgers in New Delhi. It overwhelms local cultures and "raises" them regardless of the effects on cultural coherency or capacities of local natural systems. Extended to the construction of whole new cities and habits of millions of people, Global Monoculture requires manipulation of natural resources on a scale that virtually forbids putting the continuity of the biosphere at the center of social or political considerations.

A movement that possesses a hopeful vision for transforming society has to include both implicit recognition of the importance of natural systems and opposition to Global Monoculture, and one more thing: appreciation of unique regions for themselves. There's no effective way to fashion regard for the entire planetary biosphere without attention to the distinct regions that make it up.

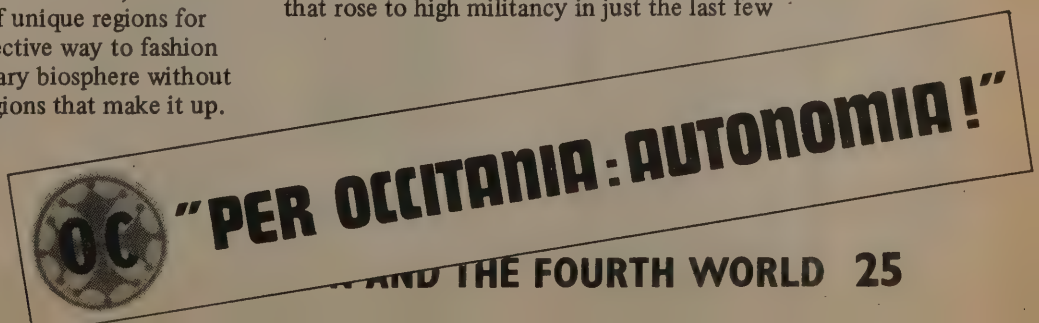
For our heads to be everywhere our feet have to be some place. A movement that can displace Late Industrial hitting-and-running has to have a bioregional base, a home place.

The fight by minority peoples in Europe – the Basques, Bretons, Catalonians, Cornish, Welsh, and twenty more – to win political recognition contains this vision of transformation. One wouldn't know this from news reports about them in London or Paris (or the U.S.), where they are pictured as incomprehensible or backward. "They want to bring back the twelfth century" is a typical editorial accusation. Cartoons show them in peasant costume riding donkeys and waving shotguns. As the Breton poet Glenmore summed it up, "To this day minority dissidents are called simple-minded or alien."

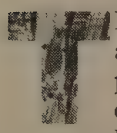
But the appeal of political groups representing these minorities continues to spread among all age and professional segments within their unrecognized borders, and nation-states are reluctantly bending. Spain yielded to home rule referenda which Basques and Catalonians passed last year. (One-third of the Basque representatives were outright separatists who consider this a first step toward eventually establishing their own state of Euskadi.) England's slipping hold on Ulster encouraged the formation of home rule groups in Cornwall and Northumbria, adding to those already active in Wales and Scotland. The French government is studying decentralization partly to accommodate the clamor of Bretons, Corsicans, and Occitanians.

For these movements, the importance of retaining their unique languages and cultural traditions is foremost, and that is why nation-state media accuse them of being regressive. The fact that these movements actively resist Global Monoculture by retaining their traditions is no more evident to their critics than the transformative quality of their other activities and programs. As Dafydd Iwan, protest singer and vice chairman of the Welsh nationalist party Plaid Cymru, sees it, however, "The fight to ensure Welshness in all its aspects on this piece of land is part of the fight to ensure the survival of a sane world."

European minorities share a history of declining self-government that usually begins at the time of the discovery and colonization of the New World in the 16th century. Active repression of ethnic languages in England and France became most severe in the late 19th century, sparking resistance that rose to high militancy in just the last few



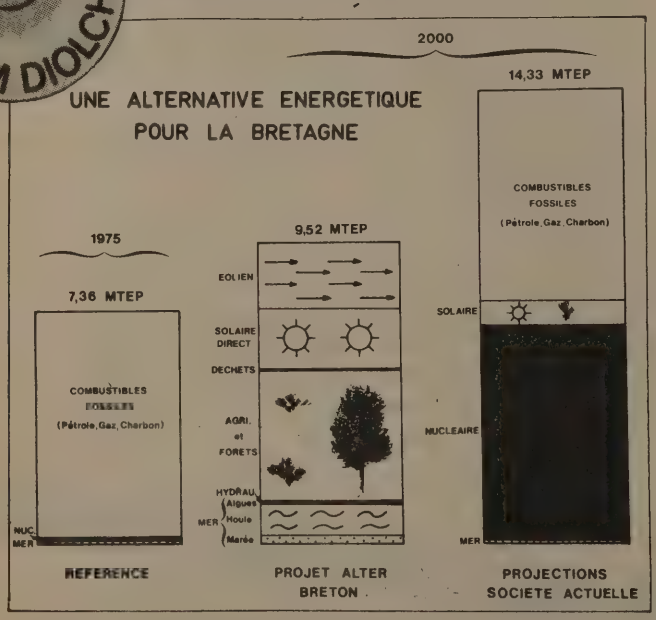
decades, when remaining native speakers were threatened by the homogenizing influences of tourism and state-controlled radio and television. These languages retain concepts about the reciprocity between people and natural places that imposed tongues can't express. For example, the Welsh word *bro* is irreplaceable for Dafydd Iwan because "Communities in Wales are thought of as small areas where people live, the people and the land together. The topography in Wales puts everyone in some valley or other, and that community of the river, the valley, and the people who live there is the *bro*." It's understandable why Breton nationalists blew up a powerful new French television transmitter in the early '70s and why the leader of Plaid Cymru recently threatened a hunger strike if the British government wouldn't support a Welsh-speaking television channel.



TRADITIONAL ECONOMIC PURSUITS are also intertwined with the unique places where these peoples exist and have existed, in some cases, for millenia. The Breton coast produces a good part of the fish, shellfish, and seaweed that is featured in "French" cuisine, and fishing or gathering oysters and clams are ancient Breton occupations. When the Amoco Cadiz oil tanker went down in the English Channel in 1978, coating the shoreline with 1.6 million barrels of brownish "chocolate mousse" spill, membership in the home rule party, Union Démocratique Bretonne (UDB), went up considerably. Several officers of UDB are seafarers or ocean scientists who had already prepared a position advocating that Breton pilots should guide ships off their coast precisely because an oil spill would be so disastrous for the fishing industry. UDB also opposed the Plogoff nuclear power plant which the French government attempted to complete on the Breton coast, a four-reactor giant that was to be cooled by drawing in sea water. Jacques LeFévre, a leading marine biologist and UDB committee leader, developed evidence that warming the ocean surface with reactor discharge would upset plankton levels and diminish fishing. This year François Mitterand bowed to pressure from antinuclear demonstrators at Plogoff, who were mostly Bretons and largely nationalists, by scrapping the plant. LeFévre explains how a marine scientist might also be a home rule militant. "Decisions about what is good for Breton fisheries can't be made by people in Paris. They have to be made by the local people, who in Brittany include both fishermen and ocean scientists. Ocean science offers a good model of how those decisions should be made because it synthesizes information rather than isolating small facts. Our idea of a future Breton society is that it will be much more ecologically concerned, and synthesis of social priorities with ecological priorities will be very important. But even ocean science must be rooted and related to real places. When the American scientists came to help analyze the effects of the Amoco Cadiz spill, they had to send species samples back to Woods Hole to identify them. Any Breton fisherman could have told them what they were."

Welsh antinuclear sticker

Two versions of Brittany's energy future. In the center is a chart of the Breton Alternative Project plan for the year 2000, which relies on alternative energies; on the right, the French government's plan, which calls for a vast increase in nuclear power.



As for how Brittany can provide for energy needs, local militant ecologists designed the Breton Alternative Project to use Brittany's considerable wind, wave, and tidal energy along with direct solar and biomass energy so that both nuclear and fossil fuels could be eliminated. Their plan is more conservation-minded than the French government's, which estimates that energy demand will double by the year 2000, but the Breton Project still allows for more than a 25 percent increase while using only renewable sources. *(See chart.)* Nationists have the regional perspective about energy questions that is essential for conceiving workable alternatives to fossil and nuclear fuels. Santiago Villanova, Catalan editor of the ecology journal **Userda**, goes so far as to say, "It's not the culture alone that will permit independence or autonomy or decentralization, it's the energy model which will create the capacity to decentralize. If Catalonia rejects the hard energy industrial model, it will not only change the energy plan but the whole concept of use of natural resources as well. Even the idea of national parks, which is an industrial idea, can change. Catalonia itself would be a national park!"

Since their homelands are mainly rural and comparatively undisturbed, thus making them attrac-

tive to vacationers, tourism has cut into the lives of minority people sharply. Like tourism everywhere else, it tends to give a museum quality to the natural culture of these regions. Even worse, according to Patrick Choffrut of the Occitan Studies Institute, "Our tradition of hospitality has been perverted into a kind of prostitution for tourists." When French summer visitors inundate Occitania every summer, Choffrut's tiny village of 500 persons is submerged by one million tourists who come to snap photos of a Roman fountain. He sadly describes an instance of tourism's debasing effects: "When my grandmother died during the summer, it was a double tragedy for our family. When the funeral procession, led by a horse-drawn hearse with tall purple plumes, passed through the village, tourists blocked the street, laughing and poking cameras inside to take pictures of her casket." Summer cottage owners often drive prices so high that local newlyweds either can't get their own house or must pay higher prices and taxes when they do. This is what prompted the arson-burning of a dozen cottages in Wales last year, a protest that succeeded in lowering inflated property taxes.

Although such benefits as providing jobs and protecting scenic natural areas are credited to tourism, these are questionable – the jobs are only seasonal and more land is developed for fast food outlets and motels than would be otherwise. Some nationists are dealing with tourism in creative ways, however, and ultimately furthering the restoration of their unique cultural heritage. The first Sigldigwt (literally, Welsh for "wagtail," a bird, but here used also to mean "shake your tail") Pageant, staged in Narberth, Wales, this year, revitalized a traditional annual medieval-costume parade through the town, which was dying out, and deliberately stressed the use of Welsh (only a fraction of the population still speaks it fluently) in spite of the fact that most of the pageant-goers were English tourists. Welsh-language singers performed, traditional foods were sold, and a Welsh language booth was set up to answer questions. With more control of their own regional policies, nationist groups would establish programs for tourists to help with restoration of cultural and natural features or tax visitors for these purposes.

IT TAKES ONLY A SLIGHT SHIFT of Global Monoculture's lens to see that these movements stand for more than regressive provincialism. Rather, they embody the ideals of decentralism and biospheric responsibility associated with extremely progressive change. Edward Goldsmith observes that "There's a very

The sign, written in medieval Welsh, says, "Llawhaden Snack Cupboard." The booth sold traditional laverbread (seaweed) and smoked trout pâtés.

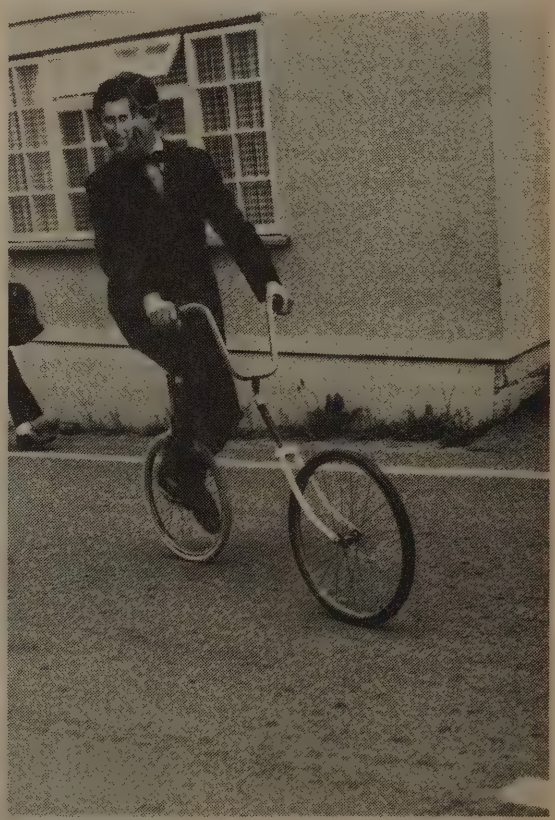
Mummers' and medieval musicians' procession through Narberth to begin the Sigldigwt Pageant.

close relationship between the regionalist movement and the ecology movement. Actually they should be considered the same. It's only by devolving back to something like these nations that we can develop a satisfactory way of life. They are the source and perpetuators of the culture, customs, and values that provided pleasure and made life possible for our species before this lunacy that is industrialism was developed."

Forming up to begin the procession at the ruins of Narberth Castle

Minority-group homelands are bioregions with distinct climate, topography, soil, watersheds, and natural life, and the cultures that developed in them reflect the unique characteristics of the places. "The border of Cornwall isn't the least bit vague," declares James Whetter, leader of the Cornish Nationalist Party. "It is the toe of the British Isles west of the Tamar River. East of the river, Celtic place names are the exception, whereas in Cornwall they are 99 percent the rule. The Tamar was always a strong divider of Celtic Kernewek and Saxon peoples, a natural linguistic border, one of the clearest borders in Europe." The upsurge in reclaiming political and cultural identity that has occurred in recent years has often been in response to threats to these bioregions. Plans by Norway to dam the major Alta River for hydropower, for example, spurred demands by Sami people (Lapplanders) for home rule.

The hopeful implications for wide-ranging change through minority movements aren't limited to the situation within their own borders. "Every small nation has a similar fight," says Dafydd Iwan, "they've all suffered from depopulation, they've all been used or threatened by nuclear stations and wastes, and they've all become tourist and second-home areas. And their valleys are very handy to drown for water and electricity for cities.



Mumming two Princes of Wales: Left, Llywelyn ApGruffudd, the last Welsh-born Prince of Wales, who was killed in 1282 by the army of Edward I of England. Right, Charles as Welsh nationalists see him.

These common dangers create a link between us that gives us considerable strength in numbers and will make us a united force." If they are all successful, or if even half are successful, the impact in Europe of so many new regional governments, with the large land area and populations they involve, is bound to effect the governments of nation-states.

Besides common dangers there is a common linguistic bond uniting the Gaelic-speaking Celtic nations of Alba (Scotland), Breizh (Brittany), Cymru (Wales), Eire (Ireland), and Mannin (Isle of Man). James Whetter believes that "Eventual linking up of regional governments can probably best begin with an Inter-Celtic Confederacy. It would be an economic and cultural alliance of Gaelic-speaking nations to develop trade arrangements for mutual benefit and increase the availability of Celtic literature, art, and music, which is already under way with festivals and publications." The organization Ecoropa, whose membership includes both minority nations and ecology groups, has been founded to go one further step. It is building a base for Europe of the Regions, a second tier within the European Parliament of the Common Market (EEC) to represent both ecological and nationist causes in a forum where they can jointly confront the power of nation-states.

The underlying vision of the Fourth World Assembly reaches an even further step. Convened for the first time in London this year with 400 representatives from minority nations and small communities ranging from Berlin communes to agricultural cooperatives, the Assembly issued a declaration calling for decentralization of industrialized states and creation of human scale, ecologically founded diverse societies. Gwynfor Evans, leader of Plaid Cymru, opened the First Assembly by stating, "Statism and centrism are the reasons for the destruction of communities throughout the world whether they be local, regional, or national. . . . Here we must distinguish between the nation and the state, between the community of people and its political clothing. The prime loyalty of people is owed to their community, to their nation, rather than to the state. Our hope for a reborn Europe would be renewed if we could insure that all small nations and historic regions in Europe took their place through autonomous action. . . . The creation of the alternative society begins in the work of the local community. Whether that community be a neighborhood, or a region, or a small nation."

The history of uses for the term *Fourth World* is illustrative of the range of interests the Assembly attempted to join. It's been the title of a book about Native American/European Colonist relations, a term for the feminist movement, a ranking for the poorest nations, a phrase to describe natural wilderness, and the British Minority Rights Organization's designation for oppressed ethnic groups. Considering that many of the leaders and representatives were also allied with the peace movement, there is strong justification for crediting the Assembly with extending the goals of disarmament to include decentralization of giant nation-states. The greatest significance of the Fourth World Assembly is that it equated the struggle of minority nations with a planetwide

Declaration

We are the people of the Fourth World, we represent a broad global spectrum ranging from ethnic, cultural and linguistic, to religious, economic, ecological and community concerns, many of which have been submerged to one degree or another by the disastrous onrush of giantism of the last two centuries or more. We are united in our determination to defuse the prevailing anarchic crisis of power by seeking to create our own social, cultural and economic patterns as we see fit.

We declare that it is only through small social units which are capable of being subject to the control of their members that the peoples of the world will ever defeat the danger of global wars which giantism has created, and achieve genuine progress and prosperity. It is only by such means that they can resolve the problem of excess human numbers, make effective a proper respect for their material environment so as to defeat the ecological peril, and end the curse of alienation from life and fellowship which now afflicts millions upon millions of people in many parts of the world. Neither we nor our forebears ever desired this development of giantism, very often it was fiercely resisted, it was never accepted and now we proclaim our total repudiation of it.

We assert in its place our inalienable right to live as free, independent, autonomous and self-governing peoples and we denounce the validity of any arrangements, however long-imposed, especially by giant political units, which seek the continued denial of this right.

We further assert our right to operate and control our own schools, hospitals, police forces, banks, industries, commercial trading and transport arrangements, forms of taxation and other matters of community concern as seems best to us without external interference or coercion.

There is quite clearly a pronounced need for many forms of association and co-operation across national frontiers if the potential for the enrichment of human life is to be realised as much as possible; we are happy to acknowledge this need and we look to a far greater degree of transnational co-operation in the political, economic and social spheres than prevails today. We affirm our readiness to participate in such co-operation wherever the mutual or general interests of people are thus best served, but in so doing we reserve to ourselves the inalienable right to decide in what ways we shall participate, and the full freedom to withdraw from any such arrangements at any time.

In general terms we assert that any state which exceeds modest, human-scale dimensions is at serious risk of being unable fully to control its own affairs and is thus a danger to its own

Pro-home rule statute posters for the Basque and Catalan nations

movement to go beyond the Late Industrial epoch into sustainable societies.

The defense of home regions and cultural identity is the heart issue of Lakota resistance to mining the Black Hills (*Paha Sapa*) in South Dakota and Dineh refusal to relocate from Big Mountain near already ravaged Black Mesa in the Four Corners area. These and other Native American nations' struggles to preserve fishing, forests, or open land have an even more obvious ecological emphasis than European nationist movements. In recent years contacts and declarations of mutual support between groups on both sides of the Atlantic have been made, an almost fated historical accord among the nations who lost the most from nation-state aggrandizement and centralization during the settlement of the New World.

OW CAN THE TRANSFORMATIVE vision that moves through these groups apply to anyone anywhere who doesn't have a unique language or cultural tradition? The stakes of Late Industrial society don't permit the luxury of defining *native* to mean simply someone who was born in the place where they live. *Native* now must mean someone who is aware of being borne by the natural systems and life-community of a bioregion and identifies with the reinhabitation of a naturally defined nation of the planet. Resistance to Late Industrial depradations on whole regions is creating new alliances between formerly distant groups like the coalition of ranchers, Cheyenne Indians, conservationists, and alternative energy advocates who resist strip-mining of the northern Plains. Water diversion schemes will foster alliances between city dwellers, farmers, ecology activists, and small town residents, as is currently happening in Northern California with the proposed rerouting of the Sacramento River through the Peripheral Canal to Southern California. (A half-dozen groups with diverse memberships have formed there to separate the state into North and South California to stop the Canal.) It's not a far step from these coalitions to declaration of bioregional Green Platforms to quiz candidates on positions advocating restoration and maintenance of topsoil, watersheds, and native plants and animals, and similar priorities for a sustainable society. Bioregional congresses like the Ozarks Area Community Congress (OACC) (see p. 88), formed to represent Ozarkia, can map reinhabitory political strategies to introduce and steer these platforms.

No single small nation or small community movement can transform huge Global Monoculture, of course, but when the number of places is considered there is a definite sign of a beginning. That number will grow as bioregions are accepted as "appropriate" locations for decentralization. Devolutionary, indigenous, and reinhabitory groups taken together represent a "shadow movement" to eclipse Late Industrial society before it eclipses the future. ■

and other people in terms of war, ecological excess and economic dislocation: the bigger the state, the bigger the danger.

We further affirm that even within such human-scale nations, in order to overcome the dangers of war and the overgrowth of human numbers, to check the spread of the spiritual void of mass alienation, and to widen the boundaries of freedom, there is an urgent need for a new respect for the rights and powers of decision-making and control of both political and economic institutions by the members of localised communities in their villages, wards and parishes as the case may be, in every part of the world. Such a programme of non-centralised political and economic power as is here envisaged can do much to prevent the power of the state being seized by any group for the purpose of war, aggrandisement or oppression.

For the same reason we hereby affirm our unreserved opposition to any attempts to increase the size or the scale of political units or any moves towards further governmental centralisation. We denounce such trends as likely to lead to yet a further loss of human control and a further increase in the prevailing global dangers.

The grim lesson of political life of the 20th century, which has already inflicted more murder, suffering and infamy on the common people than has been perpetrated in any previous period, is that the only safe form of power is shared power.

We reject the pseudo democracy of huge mass political parties, for since these are really complex forms of citizen manipulation by party leaders in whose grip the real power is held, no real sharing of power is practised.

We call on all the peoples of the world to affirm their membership of the human family and their duty to advance its well-being in terms of peace, freedom and ecological sensibility by joining with us to establish The Fourth World, a world where power is fully shared by the people in societies which are modest enough in size to do justice to the majesty of the human spirit and to serve the noblest accomplishments and potentialities of its creative genius.

We pledge ourselves to work unceasingly for the liberation of peoples everywhere in these terms.

Long live the Fourth World!

—John Papworth
Assembly Convenor

eclipse

by Roger Dunsmore

(for Jack)

1
February on the northern plains,
you six months in the belly,
moon covers the sun.
You hear Anna who came over eighty years ago:
"the Missouri was so thick
they had to stop ever so often
to shovel mud off the paddlewheels."
Anna who says,
"Oh, I steered clear of 'em"
to questions about Indians,
but tells on her ma —
"She took the children to the cemetery,
them was the only trees,
for a picnic,
ran onto a band of braves
who made over them
the way they always do, you know.
Scared her so she nearly broke a wheel
racing off the hill"
says Anna who leaves for the rest home,
squinty lines around her mouth,
fold of long skin from the upper arm.

2
We drive up Cherry Crick
with Ernie and Milly,
the northern plains
staring white at sky.
I think he's a breed
but he's full-blooded, German,
wild-horse-hammered, and the Badlands.
"I was no Indian lover," he says —
the moon glides over the sun.
He tells of the abandonment,
a whole generation of horses:
"One year back in the fifties, hell,
I sold fifty-seven hundred head.
Wild ones from the Badlands,
big Belgiums and Percherons from Canada,
all kinds at two, three cents a pound.
Horse meat, you know,
after the war.
You never saw so many people buying tractors.
Oh, there was beautiful ones among 'em,
but they was so many,
and I already had more than I could handle.
Horse-blooded, they call it
when a man loves horses so —
sees one he likes and has to have him.
Horse meat
at two, three cents a pound.
Never seen so many people buyin tractors."
A big dish of darkness grows out
to where a ring was around the sun,
moon's shadow races toward us
across the snow,
sundogs chase the moon,
pale flame around a black sun
like a giant flicker in the sky.
I hug and kiss your mother,
feel your body inside her
pressed against my groin.
She lifts her shirt so you can see,
picks one dried flower from snow.
"Imagine the animals," she says.
"Feel it like they do —
this pause in the light —
a long heartbeat
they hold their breath
while sundogs eat the sky.
Think simply.
Forget everything you know."

3
We drive east into the brightening day,
sing the whooping crane song.
My eyeballs feel burnt.
A stabbing needle-pain in the left eye
reassures me — it was real.
Women in the Frazier law and order office
where we've come for quilting material —
red, yellow, orange for sunburst star quilts —
have headaches from looking at the sky.
The papers are full of it:
National Guard got photos
at 1200 mph in an F-106.
A school child says —
. . . first thing I thought —
was I going to get blinded —
but I didn't.
Your mother tells of people driven here —
Indians, sheepherders, poor-whites,
missile silos hidden underground.
If the big war comes
all the children and the elders
turned to ash.
That's termination.
Horse meat, you know,
after the war,
at two, three cents a pound.
You, six months in the belly.

Roger Dunsmore teaches humanities at the University of Montana in Missoula. In the circle of reinhabitory writers and naturalists emerging in the Northern Rockies, his is a strong voice for putting wilderness at the center of civilization. This poem was written for his newborn son.
—PB

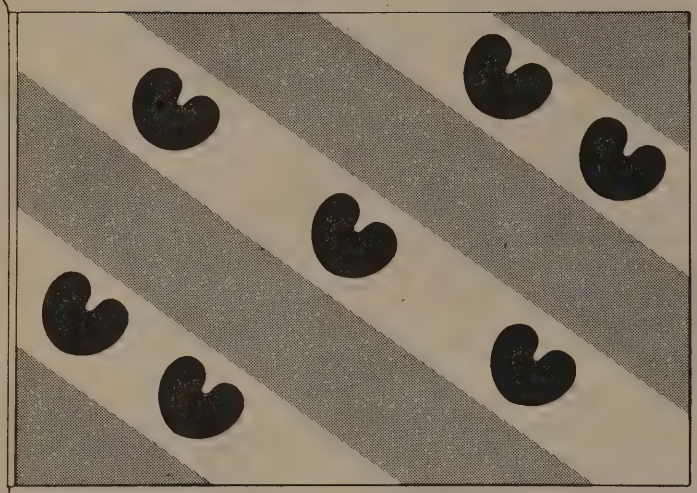
Nation Building in Northern Europe

Folkelig

by Jon Stewart

During his freelance career Jon Stewart wrote for ***Harper's, Penthouse, Saturday Review, Scanlon's,*** *and Ramparts. He has been an editor at Pacific News Service for several years now. Stewart has written extensively about the small nation movement which is for him "first and foremost a political interest." He doesn't like the idea that you have to have a racial interest to participate.*

He is, however, studying Scots-Gaelic (and figures he's one of about six speakers in the Bay Area) and is an officer of Cairdean na Gaidhlig, "Friends of Gaelic." –SM



Frisian flag

UGE ISN'T ON MY MAP. Nor is Tinglev. In fact, when I asked the American Express agent in Copenhagen for a train ticket to Tinglev (the nearest station to Uge, I had been told), he too looked bewildered, as if I were mispronouncing the name (which of course I was). His route map *did* show Tinglev, but no Uge.

Thus it was with trepidation that I gazed out on the flat rural landscape of southern Jutland as the milk train swayed along from hamlet to hamlet. I was supposed to be en route to a five-day international conference on European stateless nations in Uge, a conference at which, I had been assured, at least a dozen nationalities would be represented by distinguished writers, politicians, educators, and activists. But if American Express had never heard of Uge, could it really exist? Was I simply the victim of some wild-eyed visionary in a Danish cow pasture sending out invitations to like-minded fools the world over? Would I be the only sucker there – wherever "there" was?

My trepidation only increased as we stepped off the train at Tinglev, which is to this region what Winnemucca, say, is to the Black Rock Desert of Nevada. Fortunately, as it turned out, the infrequent rural bus service arrived at the station before the next train heading north. I was prepared to board either one.

Uge, of course, does exist (Attn: Amex), just a short stretch down the winding two-lane road from the sandpits outside Tinglev. That is to say there is a sign along the road that says "Uge" and perhaps a half-dozen houses, surrounded by an endless expanse of crop and pasture land. There is also something totally unique to rural Denmark, a folk high school, and if Uge ever does get on the map it will be thanks to this institution. It was my destination and, for the next five days, the laboratory for an extraordinary cross-fertilization of old, young, and still-emerging ideas about the meaning and significance of such concepts as nationhood, state, folk group, and individual. It was also the locus of something less "civil," if that word still has anything to do with Western Civilization. For what the 14 different European folk groups who gathered in Uge were discussing was nothing short of state treason: the dismantling of the powerful, coercive unitary state and the flowering of a thousand nations-without-states.

* * *

It doesn't take long to appreciate the fact that there is no better place in the world to hold a conference on small stateless nations than in a Danish folk high school smack in the middle of nowhere. Of all the nation-states in Europe, Denmark, along with Switzerland, is not only the most tolerant of ethnic aspirations, but it has turned the virtues of smallness and nationalism into what amounts to an international foreign policy. Having survived the brutalities of German imperialism, this little nation of five million people now clings to its language, its folk identity, and its

independence with something approaching vengeance. Never a truly imperial power itself (at least since the Viking days), Denmark has become a kind of symbol of international people-to-people, rather than state-to-state, diplomacy.

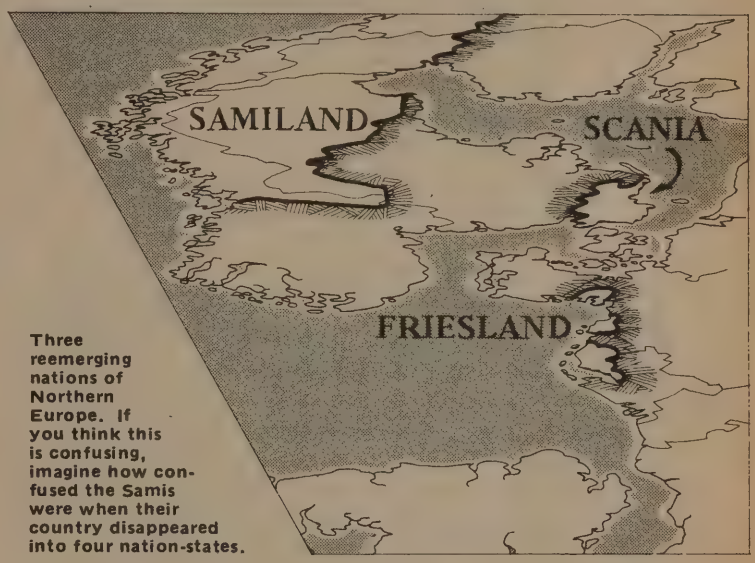
There is no better manifestation of this orientation than the Danish folk high school (*folkehøjskole*), an institution founded by the great poet/preacher N.F.S. Grundtvig 135 years ago. The schools, of which there are some 88 today, were designed to instill a strong sense of national identity in a rural nation which was just evolving toward representative government under the unrelenting pressure of imperial Prussia. What was threatened by external forces had to be preserved internally, and Grundtvig correctly perceived that the best tool for cultural and national preservation was the language of the common people. Through the common language the great folk traditions and the sense of Danish identity would survive; without it, this small rural nation would disappear into the amoebic German state. Thus behind the folk high school movement is an idea for which there is no adequate English word. It is *folkelig*, a Danish word spoken almost in terms of reverence. It has vast philosophical, social, and spiritual connotations, conjuring up a notion much more grand than the simple English word *folk*. It is, as one teacher explained to me, "Denmark's only mountain. Our world view and our view of ourselves are perceived from the top of this mountain."

The folk high schools specialize in a wide variety of interests, from arts and crafts to literature to active politics. At Uge, the specialty is Nordic *folkelig identitet* – the customs, arts, literature, languages, and histories of the Nordic nations. What more appropriate place for a conference on the struggles of ethnic minorities in northern Europe?

Naturally, the emphasis during the August 21st to 26th meeting was on those ethnic groups which shared a common linguistic background. Language, as Grundtvig observed, is a tie that binds as much as a sword that liberates. In this region of the world, the common linguistic paste is Old German, which has devolved into at least eight modern languages: Scandinavian Icelandic, Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish; coastal Germanic English and Frisian; and continental Germanic Dutch and German. These languages, of course, do not delimit the number of ethnic groups which thrive under them, since regional dialects in each language articulate a much greater number of folk groups. But they do demonstrate that a great variety of folk minorities can find a commonality that goes much deeper than geography, just as the Celtic language minorities, or the Romance language groups, are able to span both time and space to come together in a common homeland – the home of language.

The great irony of the Uge conference was that, given the number of languages represented (and the incredible multilingual abilities of the northern Europeans), the talks and informal discussions were conducted, for the most part, in the two languages that historically have been the greatest sources of oppression: English and German. Indeed, it is a mark of just how thoroughly our modern linguistic imperialism has succeeded that many Scandinavians must resort to English or German to communicate with one another.

Despite this rather awkward problem, this gathering of linguistically linked minorities made good sense. Every group present clearly felt a sense of brotherhood with all the others – one that went beyond the immediate political and economic struggles which they had come to Uge to discuss. As Americans with deep interests in the devolution of the nation-states of the world, we were treated with sincerity, respect, and even warmth; but we were also very clearly "outsiders" observing.



Three reemerging nations of Northern Europe. If you think this is confusing, imagine how confused the Samis were when their country disappeared into four nation-states.

In this regard, the Uge conference provided an interesting contrast to the annual gatherings of the Federal Union of European Nationalities (FUEN), which is the largest formal organization of European stateless nations. Founded 30 years ago, FUEN now claims some 30 "national groups," which it defines as "a national community which manifests itself by criteria such as its own language, culture, or traditions. It does not form its own state in its native soil or it lives outside the state of its nationality."

While FUEN has been a solidly progressive force in bringing the issue of stateless nations to the attention of state authorities, its meetings have tended over the years to evolve into a kind of "old boys' club" – a semiprofessional cadre with little blood and less passion, a European Economic Council of nations-without-states. The Uge conference, on

the other hand, explicitly avoided any organizational ties, and while leaving itself open to participation from any and all groups, it implicitly drew its parameters around the linguistically linked Nordic nations. The 90 or more conferees, as a result, tended to be grassroots activists, rather than professionals, and the blood they brought to the cause was not only new, in many cases, but passionate.

Who were they? Frisians, both western and northern, Greenlanders, Scanians, Samis, Danes in Germany and Germans in Denmark, Icelanders, Flemings, a smattering of German, Austrian, and Yugoslavian folk groups, and even a few Irish. While the details of each group's struggle are new and fascinating, the issues tend to be the familiar ones: linguistic oppression, economic deprivation by the central state, emigration of natives and immigration of well-to-do outsiders, holiday home development, environmental ruin, lack of political representation, etc. The issue of militarism and nuclear weapons is a relatively new one. (Why is it that struggling ethnic minority regions are always located in the best places for second homes and nuclear missiles?) In terms of strategy and tactics, the principal questions are also familiar: Autonomy, independence, or something in between? Socialism or the market economy? To join or abstain from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the European Economic Council? Nonviolent civil disobedience or strictly lawful protest?

The groups represented at Uge, being in various stages of development, provided a similar variety of answers, and generally agreed that every group must respond in its own appropriate manner. Perhaps the greatest controversy, in fact, was over the role of socialism in the stateless nation movement. On the one hand, most groups claim to be "socialist," while no one disputes the apparent contradiction between the goal of decentralization and the socialist model of the all-powerful central state. Clearly, you can't have both. Long discussions on this subject suggested that it still has not been sufficiently confronted, and that no two people mean the same thing when they talk about socialism. Like the tainted word *nationalism*, it can signify grossly different concepts. But the people at Uge were not, by and large, intellectuals – much to their credit and the success of the conference. They were activists – farmers, students, business people, artists, unemployed workers, teachers. They may know only vaguely what they want, and they may sometimes use inappropriate signposts for getting there; but after all, the significance of this movement is in the movement itself, more than the getting there. Indeed, in some cases stateless nations have lost the very virtue which made their cause just by achieving their cause (as in the Republic of Ireland, perhaps?). The controversies over socialism and nationalism ultimately will have to be resolved, but for now they are really little more than intellectual word games.

* * *

Rather than attempt to deal with each folk group represented at Uge in this relatively brief space, I will focus on a few groups which have received scant, if any, attention in the mass media, and which are as representative of the problems confronting the Nordic stateless nations as any.

Scania *(Skaaneland)*: The four southernmost provinces of modern Sweden have, since prehistory, formed a legal, cultural, linguistic, and national entity called Scania. But, says Peter Broberg, an architect at the University of Lund and a prime mover in the *Skaaneroerelsen* (Scania Movement), "Scania is one of history's losers, and like all losers has had to resign itself to the way in which the victorious power chooses to interpret history."

Scania's original problem was a geographic one. The nation is bounded to the north by a 200-mile belt of forest separating it from "the real Sweden," and separated from Danish Zealand by the Oeresund strait. Consequently, over the centuries it has served as the tub for the bloodbath that raged between the Swedes and the Danes, and its destiny was to be culturally bled dry itself while saluting first the Swedes, then the Danes, and back and forth.

Despite this geopolitical misfortune, Scania survived culturally and politically until late into the 17th century, when it was finally annexed as a province by Sweden. A systematic process of Swedenization was launched, during which the teaching of the language (really a dialect) was banned and all cultural links to Denmark were severed. The nation-thus found itself isolated by distance from the center of Swedish power, and cut off from its traditional cultural ties to Denmark. The once-great University of Lund, a center of Nordic secular and religious power, was reduced to a distant outpost of Swedish psychological warfare.

Broberg views the process of colonization as occuring in three phases: military conquest, psychological warfare, and finally self-censorship in which the subject population undertakes its own suppression. Scania today is in a late stage of phase three, which makes it an interesting study. The Scania movement is relatively small and new, still engaged in the prerequisite steps of building, or rebuilding, a sense of national identity in the people. Though the Scanian language did not completely disappear until sometime in the 1920s, it had long since failed to produce any literature. In recent years efforts to revive the

language have produced the publication of several Scanian history books – the first glimpse of a non-Swedish view of the region's history that Scania has had in several centuries. Several Scanian folk singers have recently taken to performing in their native language, and demands for the teaching of Scanian history and language are growing increasingly vocal. The Scanian Movement has at least begun to talk about a Scanian political party that might eventually wrest greater regional control away from distant Stockholm, where talk of the "Scanian problem" is still met with jeers and laughter.

Broberg's vision of a reborn Scania reaches far beyond his nation's historic borders to encompass all Scandinavia. "The emphasis," he says, "should be on two dimensions – the global and the regional, the dimensions of interdependence and of identity. This regional model is one of two legs on which the world of the future will stand." He dreams of a Scandinavia divided into 15 folk regions that would "disengage cultural evolution from the one-sided bindings of the nation state. We envision a new regional pattern of culture, a democratic and small-scale pattern pushing the evolution of society in a humanist and pluralist direction."

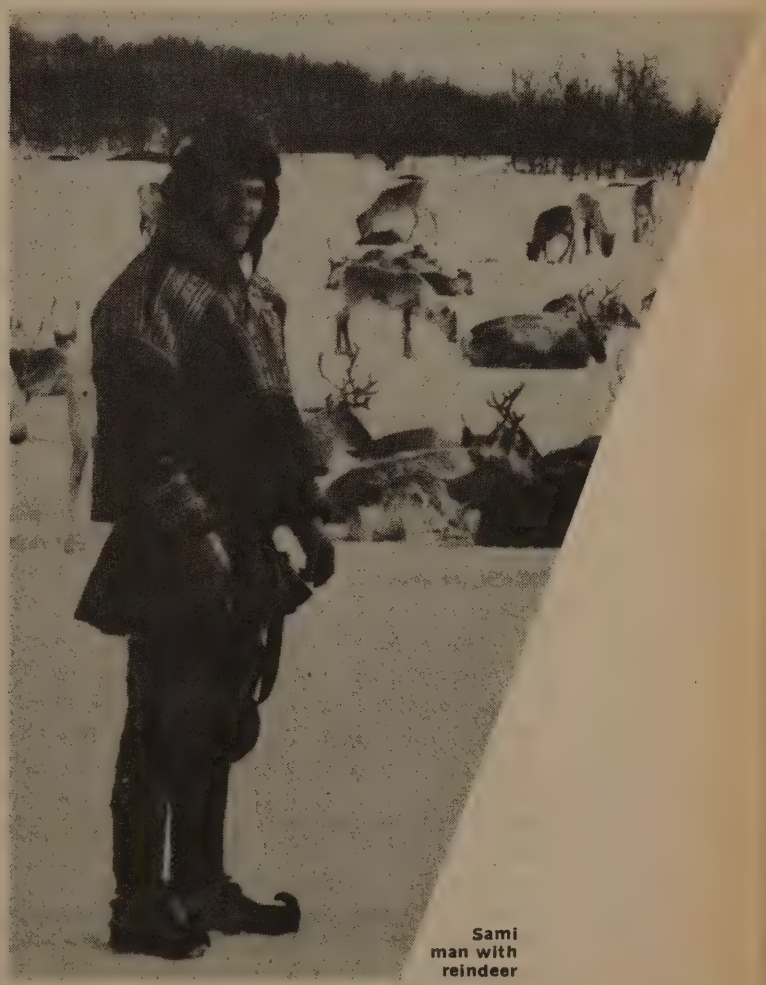
Samiland: The Sami nation is a cultural, ecological, and linguistic (Finnish, *ugric*) entity that survived the earlier periods of colonization only by virtue of its forbidding geography and climate. But the 18th and 19th century creation of rigid nation-state borders has split this ancient culture into four separate states – Norway, Sweden, Finland, and the Soviet Union. If the division of the land was not bad enough, the last few decades have witnessed an even greater threat, massive hydro-electric development in the core areas of the remaining traditional Sami culture.

"The Sami nation today trembles on its foundations," says Ande Gaup, a young leader of the Sami movement for political rights. "Without a Sami land the Sami people will die, because the land is our basis. Everything we need we get from the land."

Like the American Indian, the Sami is indivisible from the land, which for many centuries has provided the grazing pastures for the immense herds of reindeer which still constitute the central symbol of Sami culture and economic life. Though a number of treaties over the last 200 years have guaranteed the Sami people sovereignty over their lands, today the Sami resources – like those of the American Indian – are simply too valuable for the central states to ignore. The most valuable resource of all, of course, is water for energy generation, and it is the struggle over that commodity that has galvanized the Sami into an extraordinary political movement in the last three years.

Controversies over the development of more than 100 water power projects in northern Scandinavian Sami settlements over the last several decades reached a breaking point in 1978 when the Norwegian parliament decided, despite years of protest, to build a dam on the Alta-Kautokeino River, a plan which would adversely affect five reindeer herding districts with some 30,000 animals and at least 80 Sami households. The river is one of the few remaining untamed rivers in all Europe, and flows through the last core area of traditional Sami culture. Norwegian authorities justified the plans on the basis of energy needs, though Norway, rich in North Sea oil, natural gas, and hydro power, is already a net energy exporter.

The Samis responded to the plans with the creation of a mass movement known as the *Folke-aksjonen* which set up a protest camp along the road being built to the dam site. In early 1979 more than 8000 people visited the camp and for 104 days succeeded in stopping road construction by linking people together with iron chains in front of the machines. In October



Sami man with reindeer

of that year eight young Sami men and women, including Ande Gaup, went on a hunger strike while camping out in front of the parliament building in central Oslo. At the same time, a mass demonstration at the road protest camp resulted in 600 arrests when special police forces were sent in from Oslo and Bergen. In the town of Alta, a silent torchlight demonstration of more than 2000 marched through the streets.

After eight days of the hunger strike, the Norwegian prime minister announced that the Alta works would be postponed to give the government time to reexamine the plans. But by January 1981, the development plans were once again in full swing, with an enormous police force to provide protection at the work site. Ande Gaup then began his second hunger strike and was soon joined by four others, while a large delegation of Sami women occupied the office of Norway's then-prime minister for some 20 hours, until they were removed by police. The hunger strike lasted for 31 days this time before the government again relented and postponed construction while a commission studied the cultural and archeological impacts. The commission, of course, is chaired by a government appointed chairman and does not include any representation from the Sami organizations. This is where the situation rests today.

In the course of all this thousands of Sami have been politicized for the first time with regard to their cultural future. "If we are to have a future at all," says Gaup, "we must first gain control over our own lives and our land. But the colonizers have been standing on our toes for so long that they get angry when we try to lift our feet." Among the Sami's political demands are: laws to recognize and protect the Sami as indigenous people in each of the four states; laws to enshrine Sami rights to land and water; laws to protect the Sami's traditional economic lifestyle; recognition and development through educational programs of the Sami language as an official language; and, of course, a permanent halt to the Alta project.

"The start, for us, must be to point out that we are one common people," says Gaup. "Too often it is said that we are an ethnic minority. Many people believe all our problems will be solved when we get our language rights, but this will not be the foundation for solving our more demanding problems."

The new burst of Sami consciousness since 1978 has resulted in acute embarassment for the Norwegian people, who like to think of themselves as among the world's most tolerant. In fact, in the latest round of negotiations between the principal Sami organizations and the Norwegian government, the authorities agreed to a number of demands, including the granting of indigenous people's rights, and establishment of an elected Sami council with consultive and decisive authority over Sami affairs. The demand for a halt to the Alta project was again rejected, however.

In the long term, says Gaup, the most pressing problem of all is the unity of the Sami nation, spread as it is over four states. A degree of unity exists among the Norwegian, Swedish, and Finnish Samis, though their lands are still separated by legal borders, but they have had virtually no contact with the now unknown number of Samis in the Soviet Union. "The possibilities to organize are not the same there," observed Gaup. "It is difficult. We are cut off."

Friesland *(Fryslan)*: It is probably a safe bet that few Americans know that on February 26, 1782, a nation called Friesland (also called Frisia) became the first government to grant diplomatic recognition to the new American government. It would be equally safe to bet that few Americans realize that the English language's nearest linguistic cousin is a language called Frisian. Finally, how many Americans could tell you where Frisia is on the map?

It is remarkable that this ancient nation, whose history spans at least 2000 years, is so invisible today. And it is all the more remarkable for the fact that Frisia is still alive and, if not well, at least surviving.

Like Samiland, ancient Frisia has suffered the misfortune of being dismembered into three separate regions spanning two nation-states. Though it once stretched along the continental North Sea (once the Mare Frisicum) coast all the way from Bruges in modern Belgium to present-day Bremen, Germany, today Friesland is confined to a northern coastal province of the Netherlands, along with some offshore islands; a small coastal strip of Lower Saxony; and a separate coastal strip (with four islands) in the German state of Schleswig-Holstein near the Danish border.

Friesland remained an independent "Free Farmers' Republic" up until 1498, a nearly democratic anomaly throughout the feudal Middle Ages. Following various foreign occupations it became an autonomous part of the Republic of Seven United Netherlands in 1579, and finally was merged into the Kingdom of the Netherlands in the 19th century, when it lost its last vestiges of parliamentary autonomy. Formal Frisian culture disappeared, too, with the establishment of the Dutch language in all educational, legal, and religious institutions. In the late 19th century the nation experienced a severe depopulation as Frisians departed for jobs in Holland and America, leaving the land barren and desperately poor.

That was basically the nation that the Frisian Nationalist party (FNP) inherited when it was formed in 1965. The Dutchification of Friesland

was nearly complete – except for one all-important characteristic. Instead of giving up their language to adopt Dutch, the language of power and influence, most Frisians had simply become bilingual, using Frisian (*Frysk*) in the home and in community affairs, and Dutch in all formal and business transactions. Though Dutch was still the language of education, an astonishing 97 percent of Frisians were able to understand their language, and 83 percent could speak it, when the most recent study was conducted in 1969. However, reflecting the lack of Frisian education, only 11 percent could write Frisian.

With this to build on, the language naturally has become the cornerstone of the Frisian national movement. Vigorous campaigns on behalf of Frisian education resulted in legislation mandating that Frisian be taught as a compulsory subject in all 573 primary schools (for students ages six to twelve) by 1981-82. At least 80 of these schools are already fully bilingual, using Frisian as the first language. Roughly one-third of the nursery schools are taught in Frisian, but only about 30 high schools teach the language at all. Efforts are now under way to make Frisian mandatory throughout the compulsory school career, and added resources are being directed toward Frisian teacher training and retraining programs.

In other language domains, Frisian language broadcasting has been increased to about six hours a week on radio, though it barely makes a dent on TV, which is all produced in the Holland conurbation. Some 17 journals are published in Frisian, much of it agricultural material, and the two largest provincial newspapers run occasional Frisian pages. A few years ago, a Frisian record album, with pornographic lyrics, actually made the Dutch national hit list.

The national movement has also made some small progress in parliamentary politics, with two FNP members in the provincial legislature. More important, many of the ten political parties active in Friesland have adopted much of the FNP platform, which calls for greater regional autonomy, a federalist form of government for the Netherlands and all Europe, greater language rights, more provincial control over education and broadcasting, and provincial power over industrial development and environmental planning.

As regards the environment, the FNP has sometimes run up against the Dutch environmental movements, which oppose the continued efforts to reclaim the sea through the building of dikes. "The struggle against the sea is in our blood," says Jan Lautenbach, an FNP activist at Uge. "We Frisians have been battling with the sea for centuries, and as a result our nation is perhaps the only nation in the world that is actually growing geographically." Environmental groups claim that continued dike building is destroying important waterfowl habitat.

Huideloopeu harbor, Friesland.

A Frisian quipped that his land is about the only one in the world which is growing geographically, thanks to a network of dikes, such as the one pictured here in the background.

COURTESY NETHERLANDS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

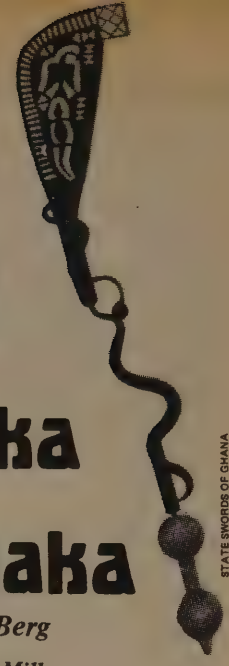
All of this discussion pertains, it should be noted, to West Friesland in the Netherlands, which with half a million population is by far the largest of the three Frisian communities. The East Frisians, in Saxony, have lost the language completely, and only about 10,000 North Frisians can still speak Frisian – though it is a very different language from what one hears in West Frisia. Indeed, the dialect gap between West and North Frisia is so great that people can no longer understand one another. The North Frisians get little or no support for the language from the West German government, though it is taught as an option in several public schools. I visited one of the only all-Frisian schools, in Risem, where a delightful elderly teacher explained that very few children learn any Frisian in the home, and that most educational materials, such as textbooks, have to be homemade. North Frisian, she explained, has perhaps the most modern orthographic system in Europe because it so recently became a written language.

Despite the linguistic differences between the three Frieslands, a respectable amount of cultural, political, and academic interchange continues, with pan-Frisian congresses of various sorts held every year.

In the Middle Ages, the slogan of Greater Friesland was *"Frysk en Frij"* ("Frisian and Free"). Today the nationalists have adopted *"Frysk en Federaal"* ("Frisian and Federal") – a far cry from the Frisian glory and wealth of the distant past, but a pragmatic approach to the future and

INTERVIEW
with
Jimoh Omo-Fadaka
and
Fatima Omo-Fadaka

by Peter Berg



STATE SWORDS OF GHANA

continued from page 37

certainly an enlightened perspective in contrast to the recent past, when it seemed there would be no future.

That's a mere glance at the nation-building in northern Europe. I have excluded from this report much more than I have been able to include. The Greenland experience with rapid external (Danish) development, followed by social crisis, followed by self-rule in 1979, is particularly important, perhaps a subject for a separate report one day. And the thriving Danish culture in north Schleswig (which used to be Danish), plus the equally rich German culture in southern Jutland (which used to be German) are wonderful case studies in the cultural survival of determined minorities.

Somehow all of them, and many more, found their way to Uge – that tiny spot that isn't on the map, but a place that may in the future play a major role in reshaping the map of the doomed nation-states. ■

Edited by Peter Berg and Stephanie Mills

Jimoh Omo-Fadaka is an ecodevelopment expert and his wife, Fatima, is a social worker. The following are portions of conversations they had with Peter Berg in San Francisco and in London, where they live. –*SM*

If there is going to be something like a planetwide human-species politics, then centralized countries – the Soviet Union, China, England, the North American countries – will have to become more like much of the so-called Third World. Decentralized relationships such as that between Oceania and Africa, which is discussed in the interview below, will have to be seen as real and good in themselves rather than as inadequate for an industrial age. Then the Fourth World might become all the countries of the world seeing themselves as living in place.

For example, it's difficult for the English to understand who they are right now. The English have tended to remake themselves in the uniformity they so want other people to exhibit. There are towns in England that really are what their names say they are and those names describe the land, the people, and where they happen to be in the world. But the people haven't spoken of themselves in that way in a long time. –*PB*

Peter Berg: What is the common bond between people in Africa and Oceania?

Fatima Omo-Fadaka: Extended family. Very strong. I went to Papua New Guinea, where I've never been before, and within the two days I stayed there I felt more at home among those Papua New Guineans, whom I'd never met before, than I have felt in 20 years in Britain. In Papua New Guinea, there are only about two or three million people but there are 300 languages. You call people who speak your language "my one-talk" in pidgin. They spell it "my wantok." It means "we have the same language."

PB: In terms of ecodevelopment there seem to be grounds for a natural alliance between Africa and almost all of the Pacific Islands. Do you think so?

Jimoh Omo-Fadaka: The desire to practice conservation and preserve natural resources while achieving a better standard of living, that is, ecodevelopment, is much stronger in island countries than in inland countries because island country resources are very fragile. Apart from that, however, there are similarities between Africa and Oceania.

PB: Could you extend this? It's not just Africa and the islands around it, like Zanzibar, but also Indonesia. Suppose we go east from Africa and you tick off the places that an ecodevelopment alliance might apply to.

AARON ROSENBERG

THEY REALIZE THAT NO SOCIETY IS STATIC, BUT THEY WANT DEVELOPMENT WITHIN THEIR OWN CULTURAL CONTEXT.

Jimoh Omo-Fadaka

JOF: Seychelles, Cameroons, Reunion, Malagasy, Ceylon, Sri Lanka; then to the Pacific Island countries: Indonesia, Papua New Guinea. Now you work your way down to New Zealand, to Fiji, Western Samoa, and Micronesia; then a leap to Hawaii and Tahiti. Then you are moving towards the Central American countries – Costa Rica – then towards places like Cuba, Jamaica, Trinidad, Tobago, and Granada.

PB: The territory that's covered and the number of people involved is impressive, isn't it? It's the reggae area, the Bob Marley belt. Do you have the feeling that what works for this belt of the planet is the future? That they might be the people who bring everybody else into the 21st century?

JOF: Yes. For example, a lot of countries are learning from Papua New Guinea how they have been able to integrate conservation into development planning, not only the why of it but the how, the mechanics. Conservation as an ethic is built into their culture. They don't want to destroy what they have and because of that they are never in a hurry to adopt a newer method until they are quite sure it's not going to destroy what they cherish. A similar sort of development planning, planning from bottom to top, seems to be happening in Tanzania. They look at the whole problem rather than compartmentalizing it, and a major factor is that they want to preserve their way of life. They realize that no society is static, but they want development within their own cultural context. In other words they want to be masters in their own house.

PB: The planet comes back in its multiplicity of languages and cultures. Five hundred years ago, you wouldn't have been to both Africa and Oceania, but now that you have, you see similarities where Europeans saw only differences.

FOF: British books have always been written from the colonizer's point of view. "We saw heathens and pagans walking about naked, bouncing around the fire." Of course these people were doing meaningful things, but what they were doing didn't mean anything to the British and so was regarded as meaningless.

PB: This is difficult to phrase, but Britain itself poses an interesting situation along those same lines. You have West Indians, East Indians, and Africans in London, wanting to be themselves, and you have English people who don't want them to be themselves because, after all, it's England. Does it mean that London might become a multicultural entity while there are real ethnic entities in the world? Or does it mean that these people will be repatriated out of London back to where there are real ethnic cultures?

FOF: The black women in London are losing what they had in the West Indies, because they've now become a lot like the British in the wrong ways. They've adopted a lot of the bad things and many of them don't have a support system any more. They're beginning to suffer the same stress diseases English people do. African women don't suffer these stress diseases unless they come to Britain. No mother is supposed to be cooped up with her child in one room 24 hours a day. In the West Indies somebody's always coming to pick up the child to give you a chance to do something else. In fact, you train your children to do that.

The white social workers where I work say, "Africans are cruel to their children." I ask what they mean and they answer, "Deprived." They think that because they find no toys in the home, and they judge in terms of objects rather than of relationships. The other thing they say is, "You find five- and six-year-olds doing things far beyond their age, like looking after a baby, picking her up, playing with her, even feeding her and wiping her nose." What's actually happening is that African kids grow up to be very responsible for each other.

A few Rasta chaps have been arrested here on petty things, and some of the accusations aren't even true, because they're not thieves, they want to keep

SENUFO MASK (IVORY COAST)

OF COURSE THESE PEOPLE WERE DOING MEANINGFUL THINGS, BUT WHAT THEY WERE DOING DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO THE BRITISH AND SO WAS REGARDED AS MEANINGLESS.

IFE MAN (NIGERIA)

WE'VE GOT OUR CULTURE, AND FOR BETTER OR WORSE, IT'S OUR PERSONALITY.

to themselves. Because they're trying to revert to the way they spoke when they first went to the West Indies and were just learning English, I find it difficult to understand them unless you're amongst them all the time. One of them was put in a psychiatric home after he'd been arrested because the police and warders couldn't understand what he was saying. They thought, "Somebody who talks like that can't be all there." The man was looking after his wife and kids and held a job, but he was caught for some petty thing like smoking pot, and because they couldn't understand the way he used the language, he was thought to be mad.

PB: Fatima, an industrial age comment about what you just said would be that people have to change and adapt to the kind of world we have today and the fact that English people were once Wessex or Devon or Anglia is historically anachronistic, and people have to become more leveled out and to conform more because of the necessities of machines and of the economy, or in the interests of better communication.

FOF: I think people will have to decide that for themselves. It won't work if it's imposed. And you can see what's happening all over the world now.

JOF: Most of these sorts of people find me very uncomfortable to be around. I was invited to Oxford University to give a talk on the subject of "How Britain Can Help Africa." I wrote back that I wanted to speak about "How Africa Can Help Britain." I didn't expect them to, but they did accept it, and I went and spoke to professors, not students, for nearly two hours. There were about 200 of them, baldheaded, bespectacled, tenured. When I finished, the chairman said, "Well, that has been *interesting.*" And nobody asked any questions. Nobody.

So I said, "Does that mean that you agree with everything I have to say? Either I am a fool or you are." Then one professor took off his glasses and said, "I have never heard such complete poppycock in my life. Are you trying to tell us that you don't want to learn anything from the British? You are British educated, after all. You must remember that there is no such thing as culture without progress."

I asked, "Why did the British go to war with the Germans?"

They said, "We didn't want to be dominated by Hitler. We didn't want our British institutions lost to fascism."

"Well," I said, "That is what I've been trying to tell you. We don't want our culture disrupted by anybody. If we want to learn from other people, we learn. We've got our culture, and for better or worse, it's our personality. Some people may have taken on your negative aspects, but our culture is intact and we can continue into the future on our own terms."

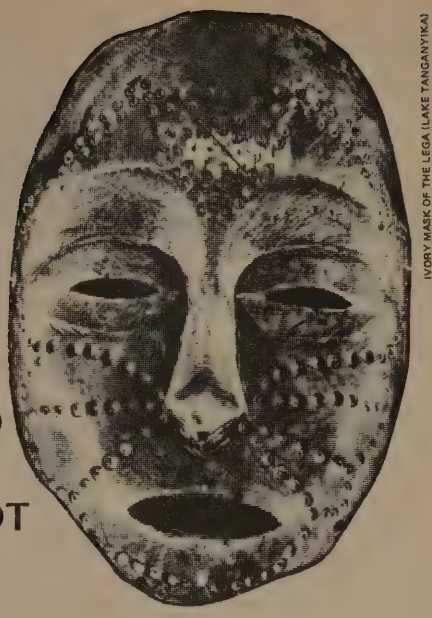
In Nigeria we had a problem because when we became independent in October 1960 we inherited artificial boundaries and a centralized system from the British. The idea was that we ought to build a strong united country out of all the various tribes that were completely independent before colonialism. Six years after that we went through a civil war because no one tribe wanted to be dominated by another.

A tribe is a nation by itself. It doesn't recognize anybody else's authority. The first question that had to be answered was do we work out a new formula whereby we can live together as one nation, or do we break up the whole nation and let the tribes go their own way? The Biafrans, the Ibo, decided that secession was the answer. I come from Bendal state, the Benin tribe, and we decided six months after the Biafran war started also to secede from the country. Our secession was crushed within a matter of three months. It was at that stage that I decided to leave Nigeria while the civil war was going on because my life was at stake.

PAINTED MANGBETU WOMAN (CONGO)

A TRIBE IS A NATION BY ITSELF. IT DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ANYBODY ELSE'S AUTHORITY.

WE HAD TO GO THROUGH A CIVIL WAR TO UNDERSTAND THAT A CENTRAL GOVERNMENT CANNOT DECENTRALIZE ANYTHING.



IVORY MASK OF THE LEGA (LAKE TANGANYIKA)

They shot at my car. The Biafra war went on for three years, the central government could not win. Nor could the Biafrans, so at the end they called it quits.

Eventually we came up with a completely new formula to govern Nigeria. The country is divided into 19 states approximately duplicating the tribal territories. Now my people, the Benins, have got their own state, called Bendal, with its own legislature and governor. We decide how to run our state; our decisions don't rest with anybody but us. The Biafrans have got their own state called Imo. All the tribes in Nigeria have now got their own states. We had to go through a civil war to understand that a central government cannot decentralize anything. If the people want decentralization they have to fight for it, and we did, although we lost about two million people in the war.

The irony of it is that now, with the civil war over, I don't feel threatened by another tribe. No tribe is threatened because we are all autonomous. The only authority the central government has now is of the type that controls currency. It's obvious: diplomatic representation for abroad, common transport, defending the country, but nothing elaborate. A clearing house government. Even the central authority is made of representatives from the 19 states.

Before the civil war, the central government allocated revenues. They dished out whatever they felt should be given. Now it's the other way around. There are two principles involved. Revenue has got to be allocated either according to derivation — that is where the revenue comes from because some states have more resources than others — or on the principle of need irrespective of resources. Now what happens is this: At the end of each year, all the governors of the 19 states decide how they are going to share the revenue. All the revenue — from oil and cotton, and so forth — goes into a central pool. The first 15 percent is used for maintaining the fundamental clearing house services that I previously described. The remaining 85 percent, the governors decide among themselves how they want to distribute. Because there is no set of rules about how the revenue should be spent, they always have to make compromises. At the end all the governors come out with a statement that they agree that the revenue for this year should be shared in a certain way, and that's all there is to it.

How is this compromise arrived at? One tribe might say, our priority this year is water supplies. Another's priority could be roads. Another state might say our priority is medical services, or to buy fertilizers because of a famine. The priorities are different. But they cannot come back the following year to ask for more revenue for the previous year's priority. That is, if you get money for water supplies this year, next year you won't. If you want to continue with that project you have to raise the taxes from your own state.

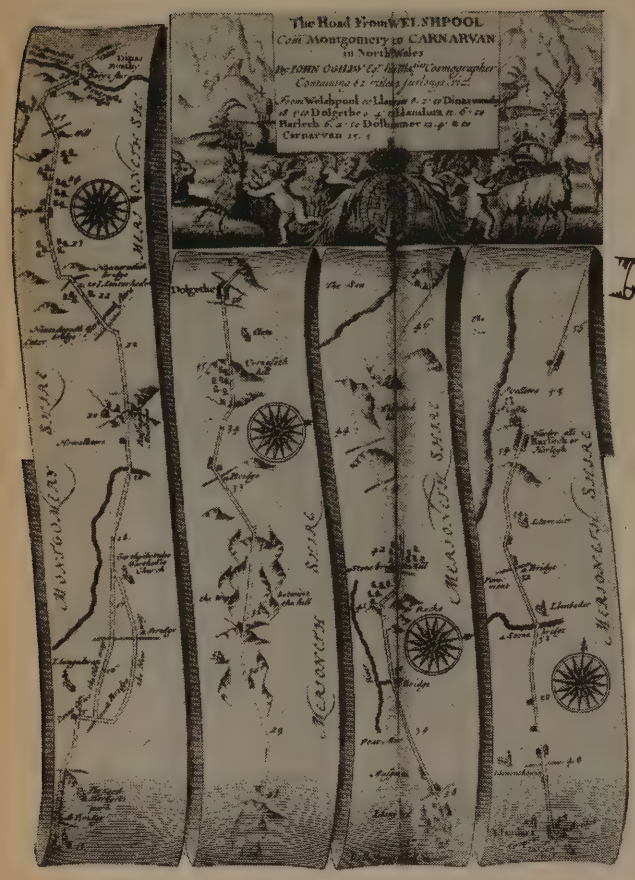
This is the best solution we have worked out. The tribal peoples' interests are going to their own state. Before, most of the people in the various tribes would have liked to do something for their own tribe, but the central government said they couldn't. Why not? The central government wanted to determine the priorities. Now the tribes determine their own priorities.

PB: Do you think this could work in the U.S.?

JOF: Well, the 50 states do not correspond to the tribal states, unfortunately.

PB: We have to think in terms of autonomy for bioregions.

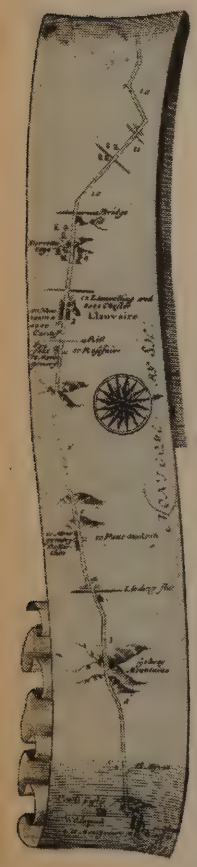
JOF: So you have to make bioregions. But not from within the central government. You have to get the movement going within the bioregions and then change the government. ■



Welsh patriot Jan Morris wrote this first for the fine local magazine Arcade (Wales Fortnightly), edited by John Osmond, 14 pounds (about $35)/ year (24 issues) from Arcade Publications, FREEPOST, Cardiff, CF5 1ZZ, Wales. Morris is a well-known, comprehensive and thoughtful travel writer, with books on Venice, the British Empire, New York, Spain and elsewhere. John Ogilby, royal cartographer, published the strip map of Wales in 1675 in Britannia, one of the first road atlases.
–Art Kleiner

THE SEVEN TORMENTS

by Jan Morris



WELL, THERE IS NO pretending, is there, that Wales is an *easy* country, or that the condition of Welshness is exactly soothing. Geography, climate, economics and especially history have all combined to make life in this particular corner of Europe generally demanding and often discouraging: and as a passionate Welsh nationalist (or patriot, as I prefer – why should it be the Welsh Nationalist Party in English, but just Plaid Cymru in Welsh?) I propose this week to contribute to an old numerical tradition of the country by identifying The Seven Torments of Welshness.

Individually they are all, I think, enervating, unsettling torments. They are matters that go round and round in the brain like that snatch of Sinatra that keeps you half-awake all night, or the drip of a tap somewhere. They suggest to me, in their repetitive introspection, the more tragic infatuations of South Africa, where every conversation, however blithely it begins, comes round in the end to the irresolvable problem of race, always lurking and brooding there at the back of everyone's mind.

Wales, thank God, has no obsession as fearful as that, and the plague of unemployment is not unique to us; but the state of Welshness has torments all its own, and here is my index of them.

THE FIRST IS the Torment of Confused Identity. It is many a long year since the late J.E. Jones persuaded me properly to acknowledge and cherish the Welshness in me, but there are hundreds of thousands in Wales who still have not come to terms with their inner confusions of nationality, and their doubts infect us all. When is a Welshman not a Welshman? How Welsh must a Welshman be? Can you really be Welsh if you speak Oxford English like Roy Jenkins, if you were born in Manchester like Lloyd George, if you don't know who J.P.R. is or, alternatively, have never heard of Dafydd ap Gwilym?

Are some sorts of Welshness more Welsh than others? Are some parts of Wales not really Wales at all? Down the years these dim perplexities drift and eddy, and they lie heavily upon the spirit of the little country.

Then there is the Torment of Disunity. Wales was never a united country, except perhaps briefly under the inspiration of Owain Glyndŵr (if you know who he was), but it was seldom more fissured than it is today. Great gulfs separate its peoples, its territories and its postures, more impassable by far than any mountain ravine, and terribly depressing to travellers along the tricky path of Welshness. Positive chasms yawn, for example, between Nicholas Edwards and

Dafydd Ieuan, between Llantrisant and Llanystumdwy, between the National Eisteddfod and the Welsh National Opera, and above all of course between those who do, and those who do not, speak the Welsh language.

Which brings me to the third torment, the Torment of the Torn Tongue – the curse of a society ripped apart by love of, scorn of, yearning for, apathy toward, its own ancient language and culture. We all know the miseries of this situation. Is there anything more dispiriting than the contempt of the arrogant Welsh-speaker for the monoglot, or the crude resentment offered in reverse? It is a national debility of a particularly exhausting kind; and nothing in my own life is more wearing than the uncertainty of not knowing, when I speak to a shopkeeper in Welsh, whether he will respond in kind, suggest condescendingly that it might be easier to talk in English, or inquire with bigot's brow and insulting leer, "What's that all about, then? Is that Welsh or summat?"

The fourth torment is the Torment of Uncertain Loyalty. As a republican and a cosmopolitan, I long ago realized that my natural loyalty was to the nation of Wales, a unit small enough to comprehend, big enough to play a useful and interesting role in the affairs of the nations. But there are thousands of Welsh families today whose loyalties are every which way. It is hard for people who grew up proudly beneath the Union Jack to reconcile themselves to the decline of Britishness; it is difficult for young modernists to understand the royalist pull; and these uncertainties of allegiance, expressed in the ambiguous emotions of Cardiff Arms Park, say, or the mixed responses evoked by Prince Charles, add too to the psychological malaise of Wales, and make us all feel restless.

The Torment of Two Peoples is more insidious. At the rugby match the xenophobia may be hardly more than a kind of joke, or a sporting technique perhaps, but elsewhere in Welsh life it is more real, and more disturbing. There is no doubt in my mind that Wales would be better off, truer to itself, if English settlers could be dissuaded from coming or persuaded to go home – they are twisting the balance of the cultures, and affecting the whole style and self-image of society.

But how to express this conviction without sounding, and feeling, like a Nazi? Even the most tolerant rationalizations – "Of course they're delightful people in themselves," or "Naturally we welcome them to the University *in the right proportions*" – seem to smack of Auschwitz or at least Apartheid: when it comes to the immemorial question of the Saeson in Wales, now as always principle and practice clash within us, and make us feel unworthy of ourselves.

The Torment of the Broken Law! Even Plaid Cymru suffers from this distressing complaint, for it is perfectly obvious to us patriots that in recent years nothing has done so much for Welshness as the bold breaking of laws. The altering of road signs, the refusal to pay licences, yes, the burning of holiday cottages – all have achieved more than anything at the polls to preserve or restore the national heritage. What a burden to assume, by those of us brought up to believe that in a democratic society the law must be sacrosanct! At a stroke, by the switch of an attitude, the police become our enemies, the law becomes something to be defied or exploited, and we seem to be halfway to terrorists. We wonder if our phones are tapped. We make frivolous gestures at passing constables.

"We?" I hear you expostulate. "Speak for yourself!" – and so I am brought to the seventh and particular discomfort of the Welsh activist, the Torment of the Uninvited. For those of us who believe in a Welsh future for Wales are in a very small minority. We are, according to your point of view, the bottom of the barrel or the *crème de la crème*, and the 1979 Referendum demonstrated, argue it how you like, that the mass of the nation is not yet behind us.

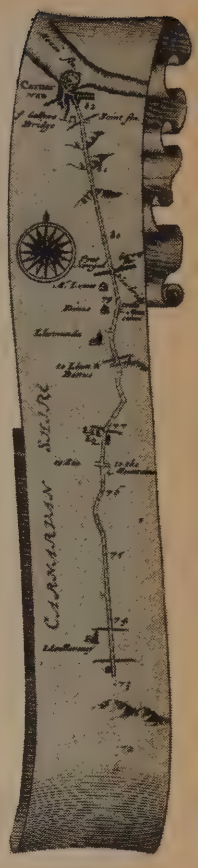
No matter that, at least in our own opinion, the liveliest, most creative, most interesting and amusing of our compatriots agree with us: by what right do we claim to stand for the true interests of Wales? Why should we know best? Should we not, I sometimes ask myself, stop nagging at the unfortunate Welsh people, and leave them in peace before their TV sets like everyone else?

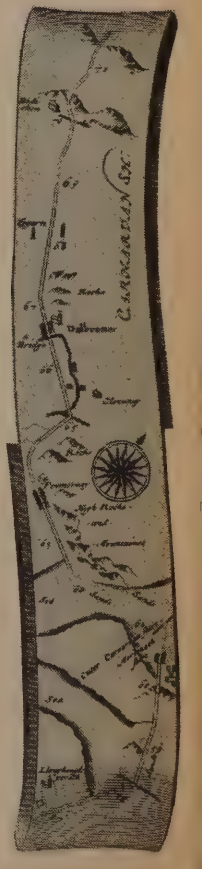
GOOD GOD (I HEAR you saying now), if you are oppressed by so many misgivings why do you live here anyway? I do occasionally wonder. How much easier it would be, would it not, to live in a country that speaks its own language, honours its own traditions, is not fragmented into a hundred antipathetic segments, and has not been obliged to fight for 800 years against the hegemony, social, cultural and political, of an overwhelming neighbour?

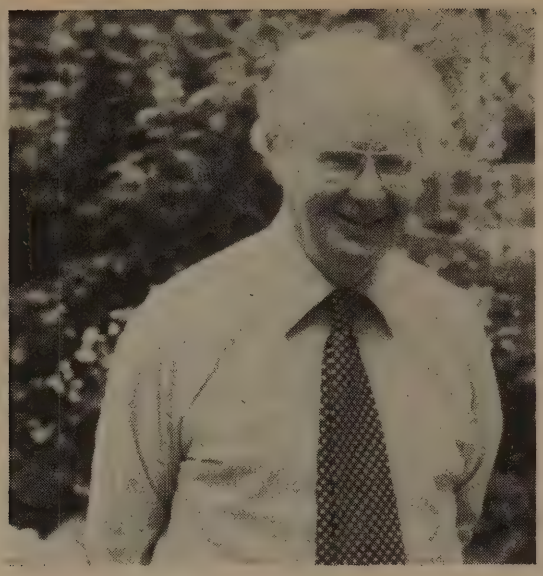
But like it or not, the fact of Welshness adds a powerful extra fillip to life in these islands – an extra dimension, a fascination, a dark enrichment. The Torments are worth it! They may be enervating individually, but collectively they stimulate. They give us a cause, or alternatively an Aunt Sally. They hold us on the brink. They keep us arguing and wondering. They offer still, for people like me, the promise of great fulfillments, if not for ourselves, at least for our children.

So if ever I did tear myself away from Wales, this prickle or sting, this paradoxical angst, would soon bring me back again. Now and then I think it might be pleasant if Welshness could settle placidly into the mould that history so long ago prepared for it, unresisting at last, accommodatingly, like one of those sets of saucepans which, when they have been properly scoured, fit one into the other neatly as into a nest.

But then I remember where tidy housewives generally keep such handy and obliging implements: out of sight and on the shelf. ■







AARON ROSENBERG

Gwynfor Evans

how a language could be political

Peter Berg Talking with Gwynfor Evans
Edited by Stephanie Mills

Peter Berg: People in the U.S. have difficulty realizing that language can be political and therefore they tend to mitigate the importance of nationalist movements which insist on linguistic self-determination, among other things. Could you speak about that, and about how the Welsh language movement became the Welsh television event and what that might become in the future?

Gwynfor Evans: A language like the Welsh language gives roots which go back to Roman times. It is the heart of an ancient community. There can be little vandalism more pernicious than to allow an ancient literary language to be destroyed as ours nearly has been. In Wales, language has been more than usually important because until the late 19th century Welsh was the language in which people lived their lives. For a thousand years Welsh has been the language of our government and law, and of course of all the bards and poets. When England incorporated Wales in 1536, she made an attack on Welsh, expelling it from all courts of law, from all official life, and excluding all but English speakers from any positions under the Crown (those being the only kinds of jobs available in Wales). The result was that the top class of people became Anglicized in the 17th century, and Welsh continued to be spoken among the *gwerin*, which means the people, or the folk. We don't speak of peasants in Welsh.

Some providential events served to keep the language alive. First of all there was a magnificently done translation of the Bible into Welsh, great as any work of literature, done in 1588. At first, being quite expensive, this translation wasn't used much and the Church of England, which was the only church in Wales, was English. Cheaper, retranslated editions of the Welsh bible became available around 1620.

Another providential event keeping the Welsh speaking Welsh was pressure exerted by a certain evangelical group who saw that the only way of keeping the Welsh people Christians at all was to talk to them in their own language and to give them the scriptures in their own language, so they secured these translations with the blessing of Queen Elizabeth and the language of the church services became Welsh instead of English; religion was the thing which had the greatest dignity in the life of the people.

Another thing was an education revival organized by the tremendously powerful Griffith Young, who in the 18th century began what were called circulating schools. The schools would go to a district for three to five months and teach people to read and what they were taught was to read the Bible in Welsh. Thus for a while in the 18th century, Wales was probably the most literate country in Europe because the greater part of the population went to circulating schools. During that same century you had what is called the Methodist Revival (though it wasn't just Methodist) and as

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Since 1945 Gwynfor Evans has been president of Plaid Cymru, the Welsh nationalist party. Evans was a member of Parliament, representing Carmarthen, from 1966 to 1970 and again from 1974 to 1979.
–PB

5. Y Dwyfol Fugail

Psalm 23

Yr ARGLWYDD *yw* fy Mugail; ni bydd eisieu arnaf.

Efe a wna i mi orwedd mewn porfeydd gwelltog: efe a'm tywys ger llaw y dyfroedd tawel.

Efe a ddychwel fy enaid: efe a'm harwain ar hyd llwybrau cyfiawnder er mwyn ei enw.

Ië, pe rhodiwn ar hyd glyn cysgod angau, nid ofnaf niwed: canys *yr wyt* ti gyd â mi; dy wialen a'th ffon a'm cysurant.

Ti a arlwyi ford ger fy mron y'ngŵydd fy ngwrthwynebwyr: iraist fy mhen âg olew; fy phïol sydd lawn.

Daioni a thrugaredd yn ddïau a'm canlynant holl ddyddiau fy mywyd: a phreswyliaf yn nhy yr ARGLWYDD yn dragywydd.

20. Duw yn Geidwad

Psalm 121

Dyrchafaf fy llygaid i'r mynyddoedd, o'r lle y daw fy nghymmorth.

Fy nghymmorth *a ddaw* oddi wrth yr ARGLWYDD, yr hwn a wnaeth nefoedd a daear.

Ni âd efe i'th droed lithro: ac ni huna dy geidwad.

Wele, ni huna ac ni chwsg ceidwad Israel.

Yr ARGLWYDD *yw* dy geidwad: yr ARGLWYDD *yw* dy gysgod ar dy ddeheulaw.

Ni'th dery yr haul y dydd, na'r lleuad y nos.

Yr ARGLWYDD a'th geidw rhag pob drwg: efe a geidw dy enaid.

Yr ARGLWYDD a geidw dy fynediad a'th ddyfodiad, o'r pryd hwn hyd yn dragywydd.

CAN A MAUL – "SONG AND PRAISE" (WELSH HYMNAL)

a result of this powerful religious revival still more people wanted to read and study the Bible, which led to the growth of Sunday schools conducted in Welsh, which led to people discussing all kinds of things in Welsh. And at this time, back in 1850, there was a revival in scholarship and the Welsh past and Welsh literature were rediscovered.

The Industrial Revolution changed the world completely. The use of coal and the making of iron established the huge ironworks in Wales. People flocked from the rural part of the country to the industrial parts. In the southeast and northeast were wholly speaking Welsh towns. Probably the biggest industrial town in the world at the time, Merthyr Tydfil, was wholly Welsh speaking. There is a saying that the Industrial Revolution saved the Welsh language. There was no conflict between industry and Welsh.

But in 1870 you had the beginnings of a great influx from England into Wales and, more importantly, the English Education Act, which imposed wholly English compulsory education on all Welsh. Not a word of Welsh was allowed in school. If the children spoke in Welsh, they were punished. That was the situation and remained so for a long time.

Today there are only about 500,000 Welsh speakers (or 20% of Wales' population) altogether although in 1850 90% of the population spoke Welsh.

Our party, Plaid Cymru, was founded in 1925 with about 6 members. We opposed the Second World War, which opposition everybody said would destroy us. It didn't. We were a neutral party and we came out stronger than when we went in. In '47, the first year after the war, we'd been fighting over every parliamentary seat in the country and we had very few votes indeed. In 1951 we had only 10,000 votes altogether. But in 1956 I won a seat – Carmarthen. Geographically it's one of the biggest seats in Wales, about 60 miles across with a population of about 80,000.

I wasn't allowed to speak Welsh in the House of Commons and when I tried there was a great discussion of the thing and they appointed a committee to look into the matter. That was when we started the Welsh Language Society, which has been most aggressive. My own children have become involved. I have one son who spent three and a half years in prison and a daughter who has been three times in the most terrible women's prison here in London. Their offenses were all nonviolent, things like breaking into a BBC place and dispersing the papers that were connected with Winston Churchill. This was about 1968 and the fact that I was in Parliament then was of no help to me particularly. Since then about 600 mainly young people have been imprisoned for this cause.

PB: What was the buildup to the television station incident?

GE: A very important part of the policy we sought was to have a television service, what they call a Welsh channel, one block of hours every night at peak times that would be wholly Welsh. The government eventually promised this. Then suddenly in a year's time, Whitelaw, the conservative home secretary who was in charge of all broadcasting, announced, in Cambridge of all places, that we weren't to have this after all, and so I said, "Well. Something shall be done." On May 5th I announced that unless the government

kept its word and established a Welsh television channel, I would fast until it did. And we built up a big campaign. The Welsh University system is very strongly in favor and went out on strike in support. So are almost all Welsh people and 2500 refused to pay their license fees, saying they would rather go to prison. Very unusual for respectable people.

In the end this forced Mrs. Thatcher to change her mind. However, a week before this was announced by Whitehall, I'd had a letter from Michael Foote, the leader of the Labor Party, saying that he'd been to see Whitelaw and that there was no likelihood of the government changing its mind.

I hadn't begun to fast yet and another week went by and they decided on the 17th that we would have the station. Then they appointed a board and we've had 20 million pounds toward it, which is a lot of money for television but only a part of what it's going to cost. The BBC gives their part through their television license fee. It's a very big thing from our standpoint and could make a big difference. There's a lot of enthusiasm about it, too. There are hundreds of people involved in this thing, more now in television to produce all those hours in Welsh each week.

PB: Referring back to my original questions, it seems that not only is the language political, but there seem to be political tactics, and a political manner and presence which are appropriate to it.

GE: Welsh popular culture is extremely intellectual and depends entirely upon the language. It depends on our history, on the kind of education that we've had, and the theological discussions that have gone on throughout the century. We expect in Wales that people who elsewhere may be called ordinary will be interested in Welsh cultural matters.

For instance, we'd get about 200,000 people attending the Eisteddfod. This is a nationalist festival in the Welsh language which was first held in 1176. When I spoke last in 1970, the main prize for Welsh verse in closed meters was won by a farmer and the other prize for the Crown was won by a quarryman. One of the adjudicators, an inspector of schools, told me afterwards that she was sure the man who won the Crown was an academic. But he was a quarryman. It's that kind of culture. These poets are great heroes and the Welsh are prepared to sit down by the several thousand and listen to talks on serious matters. You have 6000 people listening without a murmur to an hour-long adjudication on the poems in that particular competition.

PB: If I could summarize and ask another question: You were able to start with a party of six members; you did the politically strange thing of making the Welsh Language Society your militant arm and proceeded to get to a point where you were able to back down a very conservative, hard-edge prime minister about the language. Yet you say that Welsh is becoming extinct and that in a way, the Welsh people are soon to be destroyed. I don't think you're playing a game of sounding radical, I think you're feeling something that has to do with the politics of language and I'd like you to explain why foreboding comes into it.

GE: Well, I've chosen to advance the importance of the language and how it's bound up with the tradition of the country and its culture and so on.

But in the last generation the effort to preserve and renew the national tradition has been considerable. Thousands have been and are now creating autonomous activities and forming cooperatives and establishing over 40 local papers in Welsh which have a circulation of some 80,000. Others have established about 400 voluntary Welsh nursery schools, primary schools, and even bilingual secondary schools. Three hundred books are published in Welsh each year, and I don't know how many discs and tapes and magazines for all ages. This and much more happens in a population the size of Bristol. It shows what a community can do when it sees itself to be a community and wants to create the alternative society in its own country. But then our efforts are nothing like enough because we are being crushed by the state's structural and psychological violence. Even now the last bastions of the language are being destroyed by immigration and emigration.

For a long time now there's been an enormous emigration from Wales for economic reasons. Between 1920 and 1940 nearly half a million people had to leave this country of two and a half million to get work in England. There was no work for them in Wales and since the war they've been leaving at the rate of anywhere between 20,000 and 60,000 a year. Now the rate is nearly 60,000 a year. The European Common Market now has been divided into 107 regions and Wales is ranked 97th among them, although we've been one of the very richest countries in Europe.

Wales has enormous resources of all kinds, but the British have exploited many of our riches – our coal, for instance – to a tremendous degree. Before the First World War, the value of the coal that came out of Wales was greater than the total budget of a country like Denmark. It was enormous and we've got nothing to show for it at all.

Pure exploitation. And in the same way they exploit the people; they want to bring them into English industry – they called it a transfer of labor, a pool of labor, and they used them that way. During the war a higher proportion went from Wales than from anywhere else.

So we've been exploited in that way the whole time and the contrast between Wales and the

LOUISE WHETTER

Scandinavian countries is tremendous because not one of them had anything comparable with our riches, yet they've all built up strong countries, countries healthy in language and culture.

PB: What's the exact degree of autonomy you would like? Separate nationhood?

GE: Yes. Full national status we call it. It used to be called dominion status. It means we have not only control of our domestic life, but we'd have control of our relations with other countries and be in every international institution that's going, with virtually the autonomy of Canada or Australia.

We've never called it independent, by the way, because we've never thought of having absolute sovereignty. We think that absolute sovereignty for any country is an absolute evil and that we're all bound up together. You can't separate Wales' economics from England. The essential thing is to have political control and then you can build up your own economy in the way you wish, as Norway has done.

PB: You couldn't feel that there is no hope for what you're doing.

GE: There's tremendous hope in fact and enormous things are happening. In one of the most populous counties in Wales, there are now 18,000 children from non-Welsh homes who are being entirely educated through Welsh and are doing well academically.

PB: Is one of the problems you face unlocking the Welsh from the idea that they are indeed English?

GE: They don't call themselves English. They call themselves British but it means the same thing. There's no difference between English and British culture at all, you see. Every English institution exists in Wales, including the whole of the London press. The television that counts comes from London. We've only got one very small morning paper of our own.

PB: I think what you've done with the television station has been a concrete step toward ensuring a parallel existence for the language. But what is the next step?

GE: Well, nothing can be done without building up the movement.

PB: Do you think that the kind of nonviolence you have used successfully will help build it?

GE: It's useless for us to use violence — it's counterproductive.

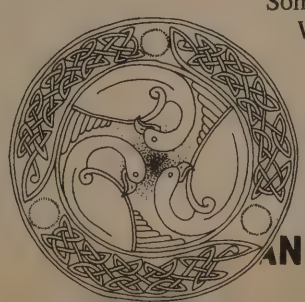
PB: That's a philosophical premise; is it a peculiarly Welsh phenomenon as well?

GE: Well, there has been a little violence in Wales, more than in Scotland, say.

PB: You mean the burning of summer cottages?

GE: Oh, that's been going on, but ten years or more ago, there was a lot of bombing in Wales, people being killed, and arms being built up. It didn't do any good at all and it came to an end.

Somehow or other we've got to win the Welsh people. If we can, we'll have made it because the power of the British state depends not upon its force, but on its consent. ■



INK and CHARCOAL

WU LI'S *RECITING POETRY BEFORE THE YELLOWING OF AUTUMN*, 1674

BRUSH LETTERING BY JOHN PRESTIANNI

by Gary Snyder

ONE OF THE EARLIEST descriptions of the vegetation of China is by Li Tao-yuan, fifth century A.D. He travelled the whole region from Vietnam to the far deserts of Sinkiang:

> . . . In the Hwang-Ho Valley, he noted thickets of *Corylus* and other shrubs; pasture; plains covered with miles of *Ephedra*; forests of elm; pines; *Juniperus* growing on cliffs and on the peaks of distant mountains; and mixed hardwood forests.
>
> Farther south, in the upper Yangtze Valley, he noted bamboo thickets; *Cupressus* on rocky cliffs; and in the gorges, tall forests with numerous monkeys. In the lower Yangtze Valley he found oak forests, evergreen forests . . . in northern Viet-nam he found dense forests and immense swamps that swarmed with herds of elephants and rhinoceros.[1]

Early T'ang dynasty China (618-906 A.D.) with its 50 million people had a very energetic economy. The balance was already clearly shifting away from a "world of human beings winning a living from a vast wild landscape," to a condition of wild habitats shrinking before a relentlessly expanding agricultural society.

THE GROUNDS OF TEMPLES became the last refuges of huge old trees; in fact the present-day reconstruction of original forest cover in north China is done to a great extent by plotting the distribution of relict stands on temple grounds. In the higher elevations and in the remoter regions some forest remains to this day, but other than

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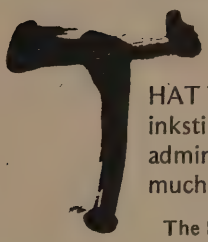
Gary Snyder is a poet from the Pacific Northwest who is so good at what he does that he has won a Pulitzer Prize, as well as the attention of a few generations of readers. He now lives near Nevada City, California and has just returned from travels in Asia and Australia. —SM

temples, the grounds of the tombs of emperors and royal hunting preserves were about the only areas firmly set aside and protected. The importance of watershed protection was understood and sometimes enforced by policy; the emperor Hsüan Tsung forbade woodcutting on Mount Li, near the capital. But the forests were slowly nibbled away, without any national forest policy ever coming into being. The history of environment in China can be understood in terms of the frog in hot water. A frog tossed into a pan of boiling water, it is said, will jump right out and survive. A frog placed in a pan of cool water over a slow flame will not leap out, and soon it's too late.



HAT TOOL of the poet and painter, the inkstick (even more essential to the Chinese administration), was responsible for much deforestation.

> The best source of black ink for the clerks and scholars of the nation was soot, made by burning pine. Even before T'ang times, the ancient pines of the mountains of Shantung had been reduced to carbon, and now the busy brushes of the vast T'ang bureaucracy were rapidly bringing baldness to the T'ai-hang mountains between Shansi and Hopei.[2]

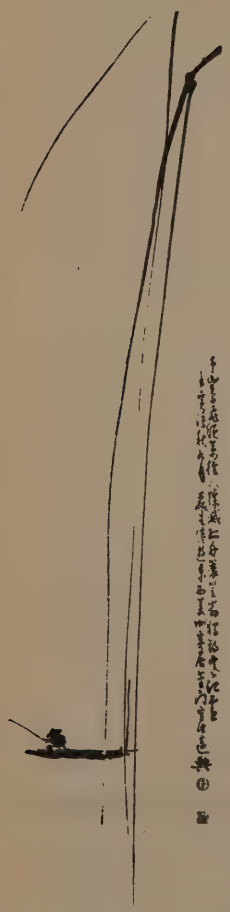
The original climax forest of China south of the Huai river was an evergreen broadleaf forest. These were trees of the laurel family such as cinnamon and sassafras, plus chinquapins and liquidambars. Most of the wooded landscape to be seen in south China today is secondary growth. Pines and brush replace deciduous hardwoods after logging or fire. Writing of the lower Yangtze, C.W. Wang notes:

> The lower elevations, especially the alluvial plains, have long been under cultivation, and the natural vegetation has been altered almost beyond recognition. The existing vegetation outside of cultivated areas consists mostly of pine and hardwood mixed stands, *Pinus massoniana* and *Cunninghamia* plantations and scrubby vegetation.[3]

The great plain that reaches from the lower Yangtze River north almost to Manchuria has no original plant life left except salt-adapted plants on the coast. It was once a dense forest abundant with beeches, maples, catalpa, chestnut, walnut, elm, and ash.

Planted farm woodlots are common, however:

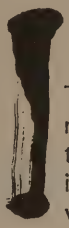
> Contrary to general belief, the Plain, except for the large cities, is not only self-sufficient in its wood supply, but it produces poplar logs for match factories, and exports Paulownia wood to Japan.[4]



TING: THE CALDRON

The forests of northeast Manchuria are, or were, the last large-scale virgin timberlands in China. In 1913 Arthur Sowerby wrote:

> But the forest! Time and again it riveted one's attention as its millions and millions of trees appeared, clothing the hills, ridges upon ridges, to the horizon. There was no break in the sea of green; there was no gap visible.[5]



T IS THOUGHT THAT TIGERS were originally a northern animal, and that some of them moved south, ultimately as far as what is now Bali. The Siberian tiger, with its whiter stripes and longer fur, is the largest. It was considered the Master of the Wild by many Siberian tribal people. There are stories of mountain shaman types, "immortals" and priests who were on friendly terms with tigers. Shih K'o's whimsical tenth century painting shows a Ch'an monk napping over the back of a tiger that is also asleep.

Ranging from the subarctic to the tropics, the fauna of China was varied and rich. An east-west line can be drawn following the Tsin-ling mountains and the Huai river that serves as a rough boundary between northern and northeast-Asian animals and the animals that range up from the south. The Siberian roe deer comes as far south as these mountains, as do the yak, wild horse, and wapiti.

Elephants were widespread in China in early civilized times, and wandered from the south as far north as the plains of the Yellow River. Macaque monkeys are now pretty much in the south, but must have ranged north because they are still found wild in Japan in all the islands except Hokkaido. The Indian Muntjac never goes north of central Yunnan. Cats, lynxes, wolves, martens, bears, weasels, wild pigs, antelopes, sika deer, goral, serow, goats, and many other small mammals mingle through both zones. Bird life can be broken into regions too, but there is obviously more mingling than with mammals. Ducks which winter in India or Vietnam may be summering in Siberia.

One guide to environmental practice in China was a kind of farmers' annual schedule, called the *Yüeh Ling* ("Monthly Ordinances"). In describing the timing of appropriate tasks and preparations through the cycle of the year, it takes a conservationist tone, with "warning against gathering eggs, destroying nests, and hunting young or pregnant animals."[6] It allows an autumn hunting season. The teachings of Buddhism were

never accepted by the Chinese to the point that total prohibition of taking life could be made law, although Emperor Hsüan Tsung actually tried. At one time he even issued an edict banning the killing of dogs and chickens:

> Dogs, as guardians and defenders, and chickens, which watch for the daybreak, have utility for mankind comparable to that of other domestic animals. We may rightly make the virtue of loving life extend everywhere, and, from now on, the slaughter and killing of these will in no case be allowed.[7]

Such an edict was unenforceable. So with the shrinking forests, animal and bird life also declined. The pressure on certain species was intensified by their real or supposed use for medicine. All parts of the tiger were considered of medical value. The horn of the rhinoceros was prized as material for a beautiful wine cup, and the powdered horn greatly valued as an antidote to poison. So the rhinoceros is no longer found in China, and illegal poaching today on rhinoceros preserves in India is for the Chinese market. Wild elephants "trampled the cultivated fields of Honan and Hupeh in the fifth Christian century"[8] and the tribal *Man* people of the south domesticated them, training them even to perform at parties for Chinese envoys. Elephants also are gone now. A more widespread animal, the Sika deer, has almost been exterminated for the trade in antlers-in-velvet, also of value as medicine. "Economic interests also prevented the protection of kingfishers, whose feathers were used in jewelry, of muskdeer, which provided a popular scent for ladies of fashion, of martens, whose furs gave style to martial hats, and of alligators, whose tough hides were used to cover drums."[9]

Dr. Edward Schafer's paper on "The Conservation of Nature under the T'ang Dynasty" sums it up:

> All of the psychological conditions necessary to produce sound policy for the protection of nature, both as an economic and esthetic resource, were present in T'ang times. But though enlightened monarchs issued edicts, conformable to the best morality of their times, these were ignored by their successors. In short, there was no permanent embodiment of these advanced ideas in constitutional forms. And so they were ultimately ineffective.[10]

Moreover, the common sense of farmers embodied in the *Yüeh Ling* (of which Schafer says, "It appears that the *Yüeh Ling* was a more important source of moral conservationism in that period than the doctrines of either the Buddhists or the Taoists"[11]) was often directly contradicted by the official class:

> Sometimes even city parks and avenues suffered because of the demand for fuel. For example, certain officials in the capital city devised a scheme to finance donatives for the imperial troops, at a time when firewood was dear and silk was cheap, by cutting down the trees which embellished the city, and exchanging the wood for textiles at great profit.[12]

THE ENVIRONMENTAL good sense of the people was not unrelated to their ongoing folk religion and the power of countryside shamanesses. Just as wild habitat was being steadily cut back, the ancient local shrines of the people were being gradually demolished by Confucian officials:

> A notable example is that of Ti Jen-chieh — in our own century transformed in the sagacious Judge Dee of van Gulik's detective novels — who after an inspection tour immediately south of the Yangtze in the seventh century, was gratified to report that he had destroyed seventeen hundred unauthorized shrines in that region.[13]

And in the eleventh century, the brilliant scientist-humanist-official Shen Kua experimented with making ink out of naturally-occurring petroleum, called "stone oil", saying:

> The black color was as bright as lacquer and could not be matched by pinewood resin ink . . . I think this invention of mine will be widely adopted. The petroleum is abundant and more will be formed in the earth while supplies of pine-wood may be exhausted. Pine forests in Ch'i and Lu have already become sparse. This is now happening in the T'ai Hang mountains. All the woods south of the Yangtze and west of the capital are going to disappear in time if this goes on, yet the ink-makers do not yet know the benefit of petroleum smoke.[14]

He was one thousand years ahead of his time. ■

He who is cultured is rich: he who is detached is strong.
—Lui-Sang Wong in Ting: The Caldron

1. C.W. Wang. **The Forests of China**, Maria Moors Cabot Foundation Publications Series #5, (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1961) p. 19
2. Edward H. Schafer. "The Conservation of Nature Under the T'ang Dynasty," **Journal of the Economic and Social History of the Orient** 5. (1962) p. 300
3. Wang, p. 103
4. Wang, p. 85
5. Wang, p. 35 quotes.
6. Schafer 1962, p. 289
7. Schafer 1962, p. 303
8. Edward H. Schafer. **The Vermilion Bird**, "T'ang Images of the South." (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967) p. 224
9. Schafer 1962, pp. 301-2
10. Schafer 1962, p. 308
11. Schafer 1962, p. 289
12. Schafer 1962, p. 299
13. Edward H. Schafer. **The Divine Woman**, "Dragon Ladies and Rain Maidens in T'ang Literature." (Berkeley: U.C. Press, 1973) pp. 10-11
14. Sir Joseph Needham. **Science and Civilization in China**, Vol. III (Cambridge, 1959) p. 609

Carriers of the Dream Wheel

A collection of the work of sixteen native American poets, men and women.

Art is humanity's gift back to the Earth. Coming as it does from peoples whose cultures have been violated, this art is an even more noble giving. —SM

Carriers of the Dream Wheel
(Contemporary Native American Poetry)
Duane Niatum, Editor
1975; 300 pp.
$11.45 postpaid from:
Harper and Row
Mail Order Department
10 East 53rd Street
New York, NY 10022
or Whole Earth Household Store

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The Ration Card
by Liz Sohappy Bahe

This ration card, once shocking pink,
was issued to me by a Blackfeet
at the tipi encampment
in Browning, Montana.

I don't remember the food,
but I feel the cold,
the slow winds brushing the Rockies,
breathing on me.

Dressed in buckskin and beads
I walked past design-painted tipis
to a huge tent where drums and bells battled —
uniting ancient war parties —
Paloos, Crows, Shoshones. . . .

I was not hungry for bread,
but I was not to refuse
another Indian's way of giving.

He smiled
as I signed my name
on his ration card.

I feel the burning of that day's sun
baking me a deeper hurting brown.
My hands' memory holds the hand-game bones,
one smooth, the other carved at center.

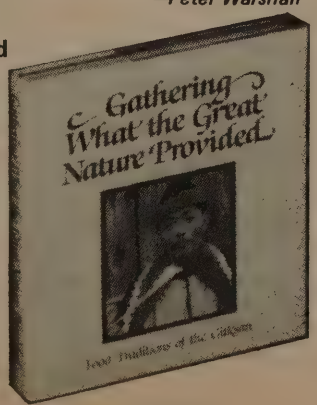
I waved
the bones as I scored
a stick.

My ration card will fade or be lost
but I feel last year's muses luring me
where emotions are rationed
in dance, in song, in that little taste.

Gathering What the Great Nature Provided

How the Gitksan peoples of the Oregonian bioregion collected and prepared an abundance of fish, mammals, birds, berries, and greens. The Old Ways, quietly spoken.
—Peter Warshall

Gathering What the Great Nature Provided
(Food Traditions of the Gitksan)
The Book Builders of 'Ksan
1980; 127 pp.
$19.45 postpaid from:
University of Washington Press
Seattle, WA 98105
or Whole Earth Household Store



Pueblo Indian Cookbook
Hopi Cookery

Tastes which have persisted for centuries. The smell in the air around any pueblo.

These books do not simply list wild edibles; they share the native American food preparation techniques of plants and animals nurtured on Southwestern soil. Dr. Doris Calloway at Berkeley and Dr. Harriet Kuhnlein at Vancouver have found that several of the preparations (stone-grinding, ash-baking) positively affect native food nutritive content. From what I can tell, flavor is enhanced as well. These recipes are not native in the purist's sense, since they balance pre-Columbian Southwestern with Mexican and Mediterranean foodstuffs that the Pueblos have integrated into their own. Yet they encourage the use of locally grown foods. As a Hopi woman told me, Hopi pinto beans grown in sand dunes there have a taste distinguishable from those in stores and government commodities. Sharpen your tongues! —Gary Nabhan

Pueblo Indian Cookbook
(Recipes from the Pueblos of the American Southwest)
Phyllis Hughes
1977, 1980; 64 pp.
$4.95 postpaid from:
Museum of New Mexico Press
P.O. Box 2087
Santa Fe, NM 87503

Hopi Cookery
Juanita Tiger Kavena
1980; 115 pp.
$9.50 postpaid from:
University of Arizona Press
Tucson, AZ 85721

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Culinary ashes are made by burning certain bushes or trees until they crumble into ash. . . . When burned, green chamisa bushes yield culinary ashes high in mineral content. . . . The Hopi practice of adding culinary ashes to corn dishes therefore raises the already substantial mineral content of these foods. In addition to increasing nutritional value, chamisa ashes enhance the color in blue corn products. When one is using blue cornmeal for any dish, the meal will turn pink when hot water is added, so Hopi women mix chamisa ashes with water to make an "ash broth" which is then strained and added to corn-meal mixtures in measured amounts. The high alkaline content of the chamisa ashes create a distinctly blue-green color, which holds a religious significance for the Hopis. —**Hopi Cookery**

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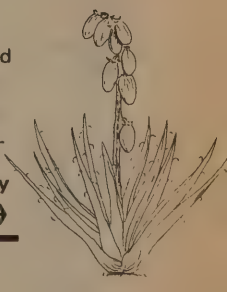
Yucca Sweets

Ripe fruits of the broad-leaved yucca are gathered and baked in a covered pit overnight — now sometimes baked in a slow oven for several hours — until skins can be peeled and the ball of seeds and fiber removed. The residue is a sweet paste which is used as a filling for pies and turnovers or shaped into bars and sun-dried or slow-oven dried to make delicious candy.

—**Pueblo Indian Cookery**



Yucca (Yucca baccata) →

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Fried Seaweed (P'ah'loosxw)

"The loose seaweed, not the dried cakes, is fried for a few seconds in boiling grease in a pan. Put the grease in the pan, heat it, put in the seaweed and turn it over after a few seconds. Cook it for half a minute on the other side. Take it out of the pan immediately and serve."

Kit Carson In a Three-Piece Suit

Forced Relocation of 9634 Indians — Happening Now

by Jerry Mander

Maps by Don Ryan *Photos by Pamela Giger*

On OCTOBER 28, 1979, a community of Navajo Indians who live in and around a place called Big Mountain, in the northern desert of what we know as Arizona, issued a Declaration of Independence from the United States, the State of Arizona, and the Navajo tribe as it is officially recognized by the U.S. government.

The precipitating issue is U.S. Public Law 93-531, which requires the relocation of some 9525 Navajos and 109 Hopis from the land they've been occupying their entire lives, land which had also been occupied by their grandparents and many generations of ancestors going back hundreds of years. The new law changes the status of the former Joint Use Area, in which Big Mountain is located and which was formerly shared by the Hopi and Navajo tribes. Now, half the JUA becomes part of the Hopi reservation and half becomes Navajo. Whoever is on the wrong side of the partition has to move, usually to off-reservation border towns like Winslow, Tuba City, or Gallup.

The people living in the Joint Use Area are among the largest self-sufficient communities still existing within U.S. boundaries. They have been living in a traditional subsistence manner, raising sheep and growing what they need. Many are old and a large percentage do not speak English and have never considered themselves to be a real part of the United States. Many have never held a wage-earning job. They barely relate to the money economy at all.

To move these Indians will cost U.S. taxpayers about a quarter of a billion dollars in direct costs, plus another three-quarters of a billion in indirect social costs. Among the people who have already been relocated, the rate of death, sickness, alcoholism, depression, suicide, and poverty is extraordinarily large. Some have already abandoned their new homes to return to the desert, where they face yet another removal.

Considering the ease with which U.S. governments have relocated native people in the past — even the

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Once upon a time, Jerry Mander was a successful ad man. He sold Rover cars and **Scientific American** *and wrote the controversial and wildly successful Sierra Club ads of the early sixties which helped save the Grand Canyon.*

Enlightenment (and the Seventies) dawned and he repaired from the high life to start the first nonprofit do-good ad agency. Then he disappeared for four years to become a serious author. The result: his radical **Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television**, *now in its ninth printing.*

For the last several years he has been hard at work on a book about Indians and technological society which will be published by Sierra Club. *—SM*

PAMELA GIGER

The Big Mountain people have been receiving support from communities of traditional Indians within other tribes. Pictured above are Papago and Big Mountain elders at a meeting in April 1981 at Big Mountain. The International Treaty Council has brought the matter before the U.N. Subcommittee on Human Rights in Geneva, with the charge of genocide.

recent past as at Bikini and Eniwetok, and in Vietnam – one wonders at U.S. motives here. This case is different, says the U.S. There's an age-old dispute among the Hopis and Navajos over this land. The U.S. is a peacemaker. Helping out.

The few press reports to appear on this issue have mostly accepted the official line on the story – INDIAN RANGE WARS – and have highlighted bitter quotes from Hopi and Navajo tribal chairmen attacking each other's avarice. But if you actually go out there into that desert, which is about as far as you are able to get from the U.S. and still be within it, you can't find any dispute among the Hopis and Navajos who live there. If there's a land dispute it's not among them, but between the U.S.-recognized tribal councils. To the people at Big Mountain, and to all traditional Hopis and Navajos, these tribal councils are as alien as Ronald Reagan is to a Micronesian. In traditional systems there is no such thing as "tribal council" or any central governmental authority. The Big Mountain people don't recognize the authority of these councils and say they're only recent artificial inventions of U.S. policy. What's really going on, say the traditionals, is that the U.S. and the councils want them kicked off the land to make way for large scale ranching, coal strip mining, and uranium exploration.

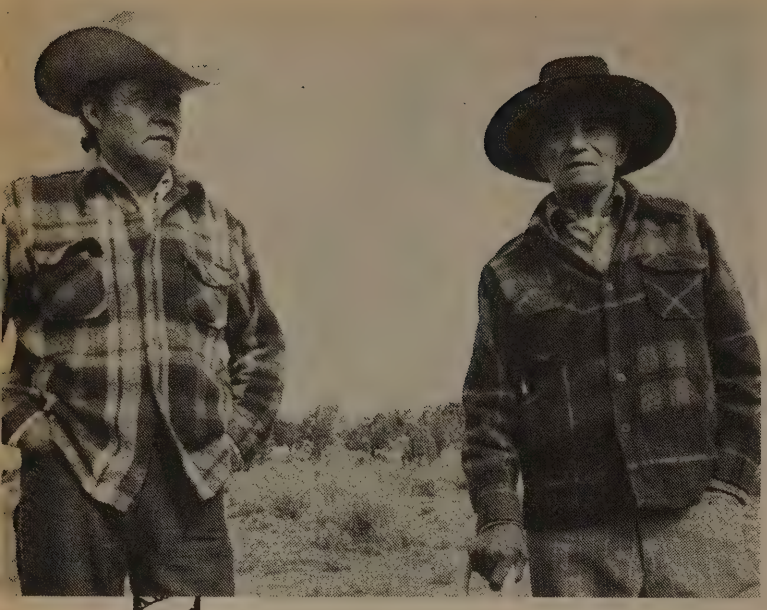
Thus far, fewer than 20 percent of the potential relocatees have "voluntarily" moved. A much larger group, including the Big Mountain Navajos, have refused to leave and say they never will.

The U.S. government and the Navajo Tribal Council have violated the sacred laws of the Diné [Navajo] Nation. . . . [They have] divided the Indigenous people by boundaries of politics, Euro-American education, modernization and Christianity. The U.S. denies our rights to exist as Indigenous people on Mother Earth. . . . The livelihood of the Diné, the livestock, has been exterminated, thereby starvation exists among the elders. Our sacred shrines have been destroyed. . . . Our Mother Earth is raped by the exploitation of coal, uranium, oil, natural gas, and helium. . . . We speak for the winged beings, the four legged beings, and those who have gone before us and the coming generation. We seek no changes in our livelihood because this Natural life is our only known survival and it's our sacred law . . . the genocidal system of the federal government is destroying our true existence as a traditional nation here at Big Mountain.

–From the Declaration of Independence, signed by Roberta Blackgoat, Chairperson, and 64 elders of the Independent Diné Nation at Big Mountain

I. THE PROBLEM WITH TRADITIONAL INDIANS

American anthropologists like to make a big deal of the cultural differences between Navajos and Hopis. One well published anthropologist once told me, "There's a greater cultural difference between a Navajo and a Hopi than be-



Kee Shey (L), one of the authors of the Diné Declaration of Independence, and Hastinez, a returned relocatee.

tween either of those and a New Yorker." He made the remark with such certainty that I just took it on faith for awhile. But after I'd spent enough time out there in the desert it dawned on me that there is among colonizing cultures an innate desire to exaggerate differences and conflicts among the colonized. It makes it somehow okay for us to be there. It makes *us* the Good Guys, even when it's used as rationalization for military intervention, as it was by the Spanish (see the historical text adjoining maps one and two).

This is not to say there are no differences. Most obvious among them is that the Hopis, for at least a millenium, have been stable village dwellers who live by agriculture while the Navajos are nomadic sheepherders.

Directly descended from the Anasazi cliff dwellers of Mesa Verde and elsewhere, the Hopis have been living exactly where they are now since at least 1000 A.D. They built their spectacular multi-storied apartment villages on the cliff tops of three mesas. Old Oraibi (1100 A.D.) is the oldest continuously occupied community in North America. Hopi farms are below and surrounding the villages within about a five to ten mile radius. Hopi farmers commute to them in the traditional Pueblo manner, by running.

The Hopis are often described as "the world's most proficient dry farmers," having made it so well in a desert region averaging under ten inches of rainfall annually. The Hopis give credit to their spiritual practice, placing all of life within a cycle of Earth-related activities and ceremonies. They are not only bringing fruit from the sand, but in doing so are, as they say, "keeping the whole world in balance." (New Yorkers would surely disagree with that way of seeing it.) Hopis have seldom kept more animals than would be used for immediate family needs. Recently, a few Hopis have entered large scale herding and ranching, but these Hopis are more Mormon than they are Hopi.

This is the result of the forced removal of Hopi children from their homes by the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) from 1880 to 1930, placing them under Christian, often Mormon, influence. Most Mormon-Hopis have abandoned traditional ways and for their "progress" have been rewarded by the U.S. with effective control of the tribal council.

The Navajo people arrived in about 1400 A.D., locating themselves east of the Hopis. It was only some four and a half centuries later that the Navajos were forced very close to Hopi land by Kit Carson's unbelievably brutal campaign of starving out some 8500 Navajos, destroying their flocks, and marching them to a concentration camp at Fort Sumner. Those who escaped and those who were later released – their subsistence base decimated – fled westward (see map text).

Where traditional Hopi life is connected to farming, the Navajo spiritual and economic life is intertwined with the health and wellbeing of their animals – horses, goats, and especially sheep – creating an obvious and thriving symbiotic connection between the tribes: meat, wool, and woven goods in exchange for corn, squash, melons, and pottery. The Navajo family moves its herd through the desert region below and beyond the Hopi mesas, from one strategically placed hogan (the traditional round wood-mud shelters) to another along routes chosen for the location of hundreds of sacred sites, among them wells, rock formations, and places where certain herbs are known to grow.

One could surmise that Navajo day-to-day existence is entirely different from that of the Hopi. But from the vantage point of American culture, the Hopi-Navajo difference is really meaningless. Both cultures invest enormous spiritual power in the land itself as a living being. To open up or disfigure the Earth is an act that was literally unimaginable to Hopi and Navajo alike until it was actually performed in front of them by whites. In this respect *all* American Indian cultures are alike. The land itself is alive and it sustains all creatures, including humans. All people hold the land in common; no one owns it. To an American, on the other hand, the land is a commodity, regarded for its exchange value. It's okay to divide it, buy it, sell it, open it up, take things out of it, cover it with concrete, and so on. It's a dead thing. It's *this* cultural difference between the American idea of land and the Indian which is at the root of a hell of a lot of trouble.

There's another cultural area rarely mentioned by anthropologists which is critical to understanding what's happening among the Hopis, Navajos, and Americans. This concerns the Indians' traditional governmental forms, which Americans hate.

In traditional Navajo *and* Hopi systems, there is no such thing as a centralized government. There's no "tribal council." All political power is local, decentralized, fluid, and usually consensual. Among the Navajo the only political unit is the *autonomous* extended family, which may number from 20 to 200 people who collaborate on the economic and spiritual aspects of life. There is usually a "headman" (BIA term) who is most often a woman. Descent is reckoned matrilineally among Navajos; the household, the sheep, in fact the whole future of the Navajo family are within the domain of the women. Even today, among traditional families, it's the women who control the herds, and it's no accident that the three major violent incidents against U.S. agents attempting to put partition fences across the Joint Use Area involved women over 60 years old, carrying rifles, who confronted the agents.

When speaking of Navajos, even terms like *tribe* and *nation* are misleading if understood to suggest, as it does to most Westerners, a hierarchical political arrangement. To a Navajo such terms refer to a "People," with a common geography, roots, language, culture, ceremonies, and economic practice. Often there are "tribal" gatherings for celebration, trade, or, if there's a need, for common defense. Navajos relate to the outside world as a Nation, but within the Nation there was never any central authoritative power until the United States created one, in 1923, so that oil and mineral leases could be made.

Among traditional Hopis, central government is even more of an anathema. From the tenth century to the twentieth, each of the Hopi villages was a totally autonomous self-governing entity. As with the Navajos, Hopi "Nation" describes a cultural, spiritual, and political cohesion but not a central authority controlling distant villages. The villages *are* bound together, but on very different terms than Western society is used to. Each Hopi village may contain several clans and each village has a traditional leader, a Kikmongwi, who is selected by a partially secret process of religious training, heritage, the possessing of certain objects, and consensual agreement. Though Hopis are matrilineal, the Kikmongwi is usually, but not always, male. There is no authority vested in the Kikmongwi, except insofar as they are respected teachers or wise persons.

All of the Hopi clans gather together for numerous religious events each year, since each clan has a specific role to play in completing the entire Hopi religious cycle. So all the clans are equally dependent upon each other. In matters of great immediacy and importance, all the Kikmongwis will meet and talk things over. The process is leaderless; the point of it all is only to share information and develop understanding of the situation. Any "action" is always determined on the village level by all of the people. The Kikmongwis never make rules or laws. In fact, as with the Navajos, the only laws are natural laws, which can never be changed. One such law is that you never sell land. Another is that you never open it up to take anything from inside it.

All of this created headaches for the United States. Systems in which power is as decentralized as with the Hopis and Navajos (and, for that matter, all American Indians), and which operate out of consensual processes, and view land as Being and Sustenance rather than commodity, were very hard to deal with. The U.S. came to deal. We needed trade routes, and land, and minerals and oil. Traditional governments operated too slowly and they weren't open to progress. Their laws were immutable. And you could never find out exactly where they met or who was in charge. Where were the people with authority to sign the dotted line? We had to create them. But first, of course, we had to destroy the entire traditional governmental process, and with it traditional resistance to raping land. This was done in a variety of ways.

II. THE AMERICANIZATION OF INDIAN GOVERNMENTS

The mandatory removal of Indian children to distant boarding schools began on most Indian reservation in the 1880s. Hopi children were sent to Keams Canyon, where they were forbidden to speak the Hopi language, to wear Hopi clothes, or to keep their traditional long hair styles. They were given English names to replace their Hopi names and all Hopi customs were outlawed. All Hopi children were required to undergo religious indoctrination, much of it by Mormons. Today, the largest Christian denominations on the Hopi reservation are Mormon.

Among the Mormon teachings is that dark skin is a punishment from God. The Book of Mormon says: ". . . after they [the Indians] had dwindled in unbelief, they became a dark, and loathsome, and a filthy people, full of idleness and all manner of abominations." If Indians accept the Mormon church, however, ". . . many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a white and delightsome people." Accept Mormonism, and you start turning white.

When Hopi parents resisted sending their kids to schools, the U.S. cavalry tore the children from their parents' arms, and then arrested and punished the parents as criminals. This policy was continued into the 1930s, though military force was not required after 1915.

At about the same time as kids were being ripped away from their parents, the land ownership question was directly addressed by the Allotment Act

of 1887. Also known as the Dawes Act, it was named after the congressman who made no bones about its purpose: ". . . breaking up of the tribal land mass," which was still considerable at that time.

The act took the former communal landholdings of the tribes, divided them into parcels with a maximum size of 160 acres, and assigned them to individual Indians. All land not assigned in that way was "surplus" and was sold or given away to white homesteaders. This act was hailed as a liberal reform because it gave Indians individual land ownership, like the rest of Americans. They could now become private farmers in competition with others, acting for strictly personal gain. After a time, they were also permitted to sell their land, and many did.

Allotment proved a great blow to Indian sovereignty, striking at the heart of the fundamental collective aspect of Indian economic, political, and spiritual life. It also lost them a lot of land. From 1887 to 1934 the total of Indian landholdings was reduced from 130 million acres to 48 million. (Allotment was *not* successful with the Hopis. Communal landholding was so ingrained there that when the surveyors completed work for the day, the Indians would surreptitiously remove their stakes and markings.)

The next stage was to modernize Indian governments, which is to say centralize them, and put them under the direct control of the U.S. It happened to the Navajos sooner than most tribes.

By a law passed in 1891, mineral and oil prospec-

HOPIS AND NAVAJOS, 1000 A.D. – 1885

MIGRATIONS

MOST PRESS REPORTS make it seem as if the Hopis and Navajos have been at each other for 500 years – "traditional enemies." There is evidence of problems, but there's also evidence the tribes got along well for most of their history. The hostilities which existed during certain periods were nothing as compared with what was brought by the Spanish and Americans.

Today's Pueblo Indians descend from the Anasazi cliff dwellers, whose amazing multistoried villages, built from 500 to 900 A.D., are still partly standing at places like Mesa Verde. When a drought drove them out, ca. 1000 A.D., most headed into what is now New Mexico. The Hopis went further west.

The Navajos and Apaches arrived during a southward migration of Athabascans, around 1400 A.D. Navajos located themselves directly between the Eastern Pueblos and the Hopis. The Navajos were given to raiding, apparently, and there was considerable skirmishing between them and some Pueblos, though only rarely with Hopis. The big hassles were between a few of the southerly Pueblos.

Dr. Roxanne Ortiz (Roots of Resistance; 1980; $10.45 postpaid from University of California Chicano Studies Research Center, 405 Hilgard Street, Los Angeles, CA 94024) wrote that the situation between the tribes remained stable for more than a century, with trade thriving until the Spanish showed up, around 1500. They invaded the Pueblos, with one excuse being they would thereby protect them from "marauding Athabascans." The Spanish, like the Americans today, were do-gooders. "Such explanations were often used to justify Spanish conquest," says Ortiz, "yet Pueblos frequently went to live with the Navajos during times of crisis, and the hunting people wintered with the Pueblos. . . . There is ample evidence to show that the two peoples were not enemies with the peaceful Pueblos."

***Everybody* hated the Spanish missionaries, however. The Navajos joined with the Pueblos in a series of revolts against the Spanish. They also hosted the secret meetings the Pueblos held in the mountains, and the Navajos fought with the Pueblos in the astonishing simultaneous uprising of all the Pueblos in 1680.**

The next chapter begins with U.S. victory over Mexico and the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo in 1848. This ceded Mexican territory to the U.S. and guaranteed sovereignty to the Pueblos. But with gold in the West, travel and trade passing through Santa Fe, and Americans (particularly Mormons) looking for Lebensraum, the pressures on the stable Pueblo villages became very great. A report by the Indian Law Resource Center said, "Mormon settlers and other whites moved onto land which for centuries belonged to the Hopis. Friction

tors on Indian land needed to obtain leases from "the authority of the council speaking for the Indians." Among the Navajos there was no such authority or council, so the BIA agent had to create a council for each lease request.

According to historian Lawrence Kelly (**The Navajo Indians and Federal Indian Policy**; 1976; out of print from University of Arizona Press): "The calling of a Navajo council in these early years of the twentieth century was a routine and even casual event. The local agent would issue a call for all adult males [sic] to convene at the agency's headquarters on a given date . . . once a council had been held, the Indians disbanded."

The BIA position on this process was articulated in 1915: ". . . so long as the council can be used and controlled it should be of great benefit to the Indians. . . ." The Navajos themselves weren't so crazy about it. In 1920, a BIA agent reported "It's been with considerable effort that we have been able to restrain the Indians from taking vigorous action against the prospectors."

Things started changing in 1921 when oil was discovered by a subsidiary of Standard Oil. At the first council called together to approve an oil lease, the 75 male Navajos refused by a vote of 75-0. Oil company pressure continued, however, and the local agent called new councils until one agreed to the lease. But by now it was clear that this process was a little too informal and unpredictable for the oil and mining interests. The BIA instructed the local Navajo agent to convene a new council and get it to vote permanent "broad

INVASIONS

developed as (for the first time) prime Hopi farmlands were appropriated by whites."

Hopi resistance is traditionally passive nonviolent noncooperation. But the Navajos fought back and, as a result, were brutalized. Kit Carson led a huge cavalry brigade in a series of horrible actions: scorched earth, destruction of all Navajo animals and orchards, starvation, relocation. Carson cornered 8500 starved Navajos in 1864 and forced them to march across New Mexico to an internment camp at Fort Sumner. Those who evaded capture fled west, toward Hopi country. *This* created the first really significant pressure upon the Hopis from Navajos in more than four centuries of contact.

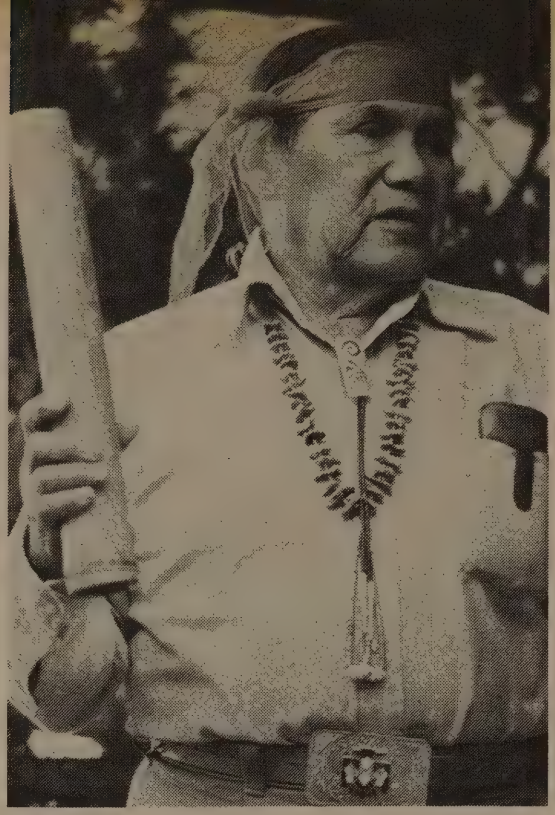
The U.S. released the Navajos in 1868, gave them two sheep each, told them to become farmers instead of herders, and put them in a tiny, dry reservation in one of the worst parts of the desert. While they'd been in jail, whites had drifted onto the former Navajo land, so the Navajos who left the 1868 reservation headed toward the other Navajos who had set up around Hopi. Even so, "the traditional Hopi leaders were most immediately concerned about the increasing white settlements on Hopi farmland, and the increasing interference by the U.S. government"

(Report to the Kikmongwis; 1978; $20 postpaid from Indian Law Resource Center, 601 E Street SE, Washington, DC 20003). Recognizing some of the predicament, the U.S. added several patches onto the Navajo reservation and then, in 1882, created the first Hopi reservation. It had the effect of confining the Hopis to about 60 percent of their aboriginal land while doing nothing to keep the Navajos away. Thousands of Navajos were *already* living within the 1882 reservation, in the same desert valleys that their great-great-great-grandchildren are in today in what became, much later, the "Joint Use Area." Still, it wasn't the Navajos that upset the Kikmongwis, who repeatedly protested that the U.S. had no right to make *any* reservation for the Hopis, who remained an independent nation under the terms of Guadalupe-Hidalgo.

Through all this, Navajo-Hopi relations were mostly okay. As late as 1884, the BIA agent reported: ". . . trifling quarrels arise between members of the two tribes; these are usually caused by careless herding of the young Navajos who allow herds to overrun outlying Hopi gardens . . . [but] the best of good feeling generally exists between these tribes; they constantly mingle at festivals, dances, etc. . . . The Hopi barters his surplus melons with his old pastoral neighbors for their mutton and wool."

Since 1885 the main problems faced by the Navajos and Hopis have surely not been each other. They had their kids taken away, their land removed, their governments shattered; they've had uranium, coal, and other development on very bad terms; they've suffered pollution, ill health, etc. — all of it visited upon them by the U.S. In this context, to speak of a Hopi-Navajo conflict today is ludicrous.

—Jerry Mander



Thomas Banyacaya, official spokesman for the Hopi Kikmongwis (the traditional Hopi leaders): "There is no land dispute between the Navajo and the Hopi. The traditional people never recognized the tribal councils. It is the tribal councils and the big energy companies and the U.S. government who are in dispute against the Navajos and the Hopis. The Great Spirit didn't want the land dug up to create nuclear weapons. . . . I call upon the U.S. and the so-called tribal councils to refrain from invading Big Mountain and allow the traditional people to remain in their homes."

authority to lease the land" to the BIA itself! It took two years to achieve it, but the agent formed a new Navajo council which included regions not formerly represented and gave it a more continuing existence; in fact it was the embryo of today's Tribal Council. Its first act, in 1923, was to give away its leasing authority to the BIA.

"One of the reasons for the Navajo acceptance of the Department's prepared resolution," according to Kelly, "appears to have been the assurance that in return . . . the Indians would receive government aid in securing new lands. . . . [The BIA commissioner] was not above coercing them with the argument. The Navajos, he explained, would suffer more than anyone else if they failed to grant consent." They consented. And some of the new land they'd eventually get would be effectively stolen by the U.S. – from guess who.

That was 60 years ago. Now there are four coal strip mines on the Navajo reservation and five giant coal-fired power plants. An area once considered to have the cleanest air in the U.S. now has heavy black smoke and soot. There are 38 uranium mines and six uranium mills. Uranium miners – many of them Navajos – suffer a lung cancer rate several times higher than the national average. Groundwater tables have been irradiated; there are numerous instances of horses and sheep dying from drinking "hot" water. Uranium tailings have been left in huge uncovered heaps all over the reservation. Any visitor can notice them. What's more, the financial deals for coal, oil, and uranium negotiated by the BIA are among the worst in the country and the world. Typical is one in which the Navajo Tribe receives a royalty of 15 cents/ton for coal that goes for $1.50/ton on non-Indian land.

Only a decade ago did the Navajo Tribal Council start acting independently. However one feels about the near-dictatorial presence of Navajo Chairman Peter McDonald, he has been the first tough negotiator the tribe has ever had, and has succeeded in wresting back some power from the BIA and renegotiating some of the more outrageous deals. On the other hand, McDonald is gung ho for American-style development and is encouraging other tribes in the same direction. As a result, some say he has done irreparable harm to traditional Indian culture.

What was achieved by coercion in dealing with the Navajos was achieved by simple fraud with the Hopis. The instrument was the 1934 Indian Reorganization Act (Wheeler-Howard). Like the Allotment Act which it superseded, the IRA was praised as yet another great reform. Instead of dismembering Indian tribes, the IRA would bring the benefits of American-style majority-rule elections, creating Indian governments where there had been none. Of course, most Indian tribes had self-government, but in a form undesirable to the U.S.

The constitutions for the new governments were written under the supervision of the U.S. Department of the Interior and were brought to a referendum of each tribe. One stipulation of the constitutions was that tribal decisions would be subject to U.S. approval. What was being sold as self-government was really subversive to that goal. The U.S. promised massive economic aid to Indian tribes which voted for the IRA. It all looked tempting to people who'd had their land base and their subsistence systems decimated. And too, there was now a whole generation of "progressive" boarding-school Indians who saw it as a step toward sharing American prosperity. Sixty-seven percent of the Indians in the U.S. voted for it; 172 tribes adopted new governments.

The Hopi Kikmongwis were against the IRA from the start. In a letter to the BIA Commissioner, one said: "As to the matter of forming a self-government, we already have that, handed down from generation to generation up to this time." In keeping with Hopi tradition, the Kikmongwis boycotted the referendum and so did the great majority of the Hopis.

The U.S. was fully aware that people who were opposed to the IRA would not vote "no" but would simply not vote. Oliver La Farge, the BIA's

Hopi agent, understood Hopi consensual processes:

"It is alien to the Hopis to settle matters out of hand by majority vote. Such a vote leaves a dissatisfied minority, which makes them very uneasy. Their natural way of doing is to discuss among themselves at great length and group by group until public opinion as a whole has settled overwhelmingly in one direction.... In actual practice this system is democratic, but it works differently from ours. Opposition is expressed by abstention. Those who are against something stay away from meetings at which it is to be discussed and generally refuse to vote on it."

On the day of the referendum, the village of Hotevilla, with 250 eligible voters, tallied twelve in favor of IRA and one opposed. In Oraibi, out of 73 eligible voters, the total was eight in favor and none opposed. The total Hopi voting population was 2538. Five hundred nineteen Hopis (21%) voted "yes" while 305 (12%) voted "no." One thousand seven hundred fourteen Hopis (67%) refused to vote at all.

La Farge told Washington that this result "should be interpreted as a heavy opposition vote," but the BIA superintendent announced that as far as he was concerned, abstention counted as "yes."

And so, after ten centuries of decentralized, consensual self-government which had sustained them very well, the Hopis joined the Navajos and most other American tribes in being governed from a central authoritative council, empowered to execute laws and make deals in the name of the whole tribe under U.S. supervision. In other contexts we have learned to call these kinds of governments "puppets," and the whole process "neocolonialism."

III. THE MORMON CONNECTIONS

Understandably, the new Hopi Tribal Council was made up of the sort of Hopis who felt okay about tribal councils, the "progressives," as they were called. Many were Mormons. But the first problem they had to face demonstrated who was really in charge. The U.S. Department of the Interior announced that it was planning to confine Hopi grazing to an area only one-third the size of the 1882 reservation boundaries (see map on p. 60). The Hopis had few herds anyway, said the U.S., and the Navajos had been living out there in the desert for generations, since they were let out of their prison at Fort Sumner. To say the U.S. felt some kind of "moral" responsibility based on past actions and promises would be overstating it, I think. It was really more of a bookkeeping ledger sort of problem. The Hopis would now graze in what was labeled District Six. The Navajos would graze outside of District Six. Both Hopis and Navajos would share equally any mineral rights in this new "no man's land" within the old 1882 reservation boundary, which became known as the Joint Use Area.

Not even the "progressive" Hopis liked it, since it effectively reduced the Hopi reservation. But the U.S. bulldozed it through anyway without so much as a council rubber stamp. This took some steam out of the council and it went dormant for a time, only to revive when it came time to deal with mineral leasing, an activity the U.S. always encouraged.

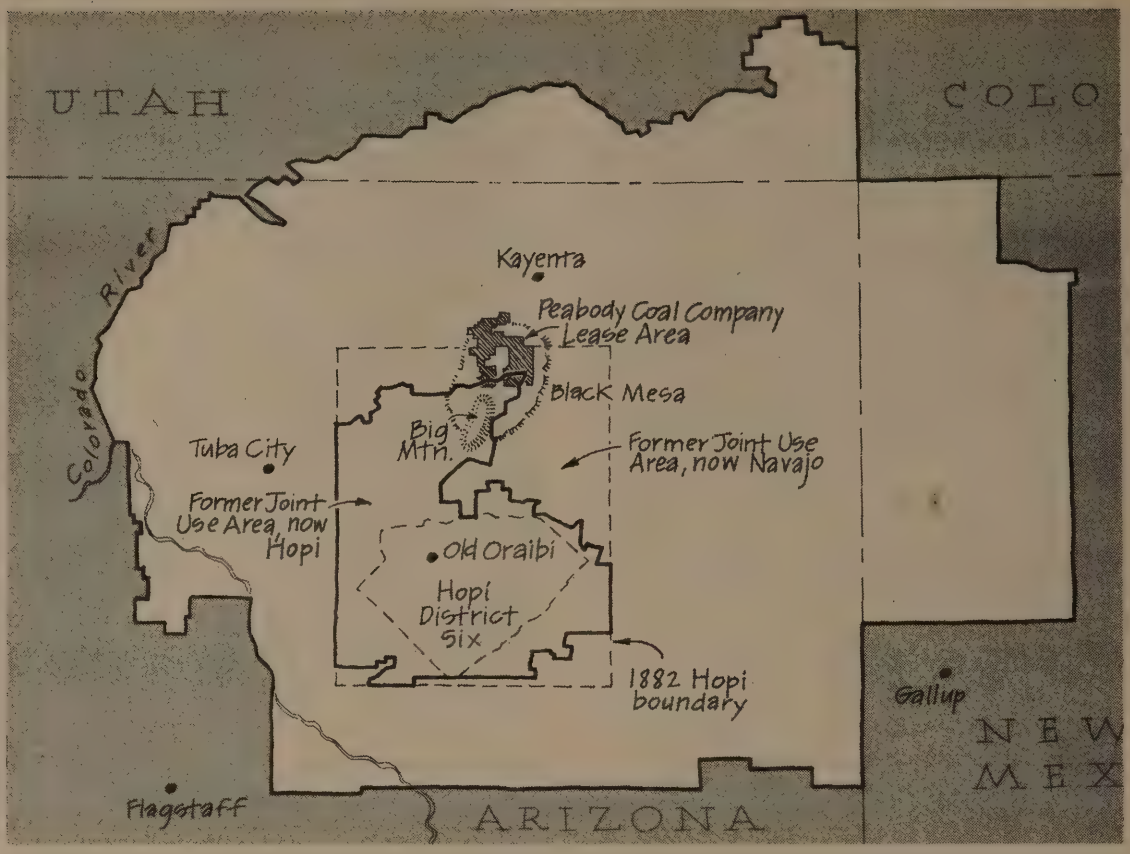
Whereas the Kikmongwis found the idea of selling, leasing, and mining to be unthinkable, the new Tribal Council had no such problems. It hired an attorney from Salt Lake City, John S. Boyden, a former bishop in the Mormon church, to handle Hopi-corporate negotiations. In short order Boyden made deals with Kerr-McGee, Tenneco, and a string of other companies. The Kikmongwis protested at every stage. They sued in U.S. court at one point, charging that the council had no authority to make leases. The suit was dismissed on the incredible grounds that the Hopi Tribal Council represented a sovereign state and so could not be sued!

The most important leases were certainly those signed in 1964 and 1966 with Peabody Coal Company, a division of Kennecott Copper (a Mormon-owned company). Peabody leased 65,000 acres (100 square miles) at a place called Black Mesa. The mines are leaving horrendous scars on land which both Hopi and Navajo traditionalists consider among their most sacred places. Worse, a slurry line carries coal across the desert, using about three million gallons of groundwater daily, in a region where water is the scarcest life-giving resource.

> **Drawing huge amounts of water from beneath Black Mesa will destroy the harmony and throw everything out of kilter.... Water under the ground has much to do with rain clouds [which] act as a magnet raising the water table to the roots of our crops and plants.... Our sacred ceremonies depend on contact with the spiritual forces left at Black Mesa by our ancestors.... If these places are disturbed or destroyed, our prayers will lose their force and a great calamity will befall not only the Hopi but all of mankind.**
>
> —Hopi Kikmongwis (1971)

The Black Mesa coal field also extends underneath Big Mountain, four miles away (see map on p. 60). Current estimates are that the amount of recoverable coal in the entire field approaches 20 billion tons. The people at Big Mountain want all of it left in the ground.

"Progressive" Hopis are also interested in sheep. They wanted more of their own grazing land and began a fierce campaign to partition the Joint Use Area and get rid of the Navajos. According to investigative journalist Jerry Kammer (The Second



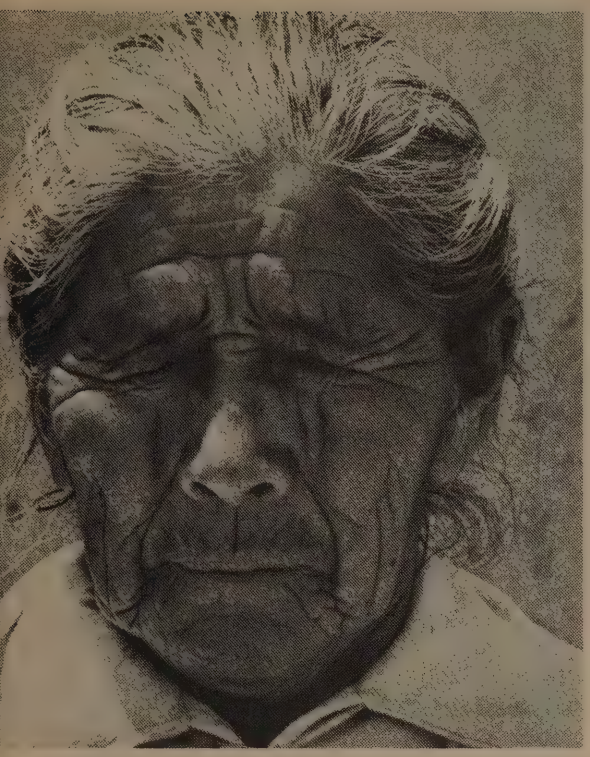
Long Walk; 1980; $15.95 postpaid from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131): "The family with the most to gain from such an eventuality was the Sekaquaptewa family," the wealthiest Hopis and owners of the largest ranch and herd. Mormons. Wayne Sekaquaptewa also owns the tribal newspaper and was president of the Mormon Church on the reservation. His brother Abbot is now the Hopi tribal chairman. Wayne used his newspaper to viciously assault Navajo "enemies." When he wasn't doing that he was ridiculing the Kikmongwis – still extremely respected and popular – as tired relics of a long-gone past.

Lobbying to change the status of the Joint Use Area began in the late 1960s. Attorney Boyden was the spearhead, with help from Peabody Coal, a consortium of Utah bankers, and many of the corporations with interests in Hopi land. They told Congress that the Navajos had pushed their way onto Hopi land and wouldn't get off, that a "range war" was going on out there.

The Hopi Tribal Council hired a public relations firm from Salt Lake City, Evans and Associates. **The Washington Post** (July 21, 1974) carried a report on the Evans operation:

The locus of Hopi policy seems [now] to be in Salt Lake City [where] the Hopi's energetic and effective lawyer, John Boyden, and their public relations counsel are headquartered. . . . Much of the Hopi success can be attributed to their Mormon allies. . . . While Boyden was lobbying in Congress and arguing in the courts, Evans and Associates virtually stage-managed a range war on the borders of the Hopi reservation. During 1970-72, few papers in the Southwest escaped having a Sunday feature on the "range war" about to break out between the two tribes. Photos of burned corrals and shot-up stock tanks and wells were printed, although such incidents were not widespread. . . . Evans and Associates also represented a trade association of 23 utility companies engaged in building power plants and strip mines in the Four Corners Area. . . . These utilities would tell their customers that the Hopis were "good Indians" who wouldn't shut off the juice that ran their air conditioners.

The lobbying paid off. The bill was brought by Arizona Senators Barry Goldwater and Paul Fannin. It passed easily, in 1974, through a Congress that was distracted by Watergate. The people affected were told they had five years to "voluntarily" move. If they moved in the first five years they'd receive a $5000 bonus. They would also receive the value of the "improvements" in the Joint Use Area and a "decent, safe, and sanitary home" someplace else. A freeze was ordered on any new construction. In preparation for the move the relocatees were ordered to eliminate 90% of their livestock, by selling them or killing them.



Irene Yazzi, Navajo from Teesito, Joint Use Area: "There ain't no way I will move. All my grandchildren know I won't move. About three years ago some government people came from Flagstaff. They told me old and blind people like me had no business talking so big — they said 'you're so small and blind and old.' I told them to get out of my house. My ancestors were living here before I was born. They were forced to go to Fort Sumner on the Long Walk in 1864. This is my land. I will keep what I've got. I am saving this place for my grandchildren so they can live. I've been to the cities. I am ashamed of myself to walk their sidewalks in the big cities where all the white people are."

IV. THE "CLIENT CENTERED" RELOCATION PROCESS

In a recent talk, Dan Bomberry, a Cayuga-Salish Indian who directs the Tribal Sovereignty Project, a division of the Youth Project, had this to say on the Hopi-Navajo relocation:

"They're calling it a Hopi-Navajo dispute, but it's a U.S. law that's forcing the removal, it's Americans that are paying the bills, and it's a U.S. agency actually moving these people. It was the U.S. that shoved the Navajos toward Hopi 120 years ago after killing their animals and putting the Navajos in a concentration camp. And if you want to blame the Hopi council, you've got to realize that those tribal councils are not Indian institutions. They're American institutions. They were put there by the U.S., created in that form for the purpose of exploiting land. They're really just extensions of the U.S. bureaucracy. Putting Indians off the land to get minerals and grazing makes perfect sense in American corporate logic. It's no different than in cities kicking old people out of inexpensive housing, then tearing it down to build highrise office buildings. The Hopi council is just being good colonial Americans. Now if you want to ask about Indians, you've got to turn to the old people, the traditionals and the large number of young people who are aiding them now. Traditional Hopis and Navajos are completely in support of each other. I don't see how you can call it an Indian problem, or an Indian solution."

The U.S. agency in charge of the relocation is the Navajo and Hopi Indian Relocation Commission, which reports directly to Congress and works out of Flagstaff. The commission has published a 360-page **Report and Plan** (1981; free from the N.H.I.R.C., 2717 Steves Boulevard, P.O. Box KK, Flagstaff, AZ 86002) written in do-good planner jargon:

> **The Commission's focus is on the present and toward the future . . . to bring about a final settlement between the Navajo and Hopi. . . . The law sought to reduce, if not eliminate, disruption or other adverse impacts of the relocation by providing for a thorough and generous relocation program. . . . The Commission intends to carry out [its] mandate with the same vigor as a sympathetic and generous Congress conceived it. . . . The Commission recognizes the need for a client centered approach . . . the flexibility necessary to accomodate each family.**

I wish every reader of this article had a copy of the relocation document in hand. Early in the book there's a 34-page section consisting of column after column of names, in small type, of all the people who are eligible "for relocation benefits," a euphemism for forced removal. Next to each name is the family relationship: "Head [of the family]," "Daughter," "Husband," etc. I felt as if I were reading boxcar lists for Auschwitz.

> **It seems like this is the end for us here. Our future plan for our children is disrupted. We get very lonely after relocation. We ask ourselves why we relocated. Perhaps if we didn't relocate, our daughter would not have died.**
>
> —Female relocatee, 42

> **My children are getting sick from worrying. We all do that, get sick. When our tears go down, then we get headaches. When we're alone, we shed tears over it all. It's the only way we can cope. I want to stay here where I was born. I hate to leave that land because my old people stayed up there. We want to have our livestock again.**
>
> —Female potential relocatee, 67

The commission's report contains 31 pages which list the value of each relocatee's "improvements" and the method by which the value was obtained; how they photograph the corrals, sweathouses, and sheds, how they carefully measure the size of each room, how they estimate replacement costs. Very detailed. Here is one example: A family hogan ("Type 1-C, ten years old, good condition,

5 foot walls, 300 square feet, poured concrete, roof of cribbed log and mud," etc.) valued at $7839. This same family's cornfield fencing was valued at $297, the corn itself another $100. An orchard was worth $350. A privy was $150. The sweathouse? $75. (Fifteen to twenty percent of the Joint Use Area residents refused to permit appraisers on their property.)

In keeping with its "client-centered" approach, the commission proudly offered relocatees several choices of replacement dwellings: mobile, modular, wood frame, or concrete block, depending of course on availability in the community of the relocatee's choice.

We need a hogan to have singing ceremonies in. I was already told by the medicine man he can't perform in a square house. We also need a farm with a big enough place to store our corn, melons, etc. We can't do it here. We are worse off now because we have to pay electricity bills and others that we did not pay before. And we had extra income from our livestock before relocation – now we have none. –Male relocatee, 49

The commission report devotes four of its 360 pages to problems which might be faced by relocatees, listing such difficulties as how to handle real estate, taxes, shopping, finding jobs, keeping jobs. It also mentions that 35% of the families already relocated had experienced "marked family instability, financial decline, major debts, mortgaging or selling their new home, had moved back to the reservation, had major health problems, significant depression, suicide, etc." The commission recommended increased counselling services in the relocation areas.

The commission devotes one sentence to a summary of a report by Dr. Thayer Scudder, a professor of anthropology at Caltech, who is a world expert on the problems faced by relocated people. Here is the sentence: "The results of over 25 studies around the world indicate, with no exceptions, that the execution of compulsory relocation among rural populations with strong ties to their land and homes is a traumatic experience for the majority of the relocatees." That's all the commission included.

I decided to get hold of the report, which will be republished in January as **No Place to Go** (1979, 1982; $19 postpaid from the Institute for the Study of Human Issues, 3401 Market Street, Suite 252, Philadelphia, PA 19104). The quotes from relocatees that are included in this article were some of 80 included in the Scudder report. None are from the commission book. I also obtain obtained a copy of an interview with Scudder:

Scudder: "It's hard to imagine anything worse [than relocation] short of killing the people. . . . U.S. relocation is about the worst of any free world government . . . in the U.S. we do not move people as communities, we move people as individual households. The emphasis is on safe and sanitary replacement housing rather than replacement of lifestyle. . . . Congress is generally very misinformed about the implications of compulsory relocation for low income families. . . . Most Congresspeople are well educated and highly mobile. They really don't have roots in their own communities. They tend to feel that moving around and mobility is no big deal, so they cannot understand the seriousness of forced relocation on elderly Navajo women, who have never lived anywhere else except in the JUA . . . who have lived and borne children and reared sheep in that place . . . the women have very strong ties to the land, and they feel that if they were to lose the ties to the land, it will cause the dispersal of the extended family and will result in their children losing their Navajo identity."

The children's behavior has changed – they ask, "Why can't we just have our land back?" They worry about how we are going to live – it hurts my heart and my mind – I get so angry I start talking crazy. This past summer one of my children started talking about doing something to himself. He no longer has livestock – he has no future for himself and no land. He says he no longer cares what happens to him. If we leave this land I feel we will die, our land has been ours a lifetime. What's going to happen? I cannot imagine how life can be lived without livestock. Relocation is no good because it ruins our thinking. It ruins our whole outlook on life for ourselves and our children. Life will never be as good as before. All of this is heartache. We will have to fight back. Someone will get hurt. They will have to throw me out.

–Female potential relocatee, 38

Scudder makes the flat prediction that relocation will produce soaring death rates and psychological problems. "The grieving-for-the-lost-home component is very strong in the case of Navajo women who see themselves as passing on Navajo heritage to their children. . . . In addition there is this anxiety for the future, where you don't even know where you are being moved to, and you know you don't have the economic skills to support yourselves and you family if you move off the reservation. [Anglos] cannot understand how a person would feel such strong family and kinship ties, and ties to the land, so that if you move from that land, sickness and death follow."

I feel so lonely now, and sometimes I dream about herding sheep – I get sick often – I've been going to the hospital a lot. I feel like being in jail here. –Female relocatee, 47

Money does not give birth as sheep do – when we had sheep we had future security. We never used to get sick as often as we do now. I myself

On September 5, 1979, Big Mountain elder Katherine Smith, 63, fired rifle shots at federal workers attempting to place a barbed wire fence across land that she has lived upon all her life, as had her ancestors for more than 100 years before her. Mrs. Smith, who has ten children, most of whom live at Big Mountain, was arrested, placed in prison, but then acquitted by a Navajo jury. "I will go to prison again if they try to take me from my land."

Because of the resistance at Big Mountain, fencing there has been temporarily discontinued, though it continues in other parts of the Joint Use Area.

am very depressed. Sometimes when we are reminded [of home] it really gets us down, so sometimes it's best not to be bothered.

—Female relocatee, 40

V. CURRENT EVENTS

Five years into the removal process, only 1432 Navajos and 10 Hopis have "voluntarily" moved from the Joint Use Area. This leaves more than 80 percent still to be moved. Of these, a large percentage can be expected to physically resist.

A number of violent incidents have already taken place, usually involving Navajo women shooting over the heads of fence workers, appraisers, etc. Several of the women have been arrested but none have been convicted in Indian courts. Tensions remain very high. The relocation commission speaks of finding new grazing land to which the people can be moved, rather than to cities. But U.S. ranchers don't like the idea. Neither do Big Mountain traditionals.

Navajo Tribal Chairman Peter McDonald is making statements in support of the Big Mountain people, though the people don't trust him at all. They say he's all talk and no action. At a recent rally he was asked by one Big Mountain Navajo why he is giving verbal support to the Big Mountain people while still signing oil leases. He spoke of several compromises he has offered the Hopis, involving land trades so the Big Mountain people could remain. So far the Hopi chairman has been unyielding.

Thomas Banyacaya, the Hopi spokesman for the Kikmongwis, has announced a new organization of Hopi and Navajo traditional leaders. He is very optimistic, as the traditionals have always been, that if left alone they would work out a solution that will satisfy everyone, and leave the coal in the ground.

This past September, the International Indian Treaty Council and other organizations brought the matter before the United Nations Subcommittee on Human Rights in Geneva, since what is being done to the Big Mountain people qualifies, under the U.N. definition, as genocide.

Having followed this situation for the past few years, it's my own feeling that it's possible to stop the relocation. This ugly and absurd plan has gotten this far only because of terrible misinformation in some media, and no information in most. You can help the people there directly by sending money, clothes, or supplies to Big Mountain at the address given below.

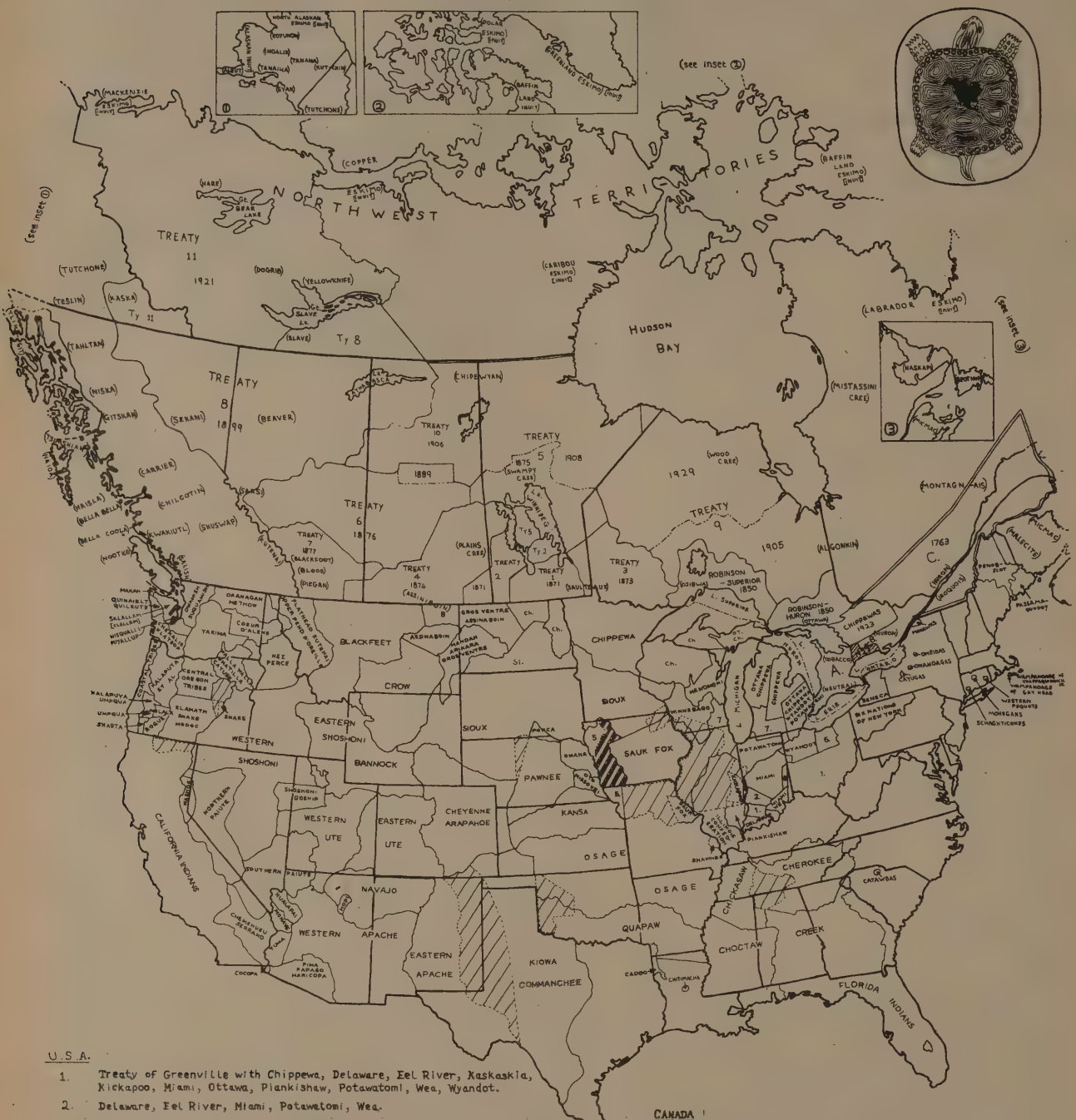
Also, write your senators, congresspersons, and the Senate Select Committee on Indian Affairs (6313 Dirksen Building, Washington, DC 20510). Send copies of your letter to Arizona Senators Barry Goldwater (5429 Federal building, 230 North First Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85025) and Dennis DeConcini (101 North 1st Avenue, Suite 1684, Phoenix, AZ 85025) as well as the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and Secretary of Interior James Watt (both at 1800 C Street NW, Washington, DC 20240). Tell them to repeal Public Law 93-531. ■

Money (by registered mail), food, clothes, and winterizing supplies can be sent to: The Big Mountain Camp, c/o Kee Shey, P.O. Box 358, Oraibi, AZ 86039.

For more information on the international appeals, a good source is: International Indian Treaty Council, 777 U.N. Plaza, Suite 10F, New York, NY 10017, or IITC (Bill Wapepagh), 330 Ellis, San Francisco, CA 94102.

For off-reservation organizing activities (information and donations) write: Big Mountain Diné Organizing Assistance, c/o Larry Anderson, P.O. Box 948, Fort Defiance, AZ 86504. ■

INDIAN LAND CLAIMS & TREATY AREAS OF NORTH AMERICA



U.S.A.

1. Treaty of Greenville with Chippewa, Delaware, Eel River, Kaskaskia, Kickapoo, Miami, Ottawa, Piankishaw, Potawatomi, Wea, Wyandot.
2. Delaware, Eel River, Miami, Potawatomi, Wea.
3. Delaware, Eel River, Miami, Potawatomi.
4. Delaware, Eel River, Kickapoo, Miami, Potawatomi.
5. Treaty of Prairie du Chien with Sauk, Fox, Sioux, Omaha, Iowa, Oto, Missouri.
6. Chippewa, Delaware, Munsee, Ottawa, Potawatomi, Shawnee, Wyandot.
7. Ottawa, Chippewa, Potawatomi, (refers to dark stripes).
8. Gros Ventre, Piegan, Blood, Blackfeet, River Crow.

VZZ Shows overlapping land claims/treaty areas.

CANADA

A. Upper Canada Pre-Confederation Treaties.
B. 1923 Treaty - Mississaugas (Rice L, Mud L, Scugog L, Alderville).
C. 1763 Royal Proclamation Exempted Area.
~~~ Represents Adhesions.
(EYAK) Words in brackets show Indian societies of Upper North America.

Sources: Indian Land Cessions (map) by Sam B. Hilliard (supp. no. 16, Annals of the Asso. of American Geographers, Vol 62, No. 2, June 1972); "Current Affairs Atlas" 1979-80, Pub. Macmillan Press; and maps from: "Left Out? The Indians and the Canadian Constitution" (National Indian Brotherhood of Canada/Survival International) and "First Nations, States of Canada & United Kingdom: Patriation of the Canadian Constitution" (Constitutional Committee of the Chiefs of Alberta). 1981 © C.I.M.R.A

A reproduction of this map is available for $3.50 postpaid from Northern Sun Alliance, 1519 East Franklin Street, Minneapolis, MN 55404; or £1.50 postpaid from C.I.M.R.A., 218 Liverpool Road, London N1, United Kingdom.
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Succeeding into Native North America

by Winona La Duke

THIS MAP could be called the indigenous North American view of bioregional succession. The treaty and land claims areas you see here are not exactly how it was B.C. (Before Columbus), but the basic outline of land areas and native nations. This may clarify some of our miseducation: First, the map shows how and why native people lived in distinct territories, areas which are essentially bioregions. Second, it shows that North America's reigning governments – Canada and the United States – are, according to the "host nations," on shaky grounds. In other words, very little land in North America is *not* under the question of who has legal jurisdiction. This could be a powerful tool for all of us.

Back to the first point. When I was in grade school, they told me there were Plains (warlike) Indians, Woodland (democratic) Indians, and Pueblo (pacifist) Indians; that was about all. There's more to it than that. The treaty and land claims areas represent distinct nations, some of whom belong to similar cultures and/or have similar languages, like Algonkin, Na-Dene, and Aztec-Tanoan. But even with these similarities, the land bases of the nations are distinct, which is also important when we look at where we are going from here. In this, I mean *all* of us. Native people, among others, find it absurd to believe in centralized nation-states, such as one where, say, New York controls the Northern Plains. Within these smaller land areas, the indigenous people have survived quite well for as long as we remember. There was and is trade between the areas, but each area was in the past self-reliant. And a lot of people believe that with some alterations in the values and consumption patterns of North America, it would be possible to live with a revised version of this territorial breakdown. If Leopold Kohr and the Euskadi (Basques) say it could happen successfully in Europe, why can't we do it here?

The second important aspect of this map is the legal basis for protecting the continent and her inhabitants. To start with, though, you have to understand that not all of these treaties are good treaties. Many were made under illegal and/or immoral circumstances. On the other hand, some were what the native people wanted and agreed to, and, besides that, represent more land than most of the reservations cover today. The native struggle must be understood from this perspective – as a land struggle, and one for treaty rights.

What does it mean to respect and support treaty rights? It means that you support Indians having jurisdiction over what is legally Indian land. It means that those Indian governments who would *traditionally* hold the regulatory and enforcement power within the territory should have the right to do that now. It means that the land which is currently taxed, regulated, strip mined, militarized, drowned by overirrigation, and nuked by or with the blessing of the U.S. and Canadian governments would not be under their jurisdiction anymore. It means that you would support the Indian right to regulate the use of this land, to hunt and fish on it, but not the Indian right to be paid for it by the U.S. and Canadian governments.

Some practical applications of Indian treaty and sovereignty rights are with us today. For example, in South Dakota, ranchers who homesteaded after 1916 do not own the mineral rights underneath their ranches – the government says it does. So, if the government wants to lease this land for uranium exploration, it can. Now if we actually go by *the law*, the Constitution and the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty, the Lakota (Sioux) have those rights. And we know that the Sioux do not want their water contaminated with uranium. Another example of this is in Washington state. Inside the treaty area of the Yakima nation is the Hanford nuclear reservation. According to the treaty, the Yakima nation has the right to hunt and fish within that treaty area, and to do that in perpetuity. Nuclear accidents (like leaks from storage tanks) are a direct violation of hunting and fishing rights because fish die when they get overirradiated. The Yakima nation has argued this point repeatedly in the last three years, yet the "anti-nuclear" movement has not actively supported their position. In cases like these, which are very common, treaty rights could benefit all of us.

What is even more important about treaty rights, though, is the power of the treaties. I know that we have all heard that the treaties have been broken. Treaties, however, are the basis of international law and *your* constitution. Treaty rights are also supreme to unilateral laws passed by one nation over another. And in an era when it appears that only a few powerful people have any rights, looking for allies and a strong foundation is a good idea. The Indians are not going to send everyone home on a boat. And in the end, wouldn't you rather work it out with your local Indians than with the U.S. biospheric cavalry? ■

Winona La Duke spent the summer of 1981 studying secessionist movements in Ireland and the Basque, Breton, and Larzac regions of France. She is an Anishnabe Indian, better known in the United States as Chippewa. Currently, she lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is, she says, one of 30 members of the "Harvard Indian tribe." –Joe Kane

I've been a Molly Ivins fan since first encountering her hincty wit in the late lamented **Place** *magazine. Then a riotous piece dealing with her homestate solons in the* **Atlantic** *special issue on Texas. She was associated with the worthy* **Texas Observer**, *then hit the big time – The* **New York Times**, *to be exact, where she is now a reporter. What follows is her keynote address to "The American West: Colonies in Revolt," a conference held this past summer in Ketchum, Idaho.* *–SM*

WOWSERS ASIDE!

A Heartfelt Diatribe Towards Saving the West

by Molly Ivins

HEY THERE, BUCKAROOS, and a good morning to all you fellow lovers of the West. One of my claims to fame is that I am among the last living optimists and my thesis is that we all have a lot to be happy about.

So what's to be happy? you may ask. For secretary of the Interior we have a wowser who thinks the Second Coming is due in any minute. For head of the Bureau of Land Management they gave us a bozo rancher who's so ethical he has transferred his grazing rights to his son for the duration. For administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency we get a lady who thinks the problems of toxic wastes should be left up to county governments. In charge of strip mine reclamation is a fellow who doesn't believe in strip mine reclamation.

Rape, rapine, and ruin stare us in the collective face. Unimaginable depredations are about to be committed on some of the best work God ever did. And about this I am happy?

Yup, happy. It may not have occurred to you, but consider this aspect of the latest chapter in the ongoing saga of the Rape of the West – it's funny. What a cast, what farce. Toxic wastes should be left to the counties? That's hilarious. Let me tell you about some of the county commissioners I have known, and I have known a lot of county commissioners. Just a few weeks ago, I heard a county official tell his colleagues that the Sword of Damocles was hanging over Pandora's Box. True, that was only on a local redistricting bill, but consider the delirious heights of unreason these people could reach over toxic wastes. The head of the camel would get under the tent and that's only the tip of the iceberg, opening loopholes you could drive a truck through while tossing the baby out with the bath water. What is being scattered to the winds here is only a drop in the bucket.

There is joy ahead, my friends, and all it requires is a strong stomach, like, say, Mike Zunk's. Mike Zunk eats cars.

As it happens, I vividly recall how the theme of this conference came into being. A little over a year ago, several people connected with this outfit sat down at a table and started a meeting. I was there by accident; I was in midbeer when they all sat down and damned if I'd leave before I'd finished. There was much discussion about the piteous plight of the exploited West, whipsawed between corporate greedheads on the one hand, and the federal bureaucrats with all the compassion and sensitivity of Joseph Stalin on the other. I think back now to those dread days when Cecil Andrus was so unfeeling about Western pain and what comes to mind is the voice of Edward I. Koch, mayor of New York City.

Through no fault of my own, I have been spending a lot of time lately with Edward I. Koch. Actually, Edward I. Koch has no middle name – that's just his favorite personal pronoun in there. I keep hearing the Mayatollah's voice saying, "Kvetch, kvetch, you schmucks, this you think is trouble?"

That's the problem with life: whenever you think things are bad, life is prepared to prove to you that things can get a lot worse. I was prepared to be cheerful about the election of Ronald Reagan: what else is an optimist going to be? So short of getting us into World War III, how much harm can he do? I asked my friends, all of whom seemed to be considering emigrating to Australia. Along about mid-December, the names of assorted cabinet members-to-be started circulating in Washington.

I got a call from a colleague of mine in the **Times'** Washington bureau. "You know Watt?" he asked. "No, what?" I asked. "No, no," he screamed, "Do you know Watt?"

"Certainly, he invented the steam engine,"

says I. "No, no, no, do you know James Watt of Colorado?"

"Never heard of him."

"Three years in Colorado and you never heard of James Watt?"

"It's bigger than it looks," says I.

"James Watt, next secretary of the Interior, of the Mountain States Legal Foundation."

I said, "*The Mountain States Legal Foundation?!*"

In fact, I had kept a file on the Mountain States Legal Foundation. It was in the back of the same drawer with the Freeman Institute, the tax resisters league, and the survivalists. Of course, I have settled down considerably since then and I contemplate the new regime at Interior with, if not approbation, at least semibenevolent calm.

Take, for example, the vexatious question of Mr. Watt's being a fundamentalist Christian. One of the few cultural advantages of being from East Texas is that you get used to talking to people who believe that Jonah lived for three days and three nights in the belly of a large fish. With any luck at all, you can get yourself saved two or three times as a kid and not have it take. I myself was born and raised among foot-washing Baptists and it has neither done lasting damage to my character nor ameliorated my drinking habits. H.L. Mencken invented the word *wowser* to describe the native mullahs in our national midst who are congenitally prone to harass and flay the

rest of us. The rise of wowserism is a cyclical phenomenon in America. The so-called Great Awakening of the 1740s left us with Puritanism in its most bizarre forms, the religious rage of the early 1820s left us with Mormonism, and the wowser resurgence of the 19-teens left us with Prohibition. This may not strike you as grounds for reassurance, but the juice of the grape is again legal in the land, the Mormons are against the MX missile, and there is comfort to be found in the long view.

Ah, but, say the nattering nabobs of negativism, have we ever had a wowser in such high public office before? Yup, we once had a wowser secretary of State named William Jennings Bryan who was convinced that man is not a mammal. The republic survived. Wowsers aside, any country that has endured the vast number of utter chowderheads and airbrains elected to high public office that this one has need not despair.

I would suggest rather that it is time to rejoice and to lift up our voices in glad hallelujahs because James Watt, in addition to being a wowser, is quite simply a political disaster. Not since Kissinger, not since Nixon, has there been an organizing principle like James Watt about. The membership of every environmentalist group in the country is booming. The money is rolling in. Every time the man says he wants to pave over the national parks, mow down the mountains, dam up the rivers, and let Exxon lay waste to the wilderness, the Sierra Club wallows in gravy. I find it hard to believe the man is not in the pay of the Friends of the Earth.

Let me tell you about something that happened in Washington, D.C. on Memorial Day. The National Symphony Orchestra put on a dynamite concert out in front of the Capitol. After it was over, the master of ceremonies got to thanking everyone who had made it possible – Speaker Tip O'Neill, the D.C. traffic enforcement cops, the garbage collectors. Finally, said the master of ceremonies, we'd like to thank James Watt, secretary of the Interior. And 75,000 people booed. And, as these concerts continued over the summer, this became an instant tradition. The last concert of the season was held in early September and the master of ceremonies was rolling through the names. "Watt, say Watt," yelled the crowd. Finally the emcee said, "And the office of secretary of the Interi. . ." And with that, they drowned him out by booing.

Mr. Watt's decision in the case of the beach-front oil-drilling so outraged Californians that the chairman of the state Republican party was calling the White House and saying Watt had cost the party the governorship next year. You must admit that Mr. Meese and Mr. Baker are not dumb. Not only did they rescind the California oil-drilling decision, they immediately sent Mr. Watt to Alaska to proclaim publicly his passionate and heretofore unsuspected devotion to whales.

Now I grant, in light of recent evidence, that there are rocky roads ahead for those of us in the more heathen sectors of the media. Early this summer in Washington, a freelance reporter with an assignment from **Playboy** magazine went to the Interior Department to keep an appointment with the assistant secretary for Indian Affairs. The writer was working on an in-depth piece about Peter McDonald, chairman of the Navajo tribe, about whose integrity questions have been raised over the years. The writer was met by a public information officer who told him he could not interview the assistant secretary, nor anyone else in the department, because he represented "a Godless publication."

An interesting development and one I fully expect to have a beneficial effect on the media. I confidently await headlines in Rupert Murdoch's **New York Post** such as: NUDE SUNBATHERS VIEW HEADLESS CORPSE IN HORROR THEN BURST INTO HYMN-SINGING.

CONSIDER THE BLISS OF IT ALL. A secretary of the Interior who finds the Grand Canyon boring. What more could we ask for? Whether we ask or not, it is given unto us. We also have an assistant secretary named Dan Miller who recently asked, "How can the youth of our country be proud of our mining industry if they can't see it from our national parks?"

That's certainly a question and, confess, it's one you never thought to ask.

In the meantime, let us consider what we might usefully do, between belly laughs, about all this. I myself am planning a book to be entitled **The Wit and Wisdom of James Watt.** It will be short.

I was interested to see, in the **Newsweek** cover profile of the good Secretary Watt, a quote from a White House aide, a man addressing himself to the question of whether Mr. Watt might not be a political liability. "Remember his constituency," said one Reagan aide, "He plays to Westerners. East of the Potomac, we forget that. Most of us probably wish he was a little softer at times."

An exegesis of that text is, of course, subject to any number of interpretations. My own translation goes like this: "Of course we know the guy's a flaming dork, but you have to remember that he's talking to all those berserker yahoos out in the boonies, man. Look, the wogs out in the mountains have been restless lately."

Before I came out to Idaho to talk with you, I consulted a colleague of mine in the pressroom at city hall who happens to be my favorite typical New Yorker. "What do you think of Westerners?"

I asked him. After gratuitously insulting us all for several minutes in fluent Bronxese, which is merely a New York cultural tic – they do that to everyone – he said, "I honestly don't think I know anything about them. Seems like news just stops at the Rockies, going both ways, I guess. I mean you never know what's going on out there unless one of their damn mountains blows up."

I think that is the price the West pays for being a colony – it is not just economic. It is not simply that these states are net energy exporters, nor that their destinies are controlled from distant places. It is not just that they steal our water and pollute our air so they can run their damned hair dryers in Los Angeles. On top of all that, they consider us wogs.

It happens that I am professioncentric, a word of my own invention, meaning I hold the media responsible for most every evil on the face of the Earth. If we just worked harder, if we explained it better, if we reported it right, why surely, I think, all problems would be solved.

Keep in mind that journalism is like a cartoon. If a great novel is like a great painting, full of depth, richness, and complexity, then journalism is like Iggy or Dennis the Menace. Complexity and diversity, nuance and subtlety are rare in journalism.

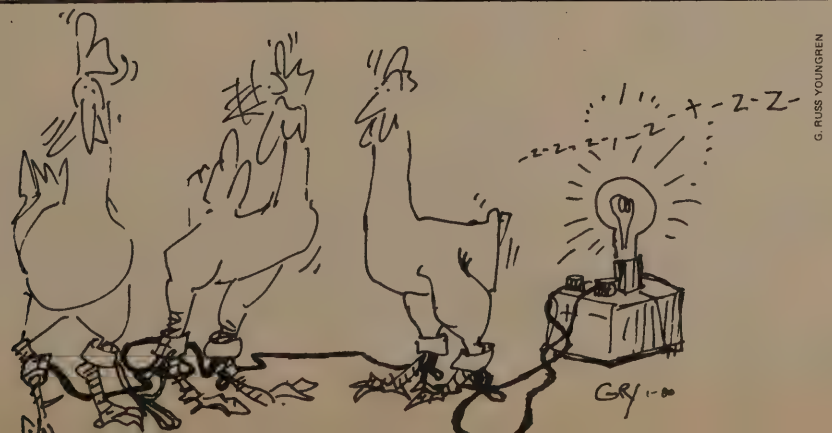
It is my belief that what most of us who have been writing about the West in recent years have done is to get the facts straight and let the truth go hang itself. It often happens in our business. We got the point, which is that Westerners are mad at the feds. What we missed is that the source of that anger is complicated. A few years ago I gave up the word *dichotomy*, along with *parameters* and *input*, but if you will permit me, I believe there is a dichotomy in Western anger that is unrecognized east of the Potomac.

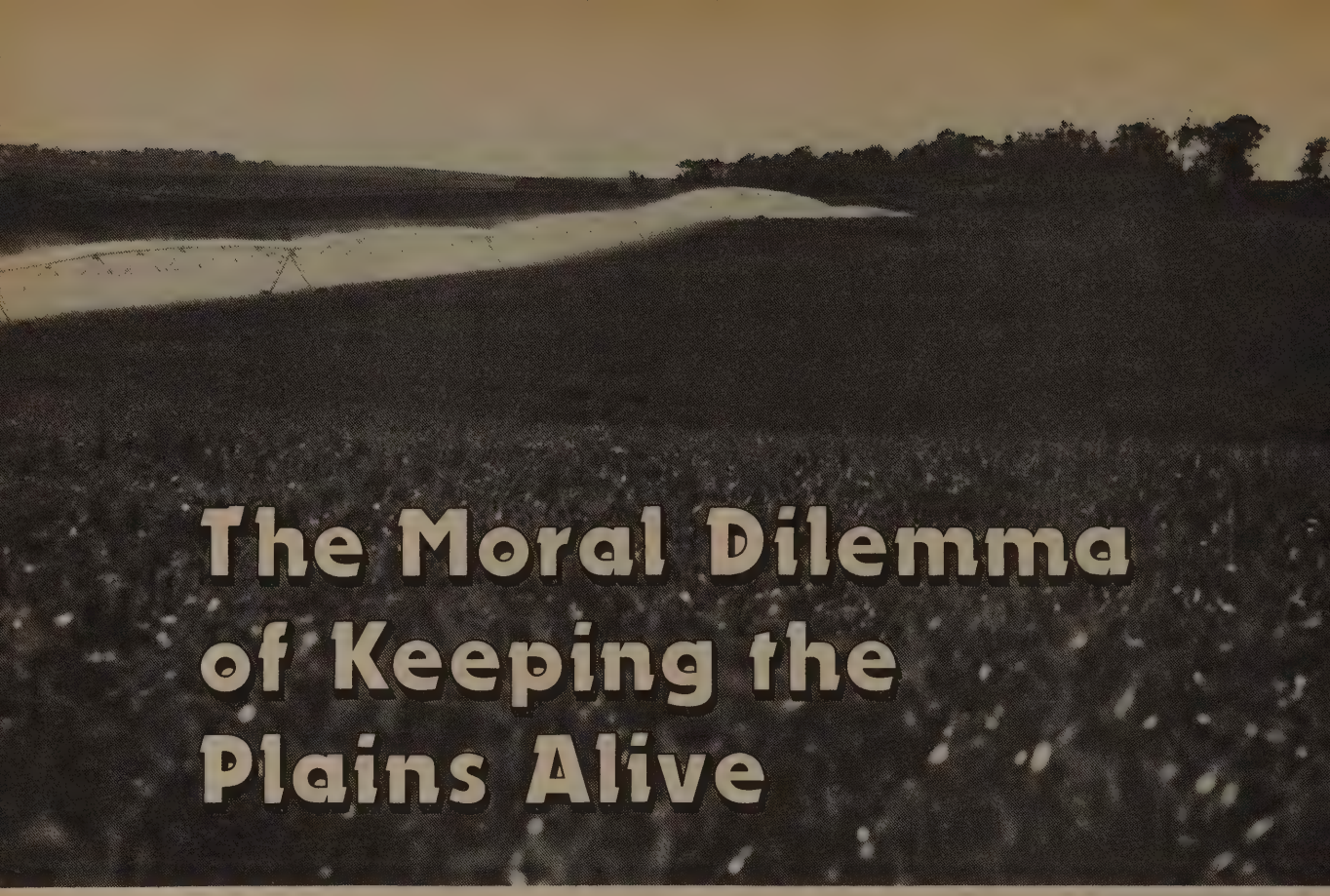
Yes, there are Westerners for whom and to whom Mr. Watt speaks. Very few of them find the Grand Canyon boring, but they do prefer that the feds get out of their lives, leave 'em alone and let 'em make money in peace. What is not understood in the East, at the center of political power, is that much of the Western anger about public lands is over the fact that the feds have been such damn poor landlords. That they are getting worse by the minute will, I trust, bring out that other strain of anger, like a negative developing nicely in the chemical bath of Mr. Watt's kind attentions, so that not even the national press can ignore it.

It's funny, there is a stereotype of environmentalists as always screaming over something. Of the major environmental issues I covered out here, with the exception of the MX missile, I have heard more screaming over a street name change in Brooklyn. What I did hear consistently was discussion of environmental issues turned into political debates and even into lifestyle referendums. "Oh it's just those longhaired backpackers from the city who want to lock up all the land" is comment typical of what passes for debate on environmental issues in the West. As far as I can see, environmental issues have nothing to do with whether one is a nature lover or not, whether one prefers skimobiles or canoes, roast beef or yogurt, cars or hiking. Yet there are an awful lot of people who seem to be under the impression that this is what all the uproar is about.

I would recommend to journalists still covering this territory that they forget about nature lovers, interviewing first a strip miner and then a bird watcher for balance. The people you really want to talk to are the scientists – botanists, biologists, geologists, foresters, wildlife managers, erosion experts and so forth. They don't always agree, of course, but that's where the real debate is. And there is a hell of a lot less debate about what needs to be done and what can be done in and to the West among scientists than there is in the political arena.

I would like to close by adding that while I think there is a great deal Easterners do not understand about the West, there is also something important that Westerners like James Watt do not understand. I never talked to a Westerner, whether a miner or an oilman or a rancher, who didn't care about this country, who didn't live here because he or she loved the land and the life. It is all very well to talk about multiple use and about balancing the demands on the land, but what the scientists say is that the rugged West, this endless, awesome space, is in fact terribly fragile. In the end, you can't have it all. ■





The Moral Dilemma of Keeping the Plains Alive

COURTESY VALLEY CENTER PIVOT

by Wes Jackson

Wes Jackson claims "'umble" beginnings. He grew up on a farm and is "more interested in agriculture than in anything." Humble is an appropriate adjective for this Kansas scientist – it comes from a root meaning "close to the soil."

Wes and his wife Dana and their students at the Land Institute in Salina, Kansas, endeavor to develop a productive prairie permaculture through a plant breeding and research program. The goal is to mimic the native flora with its deep soil-conserving roots.

Father of three children, fan of Marcus Aurelius, Wes holds an M.A. in botany and a Ph.D. in genetics. He's taught at Kansas Wesleyan and Sacramento State. He is the author of ***New Roots for Agriculture*** *(1980; 155 pp.; $4.95 postpaid from Friends of the Earth, 124 Spear Street, San Francisco, CA 94106. Or Whole Earth Household Store), reviewed in Summer '81 CQ. Portions of this article are taken from that book.*

–SM

I LIVE WITH MY FAMILY on the high bank of the Smoky Hill River. The Smoky has the distinction of being the southernmost west-east drainage of the Missouri River Basin. The Smoky Hill and two other Great Plains rivers come together here in Saline County and all three, like the Missouri, the mother river of the Basin, begin in a region in which evaporation exceeds rainfall but merge in an area where it is the other way around. The Army Corps of Engineers has access to or knows the same facts about these drainages that I do. But the Corps has a very different agenda than I would have for the Basin if I could ever manage to draw one up. I can't, and the people I am most allied with can't either. This sets us apart and at a disadvantage compared to the numerous corporations and countless people in state and federal institutions who *know* what to do about the problems out here and would like to get cracking. We are immobilized, not just from contemplating the large scale and number of problems here now and likely to come, but due to a huge ambiguity as well. There is, of course, no ambiguity about what's wrong, just about what we should do. What's wrong, very simply, is the widespread destruction of opportunity over this vast region and reduced options for people now and, of course, for generations to come. Because of actions over the last half-century, particularly in the last ten years, our chances of enjoying a rich, rural-oriented culture in the midst of a productive, sustainable agriculture over most of the Missouri River Basin and into the remainder of the Great Plains have been sharply reduced and face an even worse threat.

COURTESY VALLEY CENTER PIVOT

Pivot irrigation systems water crops, self propelled by water pressure.

The problem is huge in two ways. The Basin is a big area, comprising almost 20 percent of the land area of the 48 continental states, and the forces that desecrate and destroy it are backed by big-money interests, which play on old and ordinary human weaknesses. The ambiguity as to what we should do resides in our ignorance of whether there *are* any Achilles' heels and whether we would know them if we saw them. They may be undetectable at this time. There may be none. Destructive forces may be so invulnerable they will continue to go their own way until either the economic system or the ecosystem fails. Perhaps the Achilles' heel metaphor is wrong. After all, most environmental problems are not solved in clean or crisp ways. They have to be worried to death if they are to die at all.

Before I go on, let me describe our region. The front range of the Rockies defines the western edge of the Great Plains, a dry, ecologically vulnerable, flat land, which tapers eastward, gradually gaining in productivity as the rain shadow loses its grip. At about the 98th meridian, moist air arrives from the Gulf to help irrigate the Midwest, almost completely ignoring the rich western soils of the region.

Not far from the western edge of this breadbasket, among the shadow-causing mountains, is the sunlight of the past buried in coal and shale, and an energy even more ancient – hot uranium. This is our new National Sacrifice Area, and its proximity to our most tender agricultural ecosystem is ominous. It is worthwhile to explore the potential consequences of the proximal relationship between the fragile short-grass prairie region and the Rocky Mountain energy area, which is soon to be exploited. The next wave of U.S. industrialization could easily happen here, perhaps at an unprecedented speed.

What seems more important for us to consider is that these plains have a long history of exploitation that only humans could have managed. It is history spelled out in a superb autobiographical treatment by the late John Fischer, the former editor of **Harper's**. His recent book, **From the High Plains** (1978, 181 pp.; $11.50 postpaid from Harper and Row, Mail Order Department, 10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022), captures much of the essence of Great Plains' economies and ordinary life by looking at the region as an area with a long history of mining ventures.

There were three phases of mining before the twentieth century. The first miners were Indians, who for centuries had mined flint for arrows and scrapers but stopped before the Spanish intrusion and, for some unknown reason, before the flint was gone. For about 300 years after the Spanish left the horse, a Comanche economy developed around the American bison, or buffalo. This was not really a mining economy so much as a harvesting one, which changed around 1873 when white hunters of hides killed a million buffalo a year for seven or eight years and left the bones to be bleached by the prairie sun. Early settlers sold these bones for fertilizer in the East. Within a decade buffalo mining was over. Next came miners of grass, cattlemen, who used what should have been the ecological analog of the buffalo to overgraze the land, which the migrating buffalo had barely affected. Drought, followed by an unprecedented blizzard, led to a dramatic collapse of the cattle industry in the 1880s.

Twentieth century mining ventures began with soil mining around World War I. The war put over 50 million acres of agricultural land in Europe out of production, and Americans responded by plowing 40 million Great Plains acres. Wheat was planted as a cash crop, and crop rotation was abandoned. Farmers became more active participants in a money economy by buying newly invented agricultural technologies such as threshing machines for grain production. With their new-found efficiency, they quickly produced a glut on the market. Prices dropped and the response was to plow more land and grow more wheat to pay the debts. This, of course, further depressed the price. After a few quick rounds of this spiral, which subjected more and more acres to the plow, came the Dust Bowl of the 1930s. Some have called it the worst environmental disaster the United States has ever known, and in the opinion of Georg Borgstrom, the well-known Michigan State nutritionist, it was one of the three great ecological catastrophes since the beginning of agriculture.

By the time of the Dust Bowl, the ephemeral oil and gas boom was already well under way. Almost every pipe driven seemed certain to deliver an abundance of 30-cents-per-barrel oil. The history and future of mining this portable liquid fuel is now painfully clear to us all.

The most recent, and what may be the last, mining operation of the region is mining fossil water, much of it from the Ogallala Aquifer. This lens-shaped gravel bed of ancient origin, formerly 300 feet thick and more in places, stretches from western Nebraska to northern Texas where it supports a 25-year-old center-pivot economy.* In some areas rain recharges the aquifer at one-quarter-inch per year while farmers are pumping water out at four feet per year. Aerial views show a nonsustainable agriculture that, historically, is fit only for humid regions of our country.

Those worried about the mining and unnecessary waste of soil and water eventually learn that there is probably no resource area for which there is so much data yet so few original ideas on proper management and use. This is a serious paradox. For example, if a water shortage should occur in an area dependent upon irrigation, we will need to make major adjustments to the new conditions without threatening an acceleration of even more soil loss, perhaps in another region. This is far more serious than the paradox that in 1980 the Mississippi ran at a record low but fossil water mining reached an all time high.

Agricultural preservationists dare

**Center-pivot irrigation works like this: you sink a well to feed a pipe that is at the center of the pivot. Water pressure from the wellpipe drives a ¼-mile long sprinkling arm in a circle. Each of the set-ups waters a quarter section minus the corners (about 130 acres). Each of the set-ups is a water mine. –SM*

not ignore that the extraction and use of fossil fuels and uranium threaten both soil and water. There will be desecrated land in the Missouri River watershed, lots of it in fact, and there will be competition between industry and agriculture for water. The competition won't be just for the resource, for if industry moves to the region to use Rocky Mountain energy, both air and water will be fouled with acid and harmful particles.

But let's get back to the water problem. In 1979, there was a net loss of 14 million acre-feet from the aquifer. (By comparison, 12 million acre-feet pass Lee Ferry on the Colorado River each year.) Rather than cut back withdrawals to a level that could sustain irrigation indefinitely, there is now a push to divert water from the Missouri at St. Joseph and bring it across Kansas in a canal 300 miles long, 30 feet wide and with a pumping station every ten or eleven miles on the average. Other plans include diverting water from the Missouri at Fort Randall, South Dakota, and from the White River in Arkansas.

ALL THESE PLANS are nutty, from the energy standpoint alone. Such projects would cost tens of billions of dollars for construction. But in addition, since the era of cheap liquid fuels is over, they would require electricity from coal or nuclear power plants to run the pumps. Let us assume that power costs five cents per kilowatt-hour and that electrical bills will be half the pumping cost, with capital and maintenance making up the rest. Let us also assume a 75% efficient pump motor, and a cost of $25 to lift each acre-foot of water 188 feet. Let us apply these assumptions to the problem of moving water from St. Joseph, Missouri, which is 850 feet above sea level, to Dodge City, Kansas, which is 2480 feet above sea level, a height difference of 1630 feet. Lifting the water will cost $216 an acre-foot. The cost for replacing the 14 million acre-foot draw down each year amounts to over *$3 billion!* That's for Dodge City. Lubbock, Texas, is at 3190 feet. It would cost $4.35 billion – $311 an acre-foot – to bring water there from St. Joseph.

Let us assume that 20 inches of irrigation will yield 140 bushels/acre of corn. The equivalent amount of dry land in Kansas and Nebraska will yield 50 bushels/acre of corn. These 20 inches per acre (1.67 acre-feet) of irrigation provide 90 bushels of corn per acre. Therefore, 14 million acre-feet of water spread over 8.38 million acres would yield 754 million bushels of corn. If corn sells for $3 per bushel, the gross return would be $2.26 billion for the 14 million acre-feet. (If the water is stored in the Ogallala, it has to be lifted again, but never mind that.) Even before we subtract the standard costs for corn production, not to mention the capital costs of the projects, we have a deficit of *three-quarter billion* dollars for energy and ordinary equipment costs alone!

It all sounds absurd, but the High Plains Governors' Council decided in 1980 to allocate $775,000 for a feasibility study of this project. Fifteen minutes of rough calculations should have been enough to kill the project.

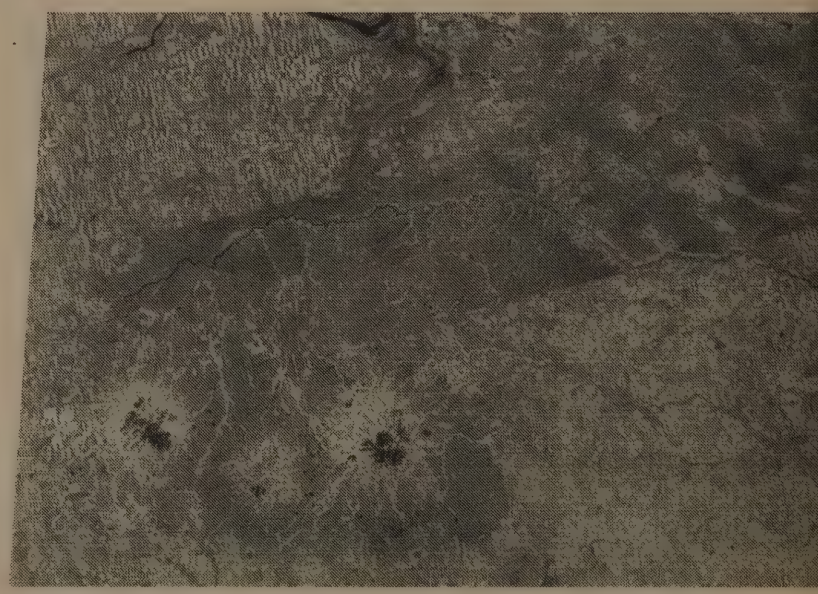
Since industry can afford to pay more for a gallon of water than a farmer can, industry will eventually move in. (The most water-intensive industrial use in California is centralized power plant cooling, and a utility can afford to pay from ten to 100 times more per gallon than a farmer can.) Chamber of commerce leaders in threatened towns will naturally try to attract industry to the region from the East and from Los Angeles and from anywhere else they pick up a scent. Lures are water, 15-mile-per-hour winds to blow away pollutants, a strong work ethic, dislike of union labor, and proximity to the newly emerging energy center of the country.

It might seem that once pressure to keep the economy alive is removed from agriculture, area residents could return plowed land to grass. But what usually happens in a boom area is that land prices accelerate. No one knows exactly why, for relatively little of that land would be needed for housing or for factories. But once high land prices have been paid, there is a strong incentive, even if the land is purchased as a tax write-off, to make it pay for itself. Therefore, it becomes wheat ground, not grassland. Unfortunately, the family that has purchased land as a living hearth will have to work it intensely. Suddenly the stage is set for the kind of spiral generated during and after World War I – the one that brought on the Dust Bowl. A nucleus for a massive blowout has been created in a most fragile area. Sure, there is stubble mulching now and better conservation practices overall – but extensive acreage in dry farming makes a region vulnerable just the same.

The water problem of the region is getting most of the attention now, and perhaps it should. But it wouldn't be too wild for someone to bet that agriculture in western Iowa will fail due to soil loss before center-pivot agriculture fails in Nebraska. John Timmons, a soil scientist at Iowa State, relates some bleak facts about huge soil losses in the area, though experts are unnecessary if we keep our eyes peeled when driving Interstate 80 between Omaha and Des Moines. Those steep hills are growing corn and soybeans, and countless washes are evident. On the other hand, 62 percent of the water left in the Ogallala is under Nebraska.

The energy and capital costs for irrigation systems could bring the whole thing to a screeching halt, but the increased price of fertilizer for eroded soils could make the Iowa acreage noncompetitive with flatter or even marginal land elsewhere.

Many of the problems of the region are problems because they offend our



Center-pivot irrigation systems water a quarter section at a time, producing circular growing areas each a half mile in diameter.

sense of justice or violate our ideal of egalitarian ownership. Sometimes the ecological consequences are difficult to prove. In fact, a convincing case can often be made that corporate control hurts the land and water less than a bunch of small farmers who must wring a living out of it year in and year out. I never want to believe it, but an objective listener might. The Center for Rural Affairs in Nebraska has watched the center-pivot economy and has worried over and warned about these "wheels of fortune." There are serious implications associated with 65,000 wells in Nebraska. This is a nearly $4 billion investment, which doesn't include land price. The Center worries when the Prudential conglomerate invests $15 million to buy 16 square miles in south central Nebraska. They are worried because, as they say, the "rock has turned to sand." They note that this is only one of many large capital investments. More and more land is being bought in the Nebraska Sand Hills, an ecologically fragile region where nearly 30 years ago I observed ranchers nailing sacks over denuded areas for fear they would become nuclei for larger blowouts. It was good cattle country then, and ranchers knew what they had. Much of this area, even with water, can produce only 40 to 65 bushels of corn to the acre, partly because of the blowing sand which cuts the plants and partly because of the lack of organic matter. If this area were to be abandoned without a replacement of appropriate vegetation, I am afraid it could become the nucleus for the desertification of the major agricultural area in the United States.

We have a similar problem down in Kansas in the Sand Sage Prairie region along the Arkansas River. Land is being cleared which immediately reduces the habitat for what's left of the Lesser Prairie Chicken and in addition provides a linear strip for desertification on a smaller scale. Ironically, irrigation in this area has sucked the river so dry that center pivots now circle parts of the dry riverbed itself. Much of these 800,000 acres of sand, which formerly supported giant sand reed (a soil holding grass), sand dropseed and sand blue stem, now grow 180 bushels/acre corn, but there isn't much water left in this part of the Ogallala.

The checklist goes on and on and will probably grow. What *can* we do about the fact that Europeans are eating more meat backed by American grain and that the trend for more grain exports is upward, which will put more and more pressure on soils and water reserves and bring more marginal land into production? What can we say when we realize that more exports *are* partial solutions to the farmer's problem? Given current agronomic practices, farmers will need lots of money in the very near future, since most of their borrowing power is now exhausted. They no longer have the cushion which developed over the last ten years when land values shot up, allowing them to borrow against those appreciated values. The farm equipment companies caught on

Aerial view of U.S.-Canada border, where Montana, Alberta, and Saskatchewan meet.

One bioregion, two political entities (or two different policies). The difference is that in the U.S. they're growing small grain crops; in Canada a complexity of public policies, including marketing and transportation, does not encourage the growing of small grain. The Canadian landscape is native, the U.S. in till crops; public policy is more of a factor than what the land wants to do. Civilization has left its mark in this area of the U.S.; in Canada, Nature remains.

—Wes Jackson

quickly of course, and the increase in equipment prices paralleled this increase in land value. Now the increase in land prices seems to be flattening, but equipment costs continue to rise, partly due to inflation. With the narrower margin, the farmer understandably turns to higher prices as an answer. More exports, which will stimulate higher prices, are welcomed.

The increase in the price of land beyond its ability to pay for itself, even in one full lifetime, has set the stage for some other serious changes in the structure of agriculture. In Ellsworth County, Kansas, pasture land in the 1930s sold for as little as 50 cents an acre. During the spring of 1981, pasture land went for $1026 an acre. "Professionals" probably bought it, professionals who may have rural roots and now regard land much as the Masai regard cattle, a prestige item, which also augurs well for certain tax benefits.

Farmers and ranchers along the front range north of Denver are selling their water rights to industry at a price exceeding the value of the land. Why not? What are they to do? What does an aging farming couple (the average Kansas farmer is over 50 years old) do when prices are low, when the kid doesn't want to come back to the farm, when the uranium explorers on their property begin to discuss the "possibilities"?

Financially, times aren't better for the farmer, even though the market value of farm products has risen by 36 percent in a ten-year period. This reality creates bitterness for the farm family which knows that there is a decline not only in the number of people on the farm but in the number of people still on the farm whose principal occupation is farming. They know too that their future on the land will depend on their becoming part-time farmers *if* they are lucky enough to get jobs in a town up to 50 miles away. That's another reason why nearly everyone, including the farmer, wants to export more, not less. And why, in the Southern Great Plains, those vast, flat cotton lands of Texas, which have been purchased for $1000 an acre and more, are not going to be returned to soil-conserving grassland before the aquifer plays out.

IF I COULD SEE NO VIRTUE myself in a bioregional point of view, I would be cynical about the claims of its promoters, who have yet to be seriously challenged, because the idea is still only "interesting."

Why should a bioregional boundary be taken any more seriously than an arbitrary political boundary? The problems of our area make my ecological interest in bioregionalism seem totally irrelevant. Will it help us disband Iowa Beef Processors, the largest meat packer in the U.S., or MBPXL, now the second largest? Both have more to say about local culture and the way nature appears on the landscape than does the lay of the land. Iowa Beef was recently bought by Occidental Petroleum (the parent company of Hooker Chemical, those wonderful people who brought us Love Canal) and MBPXL is a subsidiary of Cargill, the largest privately owned company in the U.S. Cargill's slaughterhouse at Dodge City, Kansas, has an annual capacity of 1.1 million steers and heifers. In the next large town west, Iowa Beef is constructing a plant which can slaughter 1.2 million head a year. Work it out on a calculator and assume that both plants run 24 hours a day with no time off for Christmas or New Year or Halloween or the Fourth of July or Easter or anything else. In this two county area, in one of the driest regions of the world, two – *only two* – companies would slaughter and process nearly 4.4 animals per minute. These are the big ones. There is also National Beef, which has a 580,000 head capacity plant at Liberal in southwest Kansas. Hyplains, of Dodge City again, can handle 185,000. Swift, at Dumas, Texas, can kill and process 525,000; and Armour, at Hereford, Texas, 425,000. Can a bioregional point of view bring all this to heel?

I haven't even touched on the controversial problem of absentee ownership of the land. Many of us feel that airline pilots, doctors, lawyers and businessmen shouldn't own land unless they work it themselves, but that it is alright for a town-dwelling widow who raised her family out on the farm to realize income from it. To accommodate these values through policy is tricky.

The usual problems on the environmentalists' check list are with us throughout the region. There is the impact of urbanization and the standard consequences of coal and oil shale development and surface mining and the recent interest in biomass production. Policy decisions on taxes and loans and a hundred other concerns primarily dealing with who controls and structures agriculture require the scrutiny of lawyer-like minds.

In one sense, then, the check list of problems will never end, nor will the useful statistics we may marshal about how many people live in the region on how many acres and what percent of the U.S. population this represents. We can give the number of irrigated acres, how much water goes for agriculture, how much for industry, how much for domestic use. We can make all those diagrammatic "pies" we frequently see to better illustrate these numbers and thereby force ourselves to feel informed. But in the longer run, it may be more important to consider to what extent the fate of the Missouri River Basin and the Great Plains will be decided by the people who live there and want their descendants *to want* to live there. In this respect, there are some terribly important questions. Will the region be a colony of the rest of the U.S., as Northern California is to Southern California? In the long run, after the Rocky Mountain-Great Plains fuel resources are long gone, will it make any difference whether the water was diverted to produce the fuels?

We can and should ask all these questions and strive to develop a consciousness in which the principles of bioregionalism are central. But we should not forget the experiences in numerous bioregions in the past which our bodies and minds still remember – the savannas and forests ancient beyond the memory of our brains – and that we have been endowed with an unspecialized and versatile nature which not only insists on but demands a specialized environment. Nature created a dangerous creature when she created this combination. What she didn't tell us and what we have had to learn, indirectly and much too slowly, is that she created a very thin and invisible line within each of us that is as real as any part of the physical universe. The stakes have now become so high that we ignore this line to our peril. If we stay on one side, our lives can experience wholesome fulfillment in a permanently healthy and productive biosphere. In our daily living we can remember and know our long history thousands of times better than from a book, whether it be from each nail we drive or flower we appreciate. It is a life in which countless biomes of the past are remembered in each transaction.

On the other side, however, is destructive desire and greed, feeding on the same specialized environment as does our justified need – just on more of it. Our Earth can handle our needs but not our greed. We will need a bioregional point of view if for no other purpose than to educate ourselves. We will need the numbers, but it is going to take more, much more. But we all know when we think of it that a bioregional perspective and numbers aren't entirely what it's about, though it may take us awhile getting used to the idea. ■

BIOREGION AS COMMUNITY:
The Kansas Experience

by Gary Coates and Julie Coates

JENNIE CHINN

Barbed wire made possible the settlement of the Great Plains and, in this treeless land, limestone fence posts made possible barbed wire.

THE FIRST ENCOUNTER with the Great Plains can create a sense of awe, vastness, and indescribable loneliness. There is no more powerful landscape on Earth. It rolls on and on with nothing but the rise and swell of land and grass. In every direction there is horizon and sky. With neither hills nor trees to mark a passage it seems that time itself has come to an end. There is only space, infinite extent.

Gary Coates is an Associate Professor in the Department of Architecture at Kansas State University in Manhattan, Kansas. Julie Coates is the Director of the Campus/ Community Program and Director of the Folk Arts Project at the University for Man in Manhattan, Kansas.
–SM

This must have been the reaction of the Anglo-American explorers and mapmakers who named the region the Great American Desert, and described it as a wilderness beyond the possible limits of civilization, coming, as they had, from the well-watered forests of Eastern America and Europe. Rather than attempting to settle this vast sea of earth and air, wind and grass, American civilization leapfrogged it, seeking the more familiar humid forests of the Pacific slope and the coastline of the Pacific Ocean. The Great Plains became an obstacle to overcome, a barrier to the realization of manifest destiny. The Oregon Trail passed through the Plains. The Santa Fe Trail passed through the Plains. The only value of the Plains for the first pioneers was as a wilderness to escape from, to build character and test resolve.

No doubt the Plains would have remained an interior wilderness inhabited by "savages" had it not been for the hunger for land and the glory of empire that gripped the U.S. after the Civil War. The Great American Desert became transmuted, by force of will and the seductive descriptions of those who stood to gain by settled life in the

region (e.g., the railroads and government), into the Garden of the World, an agrarian utopia destined for a Jeffersonian democracy of yeoman farmers living close to nature and nature's God. To date, every attempt to realize this utopian dream on the Plains has led to ecological and human disaster, largely because of the failure to adapt humid-area and industrial institutions, technologies, and world views to the needs of the land. White settlement of the Plains is a cyclical story of exploitation and collapse.

Except for tiny pockets of affluence, every bioregion since the advent of civilization has in some way been a hinterland, an area to be exploited by institutions and forces that have no stake in what happens locally. It is the classic story of empire, whether that empire is driven by renewable or nonrenewable resources. It is the dialectic of the center and the periphery, the city and the wilderness. In this sense, the problems of the Great Plains are no different from those of the Pacific coastal forests, which are being mined for export, or the Brazilian Amazon, which is being destroyed forever by mechanized greed.

The central paradox of localism [as Wes Jackson has also observed —SM] is that local economic and cultural problems are almost always extralocal in origin, and by definition, not amenable to solution at the local level. Eventually they require unified political action, a bioregionally federated social and cultural resistance movement willing to test its resolve in a struggle for survival. Yet while these local problems cannot be solved at the local level, that is the only place they *can* be solved. Without a local population whose roots are firmly planted in the land and its history, there is no preventing the destruction of the locality for profit by extralocal forces.

Because the lines of conflict between center and periphery are never clear cut, most, if not all, of the local population complies in its own destruction. The rules of the game require each actor to exploit a common resource to survive, so the exploited become the exploiters. The Kansas farmer who is mining groundwater and soil at a rate that will assure that he will not have a farm to pass on to his children is doing so because his only alternative would be to voluntarily suffer economic collapse now rather than later. For agriculture, participation in an international market economy means ruin for the land.

ONLY WHEN THE decisions that affect everyday life are made by those most directly affected does the notion of local control have any meaning. Those who advocate the politics of place must bridge that gap between the world of the hinterland and the world of the self-governing local community. If people have lost the ability to understand and control their own lives and places, then the task and meaning of bioregionalism is political, and is the same everywhere. In this age of industrial empire, we must develop locally specific and bioregionally appropriate ways to increase political, social, economic, and technological independence and self-reliance. We need to increase mutual aid, self-help and self-regulation within the local community and bioregion and develop a renewable energy-based, environmentally appropriate technology capable of being produced, understood, maintained, and controlled at the local and regional levels through democratic means.

FOUR YEARS AGO we moved from the Finger Lakes of upstate New York to northeast Kansas. We sought new opportunities to continue our work in appropriate technology, participatory design, community organization, and locally controlled, ecologically based economic development. We came to practice the politics of place in a place with an ecology, history and culture very different from any other area in which we had lived. We came in the hope of making our new world a better place to be, to change it in some way. In the process of doing so, we ourselves have also been changed in unforeseen ways by this land and its people.

The Place

WE LIVE in Manhattan, Kansas, a town of about 30,000 people, located at the intersection of the Big Blue and Kansas rivers in the Flint Hills, an area about 50 to 60 miles wide which extends from Nebraska to Oklahoma and beyond. It is part of the Missouri River Basin.

On the east, the Flint Hills are separated from the Osage Cuesta by a large rocky escarpment several hundred feet high, creating the most rugged surface feature in the state. Because the east-facing slope of this escarpment is made up of erosion-resistant layers of limestone and chert separated by softer layers of shale, erosion created by the area's relatively humid climate (30 to 34 inches average annual precipitation) has produced benches that rise upward to create the Flint Hills uplands. Major streams cutting through this broad upland have sculpted steep benchlike terraces, and tributary streams typically have very steep channels that reveal angular outcroppings of limestone and flint. A view from the air looks like an architect's contour model, with the lines of equal elevation marked by the native white stone. On the summit of several hills have been found ancient quarries which supplied stone for Native American arrowheads, spears and similar artifacts. Although summit elevations rise 1500 to 1600 feet above sea level, local topographic relief ranges from 100 to 400 feet.

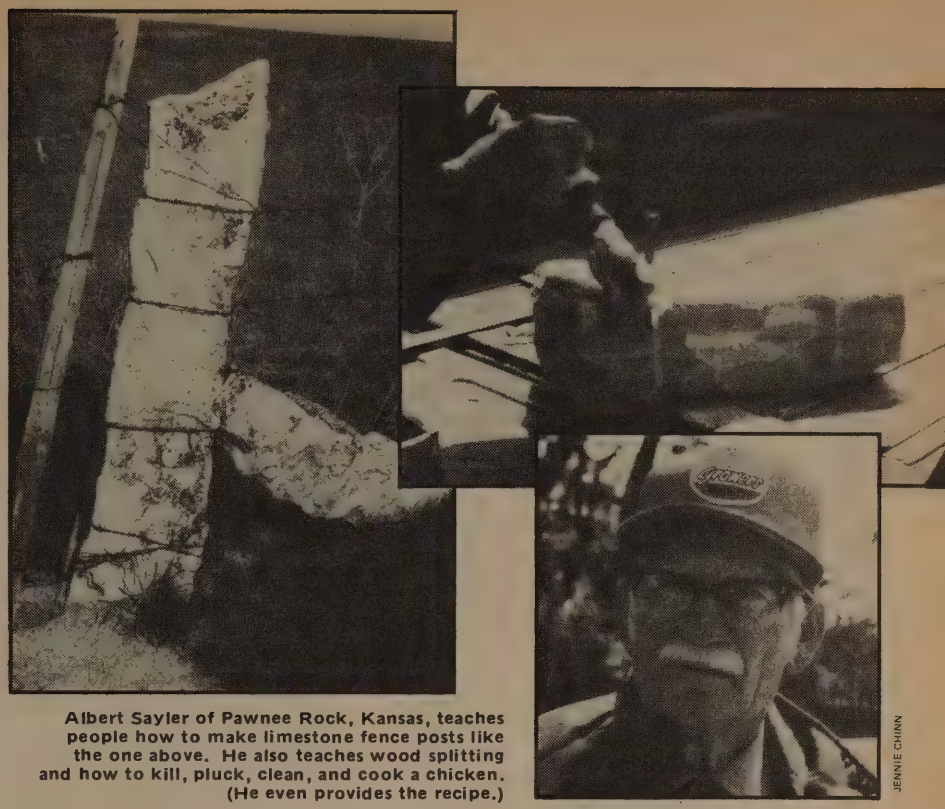
Conventional humid area agriculture takes place in the rich soils of river valleys and stream beds. The only trees native to the area are along these streams and rivers. However, early settlers, anxious to remake the prairie in the image of the heavily forested East, planted

trees around homesteads and ranches and throughout cities and towns. As a result, our immediate setting is hard to distinguish from any other town in the Midwest and East.

This combination of topography, vegetation, and climate creates an intermediate zone, somewhere between the humid timbered area to the east and the High Plains to the west. When you are in the valleys, cities, and towns you are contained within the bounded horizons of the heavily timbered East, and when you leave town and drive up to the top of the surrounding hills you are in the rolling plains of the West.

Culturally, Manhattan is also a hybrid, with a mix of stock ranchers, cowboys, farmers, faculty and students from Kansas State University, military and civilian personnel from nearby Fort Riley, and the shopkeepers, bankers, doctors, lawyers, and other service professionals typical of Main Street, U.S.A. In many ways Manhattan is a typical midwestern university town, lent a wild west flavor by modern cowboys and a landscape rendered familiar by movie and television westerns.

There were three major reasons why we moved to Manhattan: Gary's job in the College of Architecture and Design at Kansas State; the presence of two friends from Cornell who were already teaching in the College and actively involved in energy-related community projects; and the existence of the University for Man (UFM), one of the oldest and most successful free university community education programs in the country. UFM is, in our minds, the best existing example of the community-based, learner-centered alternatives to schools advocated by Ivan Illich and others. Gary saw this learning exchange to be the ideal vehicle for empowering local communities with design and technical expertise, and Julie, who had years of experience in the 1960s as an organizer in Black, Native American and Appalachian communities, saw it as a community organizer's dream.



Albert Sayler of Pawnee Rock, Kansas, teaches people how to make limestone fence posts like the one above. He also teaches wood splitting and how to kill, pluck, clean, and cook a chicken. (He even provides the recipe.)

JENNIE CHINN

Community Education

IF WE ARE ONCE again to have a meaningful politics of place, mechanisms must be found for people within the local community to share their concerns, their knowledge and their lives. Like the Greek notion of the *padeia*, education must be thought of as a primary function of membership in community rather than the consumption of certified knowledge commodities acquired through submission to bureaucratic process in specialized institutions. The community itself must become the setting for a lifelong process of self-transformation through (not instead of) the pursuit of the greatest good for the greatest number. Life and learning must once again become a unified whole.

Such approach to community education would have the following goals: to ensure that knowledge is not a professionally-defined package with marketable entitlements; to guarantee to the learner the right to define what he or she needs to know and to evaluate the learning process (to restore to the person the responsibility for education); to encourage the lifelong sharing of knowledge, skills and tools; to support local voluntary associations and to promote cooperative social relations based on mutual obligation and community feeling (i.e., to help build a complex web of communal organizations and intimate, diverse patterns of relationship rooted in shared space and responsibility); and to provide more equal access to the benefits of organized rationality (i.e. science and technology) in the form of tools and techniques which encourage personal initiative and creativity, meaningful work and political participation, and local self-reliance.

While the learning community, like the community of scholars, may forever elude our grasp, the free university approach to community education is an institutional framework which constantly educates people to personally defined action, participation, service, and self-development.

ORGANIZED AS user-accessed opportunity networks rather than as producer-controlled production systems, free universities offer ungraded,

unaccredited classes to the entire community. They are based on the concept that anyone can teach and anyone can learn. Consequently, every member of a community becomes a potential teacher of something of value to others. The public appeal of this deprofessionalized approach to community education has led to its adoption by a broad cross section of community types and institutional sponsors. Last year, the nation's more than 200 free universities offered more than 200,000 courses to more than 400,000 adults.

Public schools are the same anywhere in the country. Community colleges and vocational/technical schools in New York and Kansas are interchangeable, and universities in the East teach the same Soc 101 courses as do ones in the West. What makes the free university community education programs particularly relevant to the bioregional perspective is that each program is unique to the community and region within which it develops. The community education programs of the Prairies and Great Plains are, like the flora and fauna of the region, a direct outgrowth of the region's natural and cultural histories. More than any other educational system, the free university is the product of the people at the grassroots.

The Kansas Community Education Experience

NOWHERE HAS THE free university been more successfully employed or more widely adopted than in Kansas, where it has a network of more than 40 programs (more than any other state) operating under local auspices in small towns. This movement can be traced directly to UFM, which was one of the few programs founded in the '60s that survived the decade. UFM annually sponsors 800 courses, seminars, conferences, and workshops with enrollments of more than 15,000 learners. All courses, which range from the practical and experiential – organic gardening, car repair, house wiring, pottery, cooking, yoga – to the more speculative and issue-oriented – energy and the future, the philosophy and life of Paul Tillich, human rights in international perspective – are listed in three brochures and are taught by community volunteers. By scheduling events in available free space – homes, churches, and the UFM house – the entire community becomes the campus. Since UFM gives no grades and offers no degrees, it avoids the social control function characteristic of schools (the hidden curriculum) while reflecting in its programs the content people want to learn.

People of all ages, philosophies, and formal educational credentials participate as both teachers and learners. The following excerpt from a recent letter to UFM from a local resident provides an excellent example of this:

> Last night over dinner my family had a remarkable conversation. It reflects and almost underlines the diversity of educational sharing which UFM facilitates, and I want to share it with you. It began when we asked my father (John Cappon, 82 yr.) about the creative writing class he will be co-leading this fall thru UFM. After he had told about his plans I told my parents about the three sessions I plan to lead. After that, Ben (my son, 8 yr.) told about the bird-watching class he will head. It's quite an organization that can serve as an umbrella for three generations' very different educational interests (writing, child-rearing, birding)! The span of ages just in one family is 74 years.

In addition to involving a cross section of the community, the free university programs are clearinghouses for the identification of unmet community needs and springboards for citizen action. UFM, for example, has spawned such programs as a large, highly successful community garden, a food co-op and farmers' market, evening child care, a women's center, a drug and crisis center, an alternative elementary and junior high school, survival skills for undereducated adults (the Know-How Network), and numerous programs for the elderly and handicapped ranging from day care for stroke victims and dramatic arts for the developmentally disabled to vacation site tours. In almost every case, these programs began as issue-based UFM classes and evolved into citizen-initiated and maintained programs.

The Rural Outreach Program

IN RESPONSE TO numerous requests from small towns throughout Kansas for technical assistance in setting up similar programs, UFM has operated a State Outreach Program since 1975. This program has helped to establish a linked network (via a quarterly newsletter) of 40 free university community education programs throughout the state, all but two of which are now self-supporting. Last year, these programs enrolled more than 32,000 participants, and new programs are added every year.

The Olsburg Rural Educational Opportunities (OREO) program, the world's smallest free university, demonstrates why this structure has succeeded in serving rural Kansas. Offering more than 50 classes a year with enrollments far exceeding the population of Olsburg itself, OREO is one of the most active programs in the state. This town of 170 people, which can be the population of a single apartment building in a major city, generally believes that it is still possible to know about and care for one's neighbors. However, according to organizers of OREO, one of the main reasons for starting the program was "to meet people." Meet people in a town of 170? Barb Nelson, testifying before the Kansas legislature on the effect of the OREO program, explains:

> Community education is needed as a means of increasing community spirit. We are not talking about economic development. We are talking about community development on cultural and educational levels in communities who desire it. It is noncompetitive, nonbureaucratic, people-oriented programs. Community education is worthwhile. With it the spirit of the community will be promoted and expanded; without it, rural Kansas will not die, it will languish.

Community education taps the

largely unrecognized reservoir of rural knowledge and skills and helps restore the vitality of small towns and rural communities throughout Kansas. The UFM model, wherever it has been applied, has provided people with a ready vehicle for recreating the bonds of trust and friendship that are the basis of meaningful local community, and it has done so with a minimum expense. UFM is a formalization of forms of mutual aid like the barn raising and quilting bee. Perhaps that is the key to its success in a state that has half the population density of the nation as a whole. When small towns are separated by great distances, a characteristic directly linked to the climate, topography, and vegetation of the Great Plains, it is essential that institutions be multipurpose and that mechanisms be found to increase community solidarity. People must depend on the community, because there is no one else to depend upon.

Low population density, great distances between settlements, and the expectation of threats from forces beyond human control are all characteristics of the frontier, which exists in the Plains as a constant circumstance of nature and not just as a romanticized memory. The paradox of the small Kansas town in the 20th century is that it still exists within a frontier setting yet is contained as a dependent colony within an organized corporate state dominated by consumer-oriented urban values. Thus, the small rural Kansas town still may have a need for self-reliant community yet lack the size and institutional means to satisfy it. Perhaps the rural free university has taken root in Kansas because it is an institutional form that restores a sense of local pride and begins to give substance to the desire for increased independence.

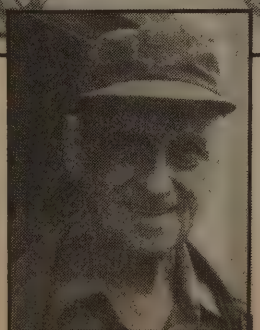
Folk Arts Project

BIOREGIONALISM as a political and cultural movement can only emerge when the people of an area understand their history and the effects of the land on that history. Without understanding the land and the cultural adaptation to it, political action, even if it arises from the grassroots, is likely to make problems worse. The politics of place must be firmly rooted in the consciousness of place.

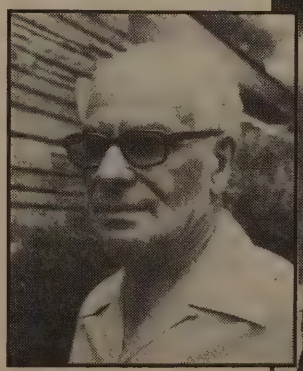
The intent of the Folk Art Project was not only to increase awareness of the folk traditions of the state, but, more impor-

Quilters work every afternoon at Park Place, a retirement home in Lyon. Their advice was saved for future quilters by the Folk Arts Project.

JENNIE CHINN

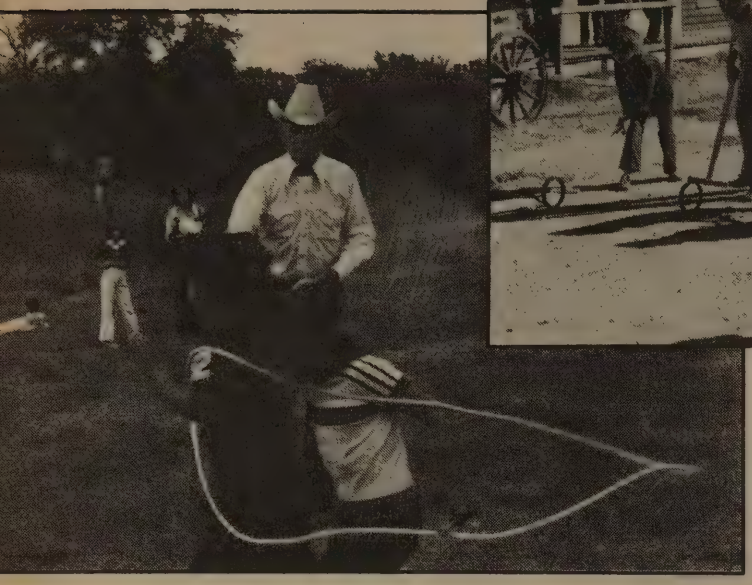


William Burgener worked on the railroad. Now he builds working miniature (27" long) steam engines from memory and demonstrates them around the state.



Tobe Zweygardt's father was a blacksmith and Tobe's a metal sculptor. Now that he's retired he's interested in teaching others what his father taught him.

1980s kids roll hoops at a re-creation of an 1880s fair in Wichita.



Murray Edwards of Atwood, cowboy, rodeo performer, leather worker, painter, and fiddler shows off rope tricks at the Kansas Folklife Festival. UFM hopes he'll soon share his skills at their travelling workshops.

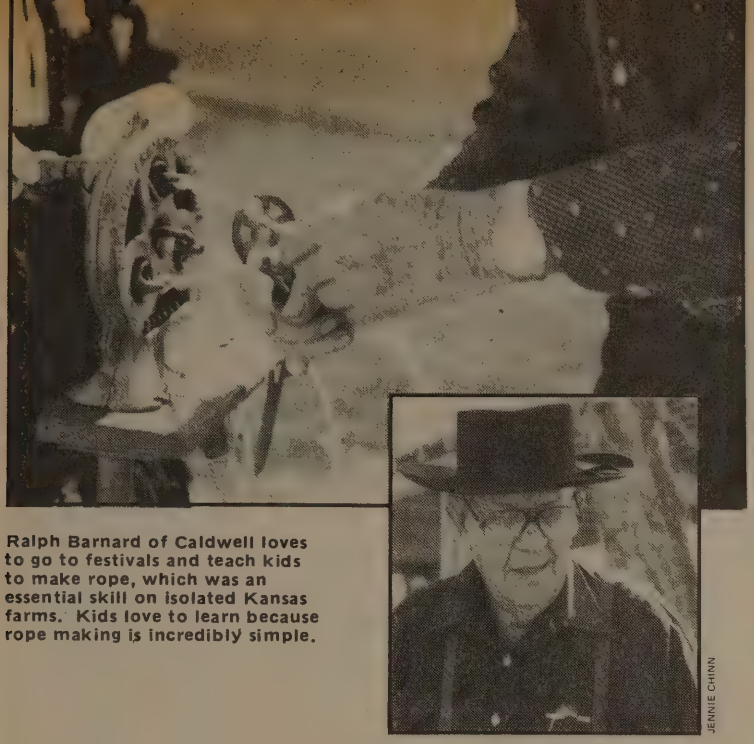
tantly, to use the rural community education network to transmit and renew that heritage. Until this project there had been little documentation of Kansas folk arts. Consequently, the first two phases provided the first inventory of the work of practicing folk artists in every county in Kansas. By August 1981, 245 interviews were completed within both the performing and the visual folk arts. The visual arts survey documented quiltmakers, rugmakers, lacemakers, woodcarvers, painters, leather workers, basket weavers, chair caners, dollmakers, limestone fence post carvers, and folk architects. The performing arts were represented by interviews (including audio tapes of performances) with bluegrass bands, fiddlers, hammered dulcimer players, mariachis, jazz bands and Tamburitzans.

According to project folklorist Jennie Chinn, the dominant themes of Kansas traditional arts reflect the influence of the cowboys and homesteaders who settled the farms and cowtowns of Kansas toward the end of the 19th century. In fact, much of the state, especially the high plains of the west, was so recently settled that many of the traditional artists interviewed still live on family homesteads. Some are former cowboys who now tell stories of their days on the range.

The project also unearthed a wealth of material descended from the many Old World ethnic groups who colonized large areas of the state largely in response to the promotional activities of the railroads, state and local governments, and private settlement agencies. Mennonites, for example, seeking asylum from an 1871 Russian law requiring universal military service, bought land offered by the Santa Fe Railroad in south central Kansas, an area very similar to their Russian homeland. They brought their hard red winter wheat and the farm practices which had developed the plains of the Ukraine into some of the most productive wheat country in the Old World. German-Russians, or Volga Germans, a largely Roman Catholic group who, like the Mennonites, were antimilitaristic and good farmers, settled western Kansas in large numbers, originally in communal groups, during the 1870s and 1880s. They were used to working with stone and built numerous limestone churches with tall steeples, the most famous of which is the St. Fidelis Church, the "Cathedral of the Plains" in Victoria, built between 1908 and 1911. Scandinavians, Bohemians (from Czechoslovakia), Serbians, Blacks (freed slaves), Mexican-Americans (who were brought in to help build the railroads), and many other groups also played important parts in settling the state. The Kansas Folk Arts Project has uncovered, in many cases, a line of traditional folk art practice that goes directly back to the beginning of these early settlements.

Rather than merely documenting these traditions for historians and archivists, the UFM Kansas Folk Arts Project has always intended to nurture a living tradition for the future. Toward this end, the third phase of the project, which is just beginning, will be presentations based on the materials gathered in the survey. In each of the six relatively isolated but receptive target communities, practicing folk artists will demonstrate their skills and teach them through the local free university community education program. A tape/slide program will also be presented. The purpose will be to describe the findings of the survey, to explore the major themes and genres of Kansas folk art, and to compare the Kansas traditions with those of other states and regions. It is hoped that this decentralized, multidimensional approach to information dissemination will keep alive the traditions of the past and renew an awareness of the state and region as an historically unique and culturally rich part of the world.

Because of the Folk Arts Project there is now a groundswell of



Ralph Barnard of Caldwell loves to go to festivals and teach kids to make rope, which was an essential skill on isolated Kansas farms. Kids love to learn because rope making is incredibly simple.

JENNIE CHINN

interest in Kansas history and folk art and a solid grassroots network of organizations and individuals eager to keep the practice of the traditional arts alive as a community-based force for cultural renewal. The cultural foundations for a bioregional consciousness are firmly in place and are likely to grow stronger in the years ahead.

The Appropriate Technology Program

IMPLICIT IN THE notion of bioregionalism is the idea that human environments must grow out of the collective efforts of their inhabitants and be integrated gracefully and intelligently with all other life forms within the region. If bioregionalism is to become more than an interesting intellectual concept, we must develop a bioregionally appropriate technology capable of providing on a sustainable basis the material foundations for locally controlled economic and technical development and community self-reliance. This includes the development, within each bioregion, of locally appropriate participatory design methods; energy conserving and renewable-energy-based technologies which are small scale, inexpensive, understandable, skill and repair intensive, and nonviolent in their impact on people and the environment; and an institutionalized community-based process for sharing technical knowledge and promoting ongoing bioregional dialogue.

The UFM is an institution for the transformation of society that itself bears the characteristics of a sustainable, life-enhancing society which activates the enormous potential of people to help each other help themselves. It is particularly effective in involving people in defining and solving local problems. Thus it is ideally suited to creating and sustaining an indigenous technology.

In founding the UFM Appropriate Technology Program in the spring of 1978, I hoped to meld the design and technical expertise of the College of Architecture and Design at Kansas State with the democratic structure of the community education programs to institute locally controlled technological change.

While the Kansas community education programs are ideally suited to the task of creating a low-cost, learner-centered, community responsive learning system, each program is limited to the information and skills resident in the local community; the strength of each local program is also its weakness. The AT program is an attempt to respond to the uneven distribution of knowledge in conservation and renewable energy technologies. Rather than dominating people with claims to uncommunicable yet essential knowledge and legally sanctioned monopolies over its use, as has been the case for the design professions (as well as others) in what Illich has called the Age of Disabling Professions, the aim of the AT program is to decrease dependencies and increase the knowledge, skill and self-determination of people served. In short, we succeed to the extent to which we work ourselves out of a job.

We view our role as facilitators. For example, while program staff offer classes in areas in which we have some practical as well as theoretical expertise — the design and construction of energy conserving window insulation and shading devices, solar greenhouse design and construction, home energy conservation — the largest part of our role is to locate area residents who are willing and able to share their expertise. We only offer directly those classes for which local expertise cannot be found, and then our aim is to teach others so that they can teach others in the future.

Our approach to providing technical assistance to other communities in the state is similar. We do not become involved in a project unless we receive a request for assistance; we only undertake a project if it will help teach others in the community. For example, we received a request to provide technical assistance in the design of a vertical wall, fan-assisted solar collector for a moderate income woman living in an all electric house. The request was brought to us on her behalf by the Kansas Organic Producers, a group with whom we had collaborated in the past. We agreed to design the collector and control system and to supervise its implementation with the stipulation that the project become a barn-raising style workshop for local residents. In return for supplying the materials and the site for the workshop, the homeowner got a solar retrofit without a labor

or design charge. In return for their labor, workshop participants learned how to design and build a low-cost solar retrofit device. In addition to helping a person of limited means afford to keep warm in winter, our reward was seeing another solar demonstration site developed in another part of the state and knowing that the ability to repeat that experience remained after we left.

Because the poor and elderly suffer first and most from rising energy costs, special attention has been given to meeting their basic needs. As our involvement with the elderly has deepened, we have realized that the plight of the rural elderly in Kansas and most of the other Plains states is central to the development of a bioregionally based appropriate technology policy. Next to Florida, Kansas has the highest proportion of residents over 65 of any state in the nation. Of the eight states with 12 percent or more of their population over 65, four are in the Plains (South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma) and three are immediately adjacent (Iowa, Missouri, and Arkansas). Given that the percentage of older people increases as the size of the community decreases, it is easy to understand why the Plains region has the greatest concentration of the aging. Although this region was the last settled, it is now the home of people left behind (the elderly and the Native Americans), the most rural area in an urban industrial nation. In the Plains states, the future of small towns and rural areas is inextricably tied to the fate of the aging.

Rather than allowing the elderly to freeze to death in the dark in the name of sound economics (which seems to be the emerging energy policy in Washington), an entirely different approach should be considered – uncoupling the elderly from technologies and markets no longer capable of serving them, and providing them with the technologies, skills and capitalization necessary to increase independence and self-reliance. The most effective and appropriate strategy involves the elderly themselves, both as volunteers and as paid participants, in the entire process of reshaping their own lives, technologies and communities, from problem stating to design and implementation. The following projects best illustrate the potential of this approach.

The Green Thumb Solar Greenhouse Workshop

SINCE 1965, THE National Farmers Union Green Thumb Program (part of the Department of Labor) has attempted to employ rural low income elderly in projects that address pressing social and environmental problems. In April 1981, Green Thumb, the National Center for Appropriate Technology, and UFM cosponsored a Solar Greenhouse Training Workshop. Held at UFM, this regional workshop trained teams to implement local solar greenhouse projects as part of a long-term effort to promote conservation, solar energy use (in all forms), and the creation of comprehensive community food systems (solar greenhouses, community gardens, farmers' markets, food co-ops, and food banks). Participants came in teams from eleven states, with each team made up of persons interested in fundraising and job development, design and construction, and greenhouse operation.

During the three-and-a-half-day workshop, administrators focused on fundraising (from bake sales to grant writing), community organizing, and construction management, culminating in the writing of a generic grant proposal for funding a solar greenhouse. Those interested in design and construction studied solar greenhouse theory, construction detailing, and cost estimating, culminating in the construction of a 10' x 16' greenhouse connected to the recreation room of a local six-story apartment tower for the elderly. (See photo.) Those interested in operating greenhouses were presented with lectures, tours, demonstrations and hands-on exercises in topics ranging from design and layout to soil preparation, planting, disease and pest control, and crop scheduling. They designed the layout and seasonal planting schedule for the greenhouse built by the design and construction group.

On the final morning the greenhouse operations group planted the greenhouse. In the afternoon, the team members met to share what they had learned and to discuss plans for projects in their communities. It appears that this workshop will lead to the development of as many as 20 solar greenhouses in eleven states on such facilities as senior centers, town halls, 4-H centers and even a state fairground.

The UFM Passive Solar Addition

FOLLOWING Kenneth Boulding's first dictum that "whatever exists is possible," a major goal of the UFM AT program has been to demonstrate appropriate energy technologies. Funded by the Department of Energy Small Grants Appropriate Technology Program and the city of Manhattan and completed in November 1980, the UFM solar addition is a multipurpose facility designed to provide a highly visible, publicly accessible demonstration of low-cost renewable energy sources for space heating and cooling, food production, water heating, waste recycling, and similar energy intensive processes. (See photos.) It contains a community solar greenhouse, a lounge, kitchenette, restroom and appropriate technology resource library, and a community workshop and tool lending library.

The UFM facility's building construction and solar technologies are applicable to 90 to 95 percent of the building starts in the state. However, the most important implications of this building may be social rather than technical. It was designed by a group of future users (the elderly, the handicapped, and others) through an intensive weekend workshop process which used large scale models and other

How to free older people from expensive technologies that leave them to freeze to death in the dark: in the Green Thumb project, solar greenhouses like this are built by and for the elderly.

In UFM's solar addition, designed by the community, retired people grow food year round, cook in the kitchenette and build in the workshop.

ALAN EDGAR

Horticulturist Ginny Patterson working in the community greenhouse

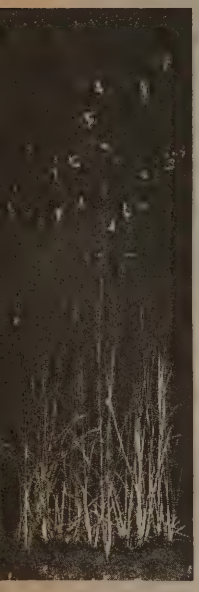
technologies to involve non-designers in key physical design decisions. It was constructed with the help of a cross section of the community, including elderly volunteers, UFM Green Thumb employees, university interns, area residents and UFM staff. This collective creativity has continued as innovative programs for the use of the facility are developed by community members in collaboration with UFM staff. The UFM solar addition is the visible expression of the social interaction that created and sustains it.

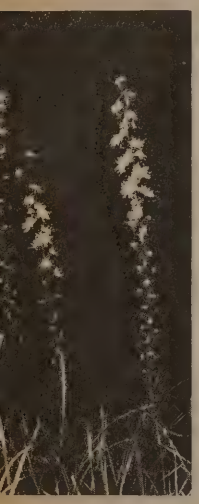
Not only does the building hold important lessons for achieving effective community participation in the design process, but as an institutional innovation it provides a model for using appropriate energy technology to help solve many problems experienced by small towns and rural areas throughout the region. Older Manhattan residents and developmentally disabled adults work with the UFM horticulturist and KSU horticultural therapy interns to grow food on a year round basis and to produce bedding plants for sale to the local community. A community workshop cooperative uses the well-equipped shop for self-help projects, and the UFM staff uses it for energy-related, hands-on workshops and training programs. The resource library and design and technical assistance service provide information on conservation and solar energy use. The lounge and kitchenette are a handicapped-accessible community meeting space and neighborhood senior center. At any given time it is possible to find a group of older volunteers harvesting winter vegetables in the greenhouse for use in a "solar salad" to be eaten in the dining area, a local homeowner going over plans for a new solar house with AT staff in the resource library, or a workshop co-op member building insulating shutters in the shop.

It may well be that all our work at UFM, which has yet to address many of the key issues of life on the Plains (e.g., groundwater depletion), will turn out to be too little too late. It may well be, as Wes Jackson has suggested, that the problems of the region are too big, that the forces of destruction are too powerful and too far advanced to be stopped before either ecological destruction or economic collapse bring them to their logical conclusion.

But the problems of this or any other region cannot be addressed without first involving people in the process of personal, cultural, institutional and technical change in the places where they live, in their own backyards, streets and towns. Without that, there can be no bioregional movement for change. It is the central paradox of localism and the central problem of bioregionalism. People must be firmly rooted before they will fight destruction that comes from beyond their boundaries. Community is the beginning and end of bioregionalism. Before the bioregion can become a community, the experience of community must become a familiar and cherished condition of everyday life.

Action toward these ends can never be motivated by the expectation of success. It can only occur with hope. We all have to be somewhere. We all have to do something. Why not work wherever we are to make that part of the Earth a better place to be, a place worth saving? What other choices do we have? ■





Bibliography for the North American Prairies

by Kelly Kindscher

Here's a real nice bibliography on the prairie bioregion of North America. Never been done before and can serve as a model for other bioregional cultural revivals. Kelly's a great guy and worked hard on this. —*Peter Warshall*

PRAIRIE WRITERS

MARI SANDOZ — Historian, mystic, native to the Sand Hills of Northwest Nebraska. **Love Song to the Plains** (1966; $4.50) is not her best work, but is her largest in scope geographically. **Old Jules** (1962; $5.95) and **Crazy Horse: The Strange Man of the Ogallalas** (1961; $5.50) are two others that are representative of her fine writing. (All postpaid from University of Nebraska Press* or Whole Earth Household Store.)

JOHN NEIHARDT — Born in Kansas, grew up near Bancroft, Nebraska, and became the Nebraska Poet Laureate. Known for **Black Elk Speaks** (**NWEC** p. 44). I thank Gary Snyder for leading me to Neihardt's **Cycle of the West**, a two-volume epic poem about the explorers and trappers of the West and about the Indian demise (**The Mountain Men**, 1971; $5.95; and **The Twilight of the Sioux**, 1971; $4.50; both postpaid from University of Nebraska Press* or Whole Earth Household Store). I am also very fond of **Indian Tales and Others** (which unfortunately is out of print), in which Neihardt retells Omaha Indian stories of their first encounter with the whites.

WILLA CATHER — Coming to the prairie near Red Cloud, Nebraska, as a young girl from Virginia, she was struck deeply by this gently rolling country, the red prairie grass, and the people who persevered in their attempt to make this rich country; with a heritage of extremely fertile prairie soils, their home. I identify closely with her stories because my great-great-grandparents homesteaded in the county she grew up in and the stories she tells could be my own. **My Antonia** (1961; $5.95) and **O Pioneers** (1962; $4.95) are two of her best works. (Both postpaid from Houghton Mifflin Company, Mail Order Department, Two Park Street, Boston, MA 02107 or Whole Earth Household Store).

OLE RÖLVAAG — **Giants in the Earth** (1927; $3.45 postpaid from Harper and Row, Mail Order Department, 10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022 or Whole Earth Household Store) is a Scandinavian perspective on the difficulties faced by the pioneers and how their hopes and dreams could be shattered. It is a good book, with a South Dakota setting.

ECOLOGY AND NATURAL HISTORY

JOHN ERNEST WEAVER — **Prairie Plants and Their Environment** (1968; out of print from University of Nebraska Press*), a 50-year study in the Midwest; **North American Prairie** (1954; out of print from Johnsen Publishing Company, Lincoln, NE); **The Prairie** by Weaver and T.J. Fitzpatrick (1934, 1980; $6 postpaid from Prairie/Plains Resource Institute, 1219 16th Street, Aurora, NE 68818). When one talks about grasslands, about the prairies of North America, and what is known, one speaks of Weaver. He was an ecologist at the University of Nebraska, and his work still is the authoritative source on prairie ecology. He dug 20 feet deep to understand prairie roots, the most important part. His work was science, but some of his writing is prose. **Prairie Plants and Their Environment** is the most readable, but almost all of his work is fascinating. As you can see, I'm a Weaver fanatic. Listen to this: Weaver spoke of prairie as "much more than land covered with grass. It is a slowly evolved, highly complex organic entity, centuries old. It approaches the eternal. . . . Each grass-covered hillside is a page on which is written the history of the past, conditions of the present, and predictions of the future. Some see without understanding; but let us look closely and understandingly, and act wisely."

Another Weaver book in print is **Native Vegetation of Nebraska**, *1965; $11.95 postpaid from University of Nebraska Press.** —*Art Kleiner*

PAUL SEARS — **Deserts on the March** (1935, 1980; 4th Edition; $13.33 postpaid from University of Oklahoma Press** or Whole Earth Household Store) is a new edition (revised and rewritten) of an important book. More than just a book about the Dust Bowl and how the deserts went on the march after men broke the prairie sod, it tells about our misuse of natural resources and how they can be managed properly. Also, **Lands beyond the Forest** (1975; out of print from Prentice-Hall) covers this bioregion. Paul Sears is now 90, still working and writing, a former University of Oklahoma botany teacher and director of the conservation program at Yale. He tells a wonderful story of hunting springs to sip, taste, and compare with his grandfather in Ohio while growing up, and how now, after the native vegetation has been removed, the springs "are allllllll gone."

DAVID COSTELLO — **The Prairie World** (1969, 1980; $6.95 postpaid from University of Minnesota Press, 2037 University Avenue SE, Minneapolis, MN 55414 or Whole Earth Household Store). Costello is a Nebraska native, scientist, and lover of prairie. This and Durward Allen's book **The Life of Prairies and Plains** (1967; out of print from McGraw-Hill) are the two best introductions to prairie. This one is slightly more detailed and provides a wider view — plants, mammals, birds, insects, reptiles and amphibians, water, migrations, catastrophe and renewal, man, and the prairie year, ending with a good bibliography. Costello also wrote **The Prairie Chicken** (?), which I am trying to find. The prairie chicken (Native Americans surely had a more reverential name) should be the totem bird for our area. Although it takes more than one species to cover the area, it seems to be the most symbolic bird — requiring fairly large areas of prairie for habitat. It was and is a popular

Photos of prairie plants from The Prairie by Weaver and T.J. Fitzpatrick.

* University of Nebraska Press
901 North 17th Street
Lincoln, NE 68588

** University of Oklahoma Press
1005 Asp Avenue
Norman, OK 73019

food source, and its ritualistic mating dance (now in progress early each morning) is thought to have been copied in some Native American dances. If we are to speak for prairie, we must speak up for prairie chicken. These nonmigratory birds make the prairies their only home.

DAVID DARY — **The Buffalo Book (NWEC p. 115).** The buffalo should be the totem mammal of our biogeographical region and this is the best book on the subject. Another angle on the subject is Mari Sandoz' **The Buffalo Hunters: The Story of Hide Men** (1954; $4.50 postpaid from University of Nebraska Press* or Whole Earth Household Store).

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY — **Pasture and Range Plants (NWEC p. 99).** The totem plant should be big bluestem or turkeyfoot bluestem (*Andropogen gerardi*) because 1) grasses make up 90 to 95 percent of the prairie vegetation, and bluestem makes the grasslands; 2) bluestem occurs throughout the range, dominant in the tallgrass prairie, and can be found in wetter habitats in the West; and 3) bluestem was a favorite food of the buffalo and now of cattle. Note: it is possible that the oldest living plant, other than a bristlecone pine, is a grass. With no rings to count, it is impossible to tell, but some big bluestem clump on the edge of a stony ridge in the Flint Hills of Kansas may be of a genetic stock that has been there for centuries, growing from rhizomes that have held the same ground for the entire time, firmly rooted in the soil.

HISTORY

JAMES C. MALIN — **The Grasslands of North America: Prolegomena to Its History** (1967; $9.36 postpaid from Peter Smith Publishers, 6 Lexington Avenue, Magnolia, MA 01930 or Whole Earth Household Store). This is an introduction and interpretation of the history of the North American grasslands. Although in some respects it is becoming outdated (most of the text was written prior to 1946), it is a primary work (including a detailed historical bibliography through 1946).

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB — **The Great Plains** (1931, 1981; $10.95 postpaid from University of Nebraska Press* or Whole Earth Household Store). This book was a landmark in the regional approach by historians to the Trans-Mississippi West. In it Webb describes the Great Plains as generally being level, treeless, and subhumid (something that we are still trying to change). He stated that ways of life and human institutions had to change for this region to be settled. Although criticisms of many of Webb's ideas have arisen, this book is still considered one of the major histories of the Great Plains.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND ARCHEOLOGY

WALDO WEDEL — **Prehistoric Man on the Great Plains** (1961; $17.78 postpaid from University of Oklahoma Press** or Whole Earth Household Store). I believe that this is the most recent and specific book on the subject. Wedel, a Kansas native, has worked extensively in the Great Plains and as of 1978 was Archeologist Emeritus for the Smithsonian Institute. I am particularly thankful for his **An Introduction to Kansas Archeology** (1959; out of print from Scholarly Press) and its section on petroglyphs in Kansas.

ETHNOBOTANY AND AGRICULTURE

GEORGE F. WILL AND GEORGE E. HYDE — **Corn among the Indians of the Upper Missouri** (1964; $4.95 postpaid from University of Nebraska Press* or Whole Earth Household Store). Excellent! This book describes the corn culture of the first agriculturists of the area, including the Arikara, Hidatsa, Mandan, Iowa, Omaha, Pawnee, and others. The Pawnee had at least ten varieties: white flour (Mother Corn), yellow flour, yellow flint, red flint, blue flour, sweet corn, white and red striped, blue-speckled flour, popcorn, and red flour. A fascinating account with many fine illustrations.

MELVIN R. GILMORE — **Uses of Plants by the Indians of the Missouri River Region,** (1919, 1977; $5.95 postpaid from University of Nebraska Press* or Whole Earth Household Store). This is a delightful ethnobotany — a classic of the Northern Great Plains, illustrated and with many insightful observations. Gilmore wanted to show through this book that primitive man and his culture were tied intricately to plants and the environment. He also wanted to demonstrate that many plants used by American Indians might be fruitfully cultivated by others. These two ideas, nurtured in 1919, are still alive and growing today.

GILBERT L. WILSON — **Agriculture of the Hidatsa Indians: An Indian Interpretation** (1917, 1977; $26 postpaid from AMS Press, 56 East 13th Street, New York, NY 10003). Buffalobird-woman, a Hidatsa, tells of her people's agriculture and their beliefs. Speaking of the Hidatsa's five principal varieties of corn, she says, "For one thing, they each had a distinct taste. If at night I were given to eat of hard white corn, or hard yellow or soft yellow, I could at once tell each from any of the others. If I were given mush at night from these three varieties, each by itself, I could distinguish each variety, not by its smell, but in my mouth by taste." She tells the story of an indigenous agriculture that is now only a memory.

ORGANIZATIONS

CENTER FOR RURAL AFFAIRS — "A private, nonprofit organization established in 1973 to focus public attention on issues dealing with people, land, and food through publications, speeches, conferences, and major research projects." Publishes **The Prairie Sentinel,** edited by Dan Looker, $10/year (6 issues) from Center for Rural Affairs, P.O. Box 405, Walthill, NE 68067. Also sponsors the Small Farm Energy Project in Harrington, Nebraska (**NWEC p. 122**).

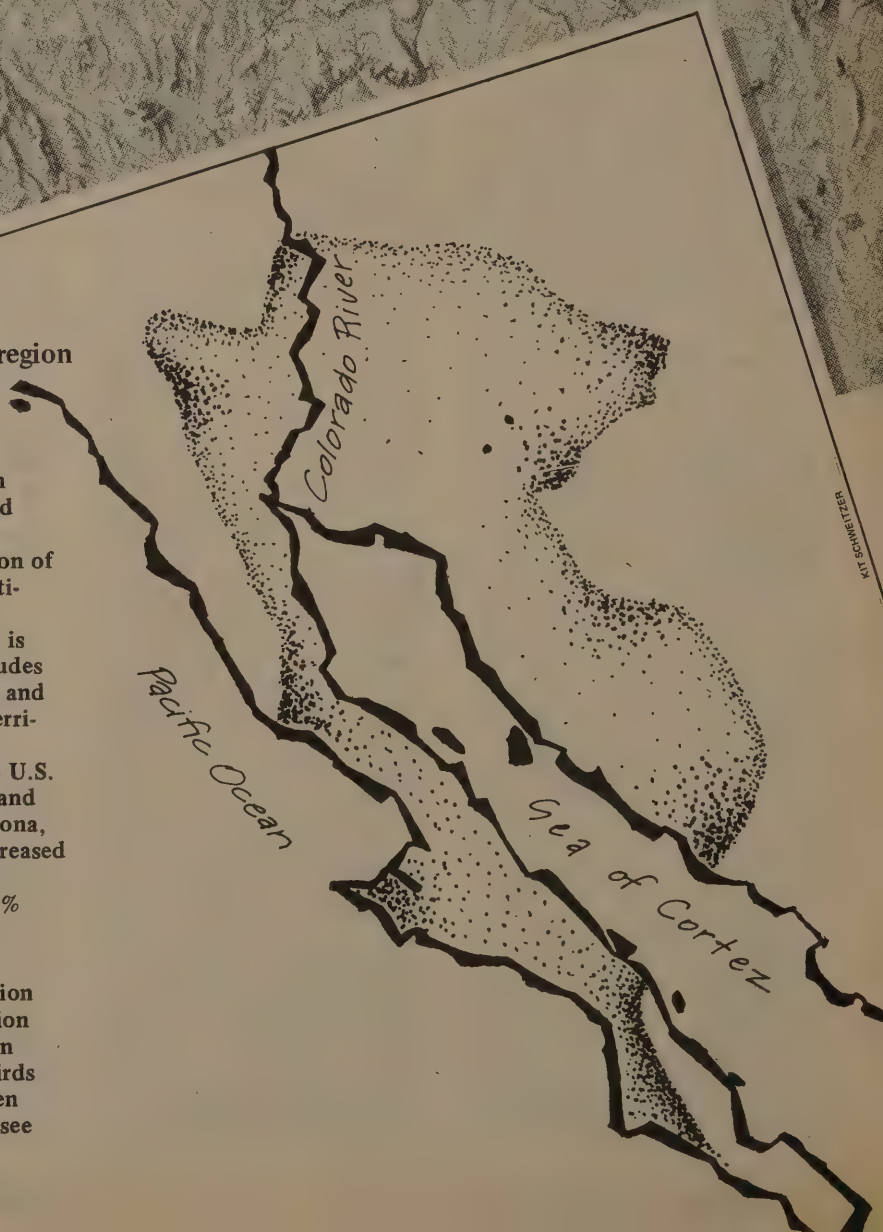
THE LAND INSTITUTE — Codirected by Wes and Dana Jackson, this is a nonprofit organization dedicated to the search for sustainable alternatives in agriculture, energy, waste, and shelter. (Wes wrote the article on p. 70.) They publish **The Land Report** three times yearly. Also, each year on the last weekend in May they sponsor the Prairie Festival, an environmental celebration. (The Land Institute, Rt. 3, Salina, KS 66044).

PRAIRIE/PLAINS RESOURCE INSTITUTE — Codirected by Bill and Jan Whitney, it "is part of a growing network of people who are looking for, preserving, studying, and even planting prairie. The Institute is also working to design and promote a concept of resource development which protects and sustains the health and productivity of people, soils, watersheds, and communities." The first two issues of their journal have just come out: **Prairie/Plains Journal,** edited by Jan Whitney, $10/calendar year (2 issues; includes membership) from Prairie/Plains Resource Institute, 1219 16th Street, Aurora, NE 68818.

SAVE THE TALLGRASS PRAIRIE — This has been the organization dedicated to preserving a sizeable remnant of tallgrass prairie. Their emphasis has been on creating a Prairie National Park in the Flint Hills of Kansas — the largest remaining area of tallgrass prairie in the U.S. I think it is significant that the grasslands are not represented in our National Park system — they could be and were used for agriculture instead. Elaine Shea is the hard-working person behind this organization. STP, 4101 West 54th Terrace, Shawnee Mission, KS 66205. ■

As the bioregional concept takes hold on the North American continent, the task at hand becomes, in part, the act of definition: where the hell is my bioregion? Below are four independent examples of bioregional intent. Though each group takes a different tack – politics, education, literature, video – they share a common root: they have accepted the idea of bioregional locatedness and have generated a vision, a description of place, and are providing a means to act upon that vision. –Peter Berg and Joe Kurtz

AMERICAN BIOREGIONAL EMERGENCE



The Sonoran Desert Bioregion

by Gary Nabhan

THE LARGEST migration in human history has occurred since the Second World War – the urbanization of the regions west of the Continental Divide. One of the regions particularly hard hit is the Sonoran Desert. It includes two Mexican states (Sonora and Baja Norte), one Mexican territory approaching statehood (Baja Sur), and parts of two U.S. states (Southern California and Southern Arizona). In Arizona, for instance, population increased from 1,775,339 in 1970 to 2,714,013 in 1980 – a 52.9% increase, surpassed only by Nevada.

Why this human concentration in the Tierra Caliente, a region formerly considered a barren wasteland? Because snowbirds see it as the Sunbelt's Golden Buckle? Because Mexicans see

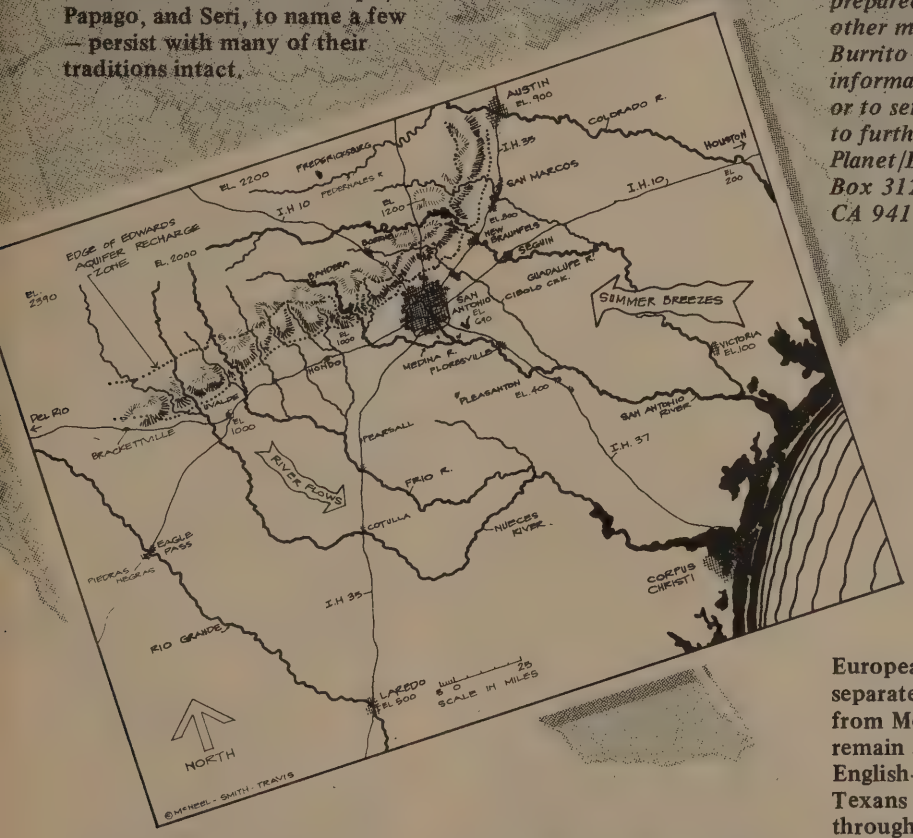
it as the Land of Opportunity, the Endless Lettuce Field? Because it's still part of the Old West? A nice place to retire? Where you can see Real Live Indians? Take advantage of bordertown bargains?

The best reason for living here is also the most well-kept secret: the Sonoran Desert. Its 2500 kinds of plants coexist in a greater diversity of life forms than in any other New World desert. Its birds, lizards, snakes, and mammals show an odd overlapping of tropical, temperate, arid, and semiarid species at the edges of their ranges. Paleohistory is rich, and a number of Sonoran cultures — the Yaqui, Papago, and Seri, to name a few — persist with many of their traditions intact.

Yet what persists is threatened now as never before. The grab for water is gutting the desert, and resources accumulated over tens of thousands of years are vanishing into thin air within decades. For instance, the Harquahula Valley west of Phoenix is using 96 times the amount of groundwater that is being recharged into its aquifer. The Orme Dam, planned as part of the Central Arizona Project, could wipe out the last 350 desert Yavapai if they are forced to leave their Fort McDowell reservation, which will be flooded. Pumping along La Costa de Hermosillo has accelerated salt water intrusion for tens of miles inland from the Sea of Cortez, ruining this aquifer for good. Salinity as well as overpumping and its energy costs have already forced the abandonment of nearly one-quarter of the agricultural land ever cultivated in Arizona.

These problems have forced folks to begin to re-view the region *as* a region — to begin to pull together what's needed for a sustainable desert life, to begin to sense what can be salvaged from 12,000 years of human history here.

This is the introduction to Planet/Drum Foundation's Sonoran Desert Bundle, *prepared by Gary Nabhan and other members of the Teppary Burrito Society in Tucson. For information about the bundle, or to send monetary donations to further production, write: Planet/Drum Foundation, P.O. Box 31251, San Francisco, CA 94131.* —PB



The San Antonio Bioregion

by Pleas McNeel

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN around the San Antonio Bioregion for a long, long time. Archaeologists have found man-made artifacts 11,000 years old and trade goods a thousand years old here. For centuries it has been a haven for gatherers and a crossroad for hunters and traders.

This bioregion is woven together by rivers that arise in the "1000 springs" area of the Balcones escarpment. Four distinct vegetation areas join to form a focal point of diverse ecological and sociological elements.

Also known as the Alamo area, this bioregion has been settled by at least 23 different ethnic groups since Spaniards occupied the territory of the Coahuiltecan Indians in the late 1600s. The plow replaced the gatherer's basket, northern and southern Europeans drew the line which separates the United States from Mexico, and today we remain a divided culture. English- and Spanish-speaking Texans approach each other through a fog of generations of misunderstanding.

Although still a frontier, the region is nevertheless the most civilized in Texas. When Will Rogers called San Antonio one of America's four unique cities, along with San Francisco, Boston, and New Orleans, he was referring not only to the beauty of the place but also to a special culture that has grown out of our diversity.

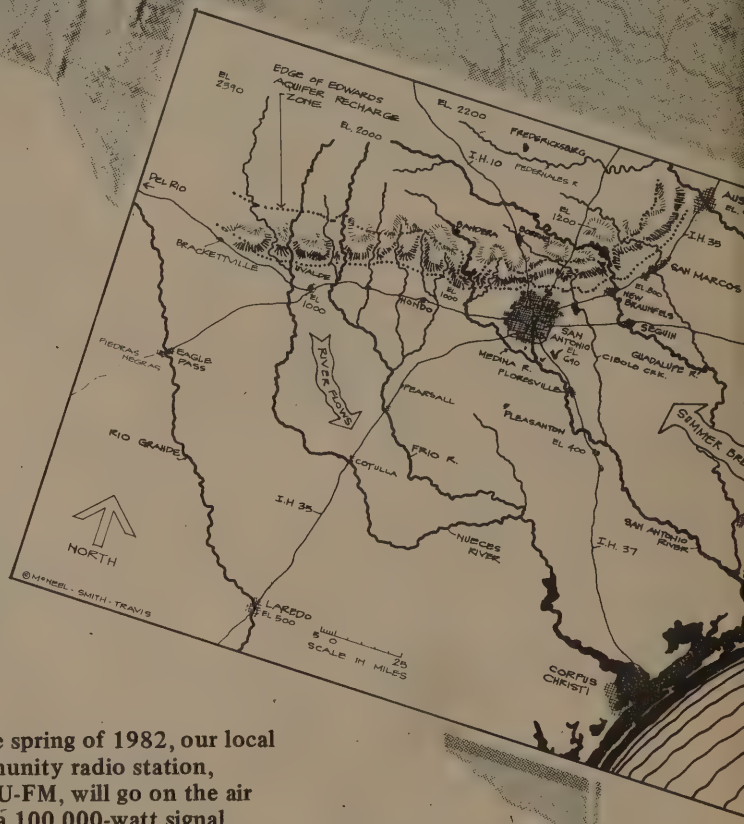
Now the line between our region and Mexico is becoming blurred and we anticipate a future as an

international trade center. The lust for Sun Belt bucks is changing the shape of the land. A relaxed earthy way of life is disappearing along with the purity of our water and air. Some of us realize that we must help shape the way our region is growing or lose our most important heritage — our relationship with the land and wild nature.

To promote an understanding of the bioregion, we have formed a Regional Awareness Project. It is open to the public, and is interdisciplinary, multiinstitutional, and as much fun as possible. It is based at St. Phillips College, a small community college that is providing us with secretarial, transcription, and print services, a large sunny room with wall space for maps, and audio-visual equipment. The room will be equipped for quality recording and will be a bioregional library where we can pool information to create four bioregional books — Water, Earth, Air, and Fire — that will present technical information, stories, poetry, and art, and will become texts for a course of bioregional study.

The Artists Alliance of San Antonio is developing a magazine for artists and art lovers that will provide continuous updating on the Regional Awareness Project to the creative community, publish bioregional works, and invite participation in specific projects.

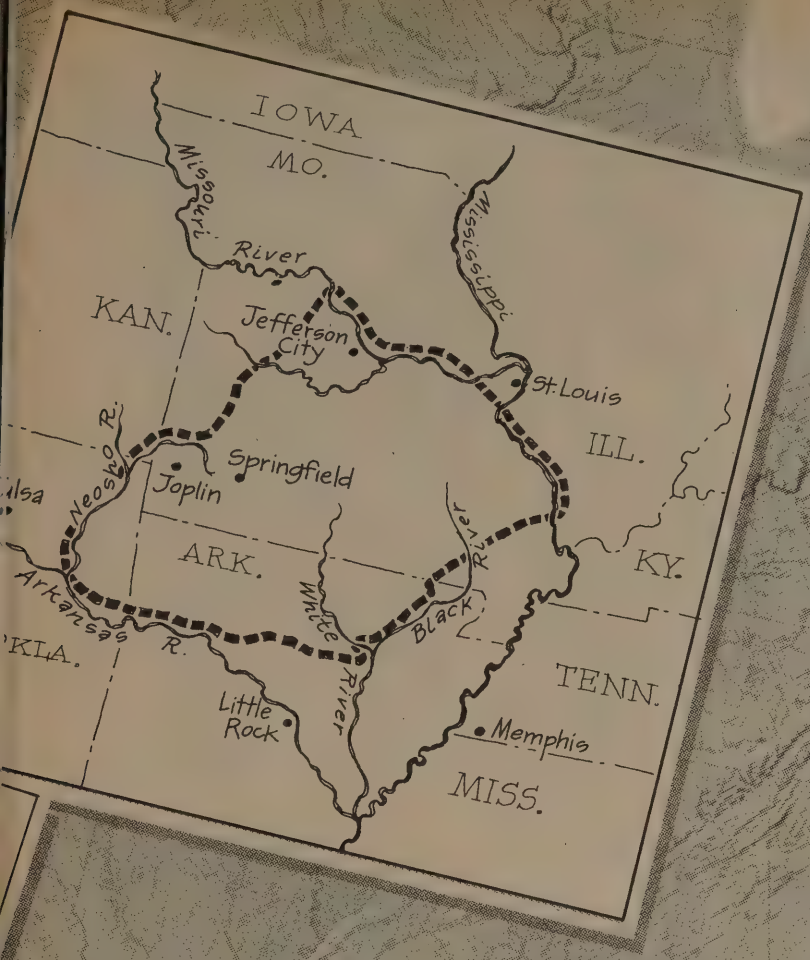
The San Antonio Media Center is developing a community television production center that will produce bioregional videotapes to be shown on public access cable channels and at discussion groups, and possibly even as a backdrop for a bioregional ballet. Some of the tapes will be nationally and internationally distributed, and tape exchanges will be made with other bioregions.



In the spring of 1982, our local community radio station, KURU-FM, will go on the air with a 100,000-watt signal broadcast over a 20,510 square-mile area. Regional drama, music, discussions, oral history, debates about regional policy, and documentaries will be woven into the format. Remote units will broadcast live to capture an accurate sense of place.

Our citizens are faced with perplexing choices. You talk to a dozen people around here and you get a dozen points of view. Being Texan, each is convinced that he or she is right. The Regional Awareness Project is one way to use the media to untangle the confusion that comes from our diversity, to see the unifying thread that binds us to this Earth, our roots, and each other.

For more information on the Regional Awareness Project write Michael Smith (St. Phillips College), L.K. Travis (urban planning and local politics), or Pleas McNeel (media) at 515 North Loop Road, San Antonio, TX 78216. A complimentary copy of the San Antonio Artists Alliance Revue is available from Rod Snyder, 121 East Ashby, San Antonio, TX 78212.



Ozarkia

DAVID HAENKE of the Ozark Area Community Congress talking: "The last ten years have seen an influx of people coming from the cities, urban refugees. They came because land was and remains inexpensive and because taxes are very low. Average taxes for a 40-acre piece of land are about $45 a year. You don't pay much and you don't get much. There are very few services, very little road maintenance, for instance. The soil is poor, very rocky and clayey, basically a forest soil that's been eroded away, but you can grow a garden of almost anything you want, and you can even raise a little extra. It's easy to survive in the Ozarks, it's a poor people's paradise.

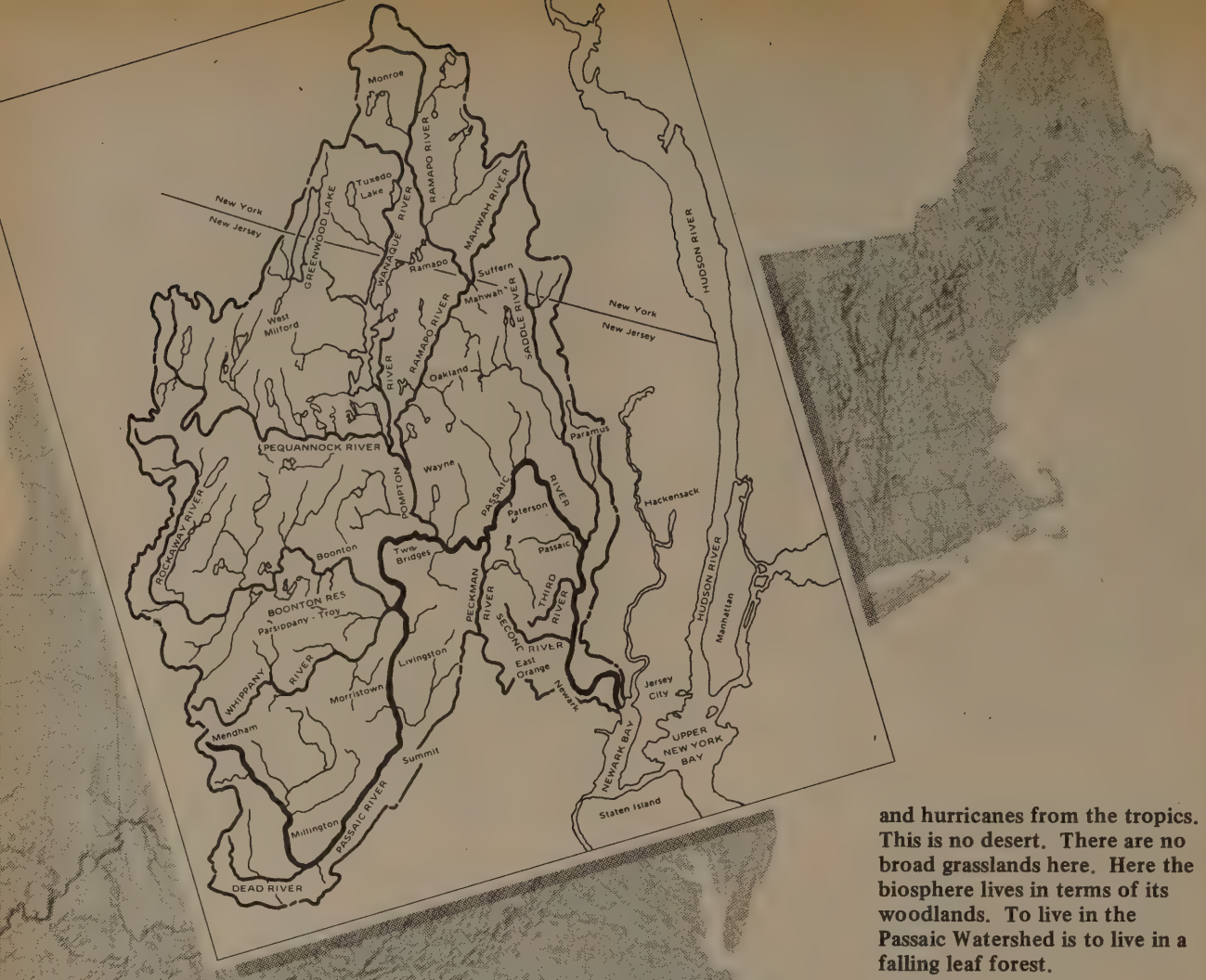
"There's been a strong bond in many cases between these new settlers and the older residents. The older people are usually very traditional and can relate on certain levels to the simple living self-sufficient attitudes the new people brought in. OACC includes a cross-section of both groups and hopefully in the future it will bring in people from all persuasions and age groups. There's nothing in OACC's philosophy or politics which prohibits their participation. It isn't leftwing or rightwing, it only offers a number of pragmatic ecologically based alternatives.

"It's a continuous event that's been going on for five or six years, although our first formal congress wasn't held until last year. OACC keeps working all year supporting activities of various groups and on resolutions that are made at the congresses, then we gather and share our spirit and formulate what we're going to do for the next year (and the next hundred years). It's simultaneously ad hoc and a continuous event."

The OACC has been in existence since 1976, networking, codifying its programs, and defining the new politics of Ozarks bioregionalism. The Ozarks bioregion is the most clearly definable of any in the United States. With few resources and a poor and underemployed populace, it is a Third World within the U.S. Ecologically, it is a savable but very fragile wonderland. Administratively, it is cut up by the governments of five states and two federal regions. Its exploitable elements are timber, relatively clean air and water, and natural beauty. The aforementioned governments, as well as developers, leisure class immigrants, and the tourist industry, are exploiting what they can with increasing ferocity and environmental destruction. In turn, environmentally aware groups have developed a strong Ozark identification. These groups are dedicated, within their own spheres of interest, to regional self-reliance and sustainable economics using renewable resources while maintaining the integrity of the environment. OACC was formed to unite the bioregion under this new eco-political vision and has a political consciousness that is an extension of our interpretation of ecological laws. We believe that any political-economical question can be answered through the eco-political model.

OACC programs and platforms aim to develop, integrate, and synthesize appropriate intermediate technology; cooperative economics (co-ops) and other forms of locally based free enterprise; organic/biological agriculture; renewable resources; political ecology and ecological politics; and the liberation of all beings, environmental entities, and natural cycles from destructive exploitation.

(Adapted from an announcement of the Second Ozark Congress held with 150 representatives near Eminence, Missouri, October 9 to 12, 1981. For further information write the Ozark Area Community Congress, Route A, Box 67-2, Caulfield, MO 65626.)



The Passaic River Watershed

by Paul Ryan

PASSAIC: THE RIVER. Over ten thousand winters ago a glacier scraped this valley floor like a snowplow. It left a huge bank of deposits blocking the river's easy southern passage to the Atlantic. So the Passaic turns around, winds its way north through the wetlands and the Watchungs, taking the outflow of the Whippany and the Rockaway Rivers. Twisting toward the ocean it takes the flow of the Pompton River, full with the highland waters of the Pequannock, the Wanaque, and the Ramapo. Then the river pours through the gorge at Little Falls still twisting . . . sudden downpour.

The Great Falls. A full seven subbasins dropping 70 feet. Water over rock. A pure formal rendering of the figures that regulate the life of this watershed. Droplets abound like microorganisms in the soil. Billows like the shells of bog turtles. Backcurls of water like muskrat slides. Fantails appear like the sudden flight of partridge. Small pools pulse like our wrists. Water cascades through rock formations like new trees competing for sunlight in an open field. A multitudinous song, once and for all.

Easy now, its song well sung, the river moves further north, makes a hairpin turn, takes on brooks with names like Goffle, Molly Ann, and Diamond. Seaward now, taking Saddle River to Newark Bay, where the waters move with the moon.

PASSAIC: THE WATERSHED. Catchbasin for rains that come chest high each time we go around the sun. The drainage area looks like a single cell animal under a microscope. There is an indentation between the headwaters of the Passaic and Newark Bay, as if the watershed were pushed in by the summer and fall thunderstorms and hurricanes from the tropics. This is no desert. There are no broad grasslands here. Here the biosphere lives in terms of its woodlands. To live in the Passaic Watershed is to live in a falling leaf forest.

WATERSHED WIRE. A watershed wire would use a cable television channel to bring the watershed to its water drinkers in bioregional terms. Round the clock programming would include ongoing video observation of watershed life (i.e., monitoring the incoming tide) and occasional special programs on hot environmental issues. A method of observation has already been worked out with the Pascack Valley Video Project. Six sites around the Great Falls in Patterson were selected for camera access. Three different modes of videotaping — scanning, selecting, and a combination of scanning and selecting — were used. The orchestration involved each participant taking a turn with the portable video camera in each mode from each site. Such turn taking yields a mosaic perception more reliable than could be provided by individuals working separately.

For more information, write Earthscore, Box 862, New York, NY 10268. ■

Illustrated by Melinda Gebbie

Hello Miss America

by David Birnkrant

THEY TOLD ME. They really did, they told me I'd find you here, barefoot, in your shorts, watching TV, in a tank top, lying on the floor. They told me you'd laugh with the dubbing, not right after it, really true, you do it without trying to, through instinct, or something stronger.

They told me you look at **People** magazine, and it's there, on the floor in front of you, flipping the pages during commercials, swing your legs, looking at the pictures, recognize a face. You read it, you bought the collection, saw the ad, Heritage Pewter Thimbles, checking off the box, fill in the Visa, mailing it from the post office, expiration date unknown. Tiny boxes come, once a month, marked DO NOT THROW OUT. They told me that, too.

They told me you snack a lot, but rarely eat a meal. It surrounds you, half-full snack bags, maraschino cherry jars (you don't drink the juice?), a coupla Rolaids, aluminum casseroles with sticky bread crumb insides. You've tried them all, dried fruit, no-salt nuts, boxes so full you can't find the rest of it, where to start, when to stop. Food-on-the-run, movie ad lingo, health-on-a-stick, coffee and rum.

They told me you hold it together, a pro, designer jeans, perfumed hair color, nail polish (toes? sorry, personal), sharkskin boots, He's in conference, He's indisposed, put you on hold, how are you Mrs. Benson, light steno a must. Make coffee? Movies say no. Soap operas, soap summary, pop, black men sing soprano, but soft, easy listening, a coupla drinks, alone. Office party, Christmas, disco, singles bar, dinner and dance, no way, they flirt, they're upwardly mobile, downwardly plunging, holding their own, holding yours. If they hold tight, you take care of them. They told me if you smile, when you smile, hey it's OK, and if I smile back, you'll know. Push it hard, me, me, you, everything and everyone, shove it, down your throat, then you can be comfortable, even nice.

You think only briefly, fast lane to win, sorting, skimming, move on as a whim. You can hate, Oh God like nothing else, and you love, like you judge, briefly, a face in the crowd, you want to see his family, hear his girlfriend, smell her picture, see her killed. I told them if I play your game I can win, I play hard, I bend rules, take changes, pro on pro, shoot me down – I'm not proud.

And what did they tell you about me, Miss America? ■

"Shooting the Rapids," painted by Frances Hopkins, who travelled with her husband on Hudson Bay Company canoe trips like this one

NORTH WOODS Bibliography

by Destiny, M.D.

People born here die here not thinking it is any place special except home. Every other place you hear about is better or worse. Here you just are. The following are suggestions for newcomers to an ordinary place. A home.

NATURAL HISTORY

The North Woods by Percy Knauth; 1972; $11.73 postpaid from Time-Life Books, 541 North Fairbanks, Chicago, IL 60611. *Start here. Sigurd Olson (see Naturalists) was a consultant. Text and layout are better even than the usual Time-Life standard, and there is a phenomenal centerfold photo of a lynx nabbing a winter hare. To you from the dreamtime. The Frances Hopkins painting above is one of several in the book.*

Snow Crystals by W.A. Bentley and W.J. Humphreys; 1962; $9.70 postpaid from Dover Books, 180 Varick Street, New York, NY 10014. *By the thousands, photos of nothing but.*

The Sierra Club Naturalist's Guide to the North Woods by G. Daniel and J. Sullivan; 1981; $12.70 postpaid from Sierra Club Books, Box 3886, Rincon Annex, San Francisco, CA 94119. *You will think this book is outstanding, and it is. Until you've read:*

Animal Communities in Temperate America by Victor Shelford; 1913, 1977; $29 postpaid from Arno Press, Three Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016. *This is the first text of an integrated approach to biology, between and among communities of plant and animal creatures. Seven decades have elapsed since it was first published and it is still unsurpassed.*

THE INDIANS

Woodland Indians more or less just were. They did and do pretty much what you and I would have, given the circumstances.

Books by Paul Radin: **Crashing Thunder** (An Autobiography); 1926; out of print; and **The Trickster** (with a commentary by C.G. Jung); 1956; $5.58 postpaid from Schocken Books, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016. *Both about the Winnebago. Of the landmark anthropology in this part of the country, these two stand out.*

An ice fisherman jigging — shaking his line continually to attract fish — Hunters of the Northern Forest

Hunters of the Northern Forest by Richard K. Nelson; 1973; $5.45 postpaid from University of Chicago Press, Department LDP, 5801 South Ellis Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. *Trapping and hunting, part ancient, part modern, one of the best from the "people in transition" school of ethnography.*

The Menominee Indians (A History) by P. Ourada; 1979; $15.81 postpaid from University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, OK 73019. *The "Wild Ricers" left Bureau of Indian Affairs supervision in the early '60s to assume county status and self-determination, the first tribe to do so. Twelve years later they voted for "reversal of termination" and resumed reservation status. This book tells a lot more than why.*

Woodland Indian tales are uniformly worth hearing, but best of all are Cree. Look for "why tales," "name tales," and Windigo legends.

LOGS

Empire in Pine by Robert Fries; 1951; out of print from the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. *A story of unfettered graft, corruption, and larceny. Less than 40 percent of the standing timber reached market. The remainder burned, rotted, or was lost to log rustling, river jams, and ignorant cutting. Nowadays, log brands are pricey antiques.*

Ol' Paul, the Mighty Logger (Being a true account of the seemingly incredible exploits and inventions of the great Paul Bunyan, profusely illustrated by drawings made at the scene by the author) by Glen Rounds; 1936; $1.75 postpaid from Avon Books, Mail Order Department, 224 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019. *Still in print, still beloved.*

FUR

The Voyageur by Grace Lee Nute; 1931; $8.50 postpaid from Minnesota Historical Society, 1500 Mississippi Street, St. Paul, MN 55101. *Fur traders opened this country. It was*

Destiny, M.D. is a real doctor (neurological type) who practices in Madison, Wisconsin and has a tantalizing pseudonymity. —SM

and still is possible to travel from Montreal to Fort St. James in British Columbia with no more than a few miles' portage. Today, wild fleur de lis, planted to remember a home far behind, mark the fur traders' original bivouacs.

The Beaver Men (Spearheads of Empire) by Mari Sandoz; 1964; $11.81 postpaid from Hastings House, 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016. *I don't know any beaver men personally. I wish I had known Etienne Brule though, in his heyday. These men were the space shuttle pilots of their age.*

CONTEMPORARY EXPLOITATION

When the loggers left for the Northwest, they hoped to pay off back taxes on the land by attracting down and out farmers to the clear-cut and eroding barrens. Late summer fires were endemic, culminating in the Pestigo fire disaster, in which hundreds lost their lives. New means of fire detection and control were pioneered in the North Woods to protect the second growth. Slowly tourism became the economic base rather than agriculture. Bright hopes for the economic future of the land lay in the discovery of uranium and strategic metals. The U.S. Navy wants to bury a submarine antenna stretching from border to border of the North Woods. Lake Michigan gets subs now and then.

The Siberians by Farley Mowat; 1970; $3.95 postpaid from Viking Press, 299 Murray Hill Parkway, East Rutherford, NJ 07073. *So who wants to read more depressing shit? Instead read how the Russians (nominal Russians anyway) saved Lake Baikal and dealt with their aborigines. You will also learn why the Russians (the real ones) want you to put your money in diamonds and gold (they have barrels of both).*

NATURALISTS

Books by Sigurd Olson: **The Singing Wilderness**, 1956; $11.95; **The Listening Point**, 1958; $13.95; **The Lonely Land**, 1961; $11.95; **Runes of the North**, 1963; $11.95; **Open Horizons**, 1969; $11.95; **Wilderness Days**, 1972; $18.95; **Reflections from North Country**, 1976; $13.95; **Of Time and Place**, 1981; $14. All postpaid from Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 400 Hahn Road, Westminster, MD 21157. **The Hidden Forest**, 1969; $18.95 postpaid from Viking Press, 299 Murray Hill Parkway, East Rutherford, NJ 07073. *Our local sachem. At his best, Olson is wise, lovely, and plain. Each of the books has some of his best. My favorite is* **Runes**, *but why sweat it? If you like them at all, you'll read them all.*

Round River by Aldo Leopold; 1953; $4.95 postpaid from Oxford University Press, 16-00 Pollitt Drive, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410. *Sand County is just west of here.*

Calvin Rutstrum. *Anything. I am more and more impressed with Rutstrum's writing. And it rereads very well. Check* **Books in Print** *or your nearest library. He gave up life in the Sunbelt. Too dry.*

A John Steuart Curry painting
—The Wisconsin

SUPER-NATURALIST

August Derleth settled in Prairie du Sac on the Wisconsin River. He wrote a collection of Sac Indian tales and lore, **Country of the Hawk** (1952; out of print), *and a history of the region,* **The Wisconsin, River of a Thousand Isles** (1942; out of print). *He wrote more than 100 books; in all he was consummate. As H.P. Lovecraft, he helped to foster science fiction as a legitimate genre in its early days. The Wisconsin River book has special appeal in that its illustrations were done by the great John Steuart Curry. Derleth also wrote* **Walden West** (1961; $8.95 postpaid from Stanton and Lee, 44 East Mifflin Street, Madison, WI 53703), *the most favorably reviewed of all his stuff. Stanton and Lee sell all of his books that are in print; they have a Derleth catalog* ($1 postpaid) *and an annotated bibliography,* **100 Books by August Derleth** ($3 postpaid).

PERSONAL EXPLOITATION

A Paddler's Guide to the Boundary Waters Canoe Area by M.E. Duncanson; 1975, 1980; 3rd Edition; $5.70 postpaid from W.A. Fisher Company, P.O. Box 1107, Virginia, MN 55792. *The best and only guide to the largest wilderness in the United States. When you outfit in Ely, Minnesota, you may want to pick up supplementary maps.*

Before you go, read **The Voyageur's Highway** by Grace Lee Nute; 1941; $4.75 postpaid. *When you get back, read* **Canoeing with the Cree** by Arnold E. Sevareid; 1937; $5.50 postpaid. Both from Minnesota Historical Society, 1500 Mississippi Street, St. Paul, MN 55101. *Sevareid's is all about a trip to Hudson's Bay when he was still a young punk. Bet you didn't know his name was Arnold either.*

Whitewater, Quietwater (A Guide to the Wild Rivers of Wisconsin, Upper Michigan and Northeast Minnesota) by Bob and Jody Palzer; 1971, 1977; 3rd Edition; $8.95 postpaid from Evergreen Paddleways, 1416 21st Street, Two Rivers, WI 54241. *These rivers are redolent with history, and for the most part truly wild.*

Hiking Trails in the Midwest by G. Daniel and J. Sullivan; 1980, 1981; $9 postpaid from Contemporary Books, 180 North Michigan Street, Chicago, IL 60601. *Written by the authors of the Sierra Club's North Woods guide. For you if the thought of paddling doesn't get you off but walking does.*

Collected Poems by Robert Service; 1941, 1944; $10.86 postpaid from Dodd, Mead and Company, 79 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016. *The North American Kipling. Northern lights hissing overhead, expansion cracks booming on the lake underfoot, you can crunch along to these cadences forever.*

ETCETERA

Building the Hewn Log House by C.M. Raven; 1978; $10.45 postpaid from Harper and Row, Mail Order Department, 10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022. *For idle axes and saws. Best log cabin book in every regard, in a surprisingly crowded field.*

Log Structure, Preservation and Problem Solving by H. Goodall and R. Friedman; 1980; $10.95 postpaid from American Association for State and Local History, 1400 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville, TN 37203. *If you want to resuscitate a log dwelling.*

Frances Hopkins accompanied her husband, a Hudson's Bay officer, on several trips into the wilderness. A gifted artist, her paintings and sketches are our sole visual record of voyageur days. Quality reprints are available from Comadco, 2157 Royal Windsor Drive, Mississauga, Ontario, L5J 1K5, Canada. Four 11" x 14" repros including **Shooting the Rapids** sell for $11 postpaid. The Public Archives of Canada, 395 Wellington Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0N3, sells other repros, including a 24" x 28" **Canoes in a Fog**. Price list free.

Wood canoe fanatics of every stripe, take heed: The Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, P.O. Box 5634, Madison, WI 53705. ■

REPORT FROM ALASKA

by Brian Rogers

THE celebrations lasted for days; Fairbanks even colored the Chena River gold. The year was 1958 and Congress had finally approved the Alaska Statehood Act, culminating decades of effort by many Alaskans for home rule. No more control by the Seattle fishing interests. No more Outside domination of commerce. An end to the U.S. Department of Interior's Alaska fiefdom. An elected governor for the first time, and entitlement to 104 million acres of land to get the state started.

Twenty-two years later, many Alaskans are wondering if the decision to become a state is really working. The fisheries are now dominated by Japanese fishing conglomerates; the multinational resource companies have moved in to control oil and gas, mining and timber ventures; Congress continues to make the principal decisions about long-term land use in Alaska while the Department of Interior still controls millions of onshore and offshore acres.

In 1980, frustration came to a head as Congress and the President acted to set aside 100-plus million acres of Alaska in wilderness, parks, and national forests. Though we in Alaska were divided over the land use issues too, the final decision in the Alaska Lands Bill came down to whether the federal government or the multinational resource companies would control large blocks of Alaska land. What about us? We live here.

This year, the new federal administration's secretary of the Interior is readying a plan to turn over substantial chunks of the Alaska outer continental shelf to the oil companies. Some of the most prolific North Pacific fisheries could be endangered under the guise of "national interest." The power over Alaska's resources is still clearly concentrated in Outside corporations and the federal government.

Last year, Alaskan voters narrowly approved a referendum to "study the status of Alaska within the federal union and to recommend appropriate changes." For the first time in over a hundred years, a state of the United States is dissatisfied enough to formally consider alternatives. For the people of a state to even consider changes conjures up images of Appomattox in the minds of most Americans (and many Alaskans). Are peaceful changes really possible? Can devolution or deconcentration of power from Washington, D.C., be achieved, or is U.S. history destined to be a never-ending process of centralization?

THE movement for Alaska statehood was fought in the 1940s and '50s, a time when other options for Alaska really weren't available. The change from territorial status was a battle fought in a conservative Congress – it needed President Eisenhower's approval – and the movement had to be perceived as nonradical in the minds of wary congressmen to succeed. While there were some other efforts (toward a commonwealth or republic of Alaska), most believed the only chance was admission as a state.

The context is different today, though. Throughout the world, a variety of associations between peoples and governments exist or are evolving. Even in the U.S., free associated status is given to Micronesia, commonwealth status to the Northern Mariana Islands (both formerly parts of the U.S.-administered Trust Territories of the Pacific); Puerto Rico fights for independence or statehood; Guam voters have rejected a proposed constitution which lacks sufficient local control. The new Republican U.S. administration was elected in part on the promise to return to "states' rights" (unless, of course, a

State Representative Brian Rogers' interests in devolution extend beyond his home state of Alaska. He has studied other U.S. "non-states," recent political developments in Canada, and the possible breakup of Micronesia. He's also done a considerable amount of writing for governmental entities in Alaska. When he wrote proposing this article last June, he made this caveat: "I am a legislator and member of the statehood commission, an active participant in Alaskan bioregional politics. Most politicians believe at least some of their own bullshit, and that could influence my writing." –SM

MAPS BY JAY KINNEY

state like Alaska or California isn't really interested in wholesale disposal of the outer continental shelf).

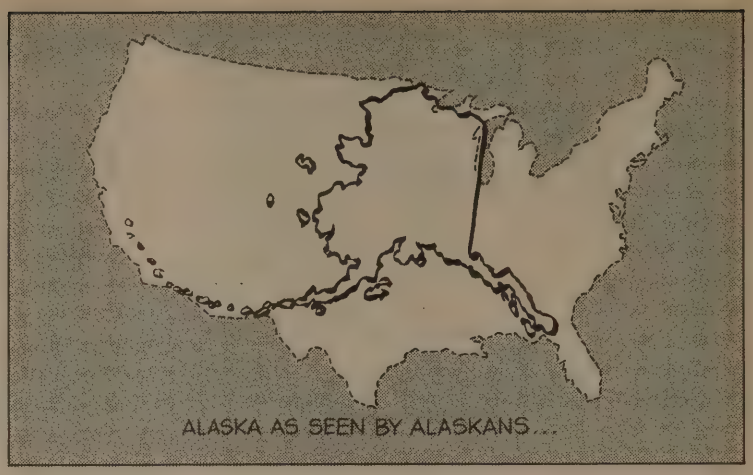
The Alaska Statehood Commission, established by last year's referendum, is struggling to find answers to the Alaska-U.S. confrontation. We are documenting the legitimate grievances Alaska has with the federal government, studying the entry of other states into the union, looking at the flow of money between our people and the federal government, reviewing similar political developments in Western Canada, asking how changes occur in other federal democracies, meeting with other noncontiguous U.S. territories to determine what is possible or desirable. A report to the people of Alaska is due this winter, with final recommendations on "appropriate changes to that status" in late 1982.

WHERE do we go from here and now? It isn't easy. Not easy, because the state of Alaska is reaching adulthood wealthy, after growing up in poverty. The state is 50 times as rich today as it was when Prudhoe Bay's massive oil fields were discovered. The new oil wealth is creating profound political and economic changes. The debate over what to do with all the money – $6 billion this year, up from $1 billion two years ago, and $200 to $300 billion more before the wells run dry – is causing sharp divisions between boomers and conservers, between lifetime residents and newcomers, between the regions of Alaska, between visions of the future.

The people of Alaska voted five years ago to set aside 25 percent of oil royalties into a Permanent Fund, a nest egg to last until the 21st century. The legislature added $900 million more in 1980, another $1.8 billion this year. Still, the operating budget is growing exponentially, a 20 percent compound growth rate. Spending for public works projects is at an even higher rate; the legislature plans to spend $5 billion on hydroelectric projects in the 1980s. This year alone, $2 billion was appropriated for roads, airports, ports, communications, schools, sewers. (Yes, sewers. Do you know how hard it is to move shit when it's 60 degrees below zero? It's expensive; high tech at its worst.) Another $400 million was passed out to local governments (at $1000 per capita) for more public works ranging from dump trucks to museums to district heating systems. The state is a loan company, handing out money to businesses and individuals at bargain basement rates (still 6 percent interest for farmers, and 11 percent for new housing when national rates are at 18 percent – that's a $600 per month interest subsidy for a $90,000 suburban house).

How do you decide what to do with more money than you ever expected to get? The state is trying to give out $50 per year of residency to each person in the state (the scheme is under challenge in the U.S. Supreme Court), $1000 per capita to each local government (regardless of need), $600 a month if you're rich enough to buy a $90,000 house, or $450 a month if you're a single parent on welfare; the list goes on. The point is, governments outside the Middle East are not prepared for annual incomes of $10,000 per capita. Alaska is ill-equipped to deal with the magnitude of its temporary riches.

WHERE do we go from here and now? It isn't easy. Michael Zwerin says nations should not be confused with states. Alaska is neither. There are five Alaskas, each with a distinct sense of identity, separated by geography, climate, culture, and, to some extent, language. There are no political boundaries between them, but their differences are substantial.

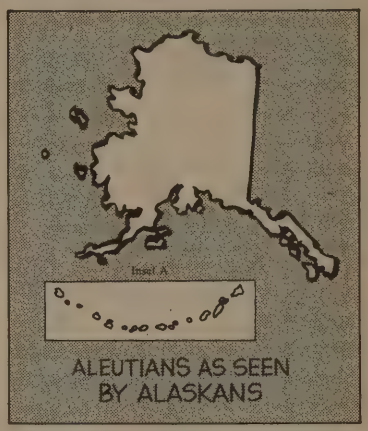


Southeastern Alaska is an archipelago following a narrow strip of inhabitable land wedged against the coastal mountain range and ice fields. Joel Garreau (**The Nine Nations of North America**, 1981, 416 pp.; $15.95 postpaid from Houghton Mifflin Company, Attention Mail Order Department, Two Park Street, Boston, MA 02107. Or Whole Earth Household Store) says it's the northern extension of Ecotopia. He's right. It's an Alaska dependent on fishing and forestry for its livelihood, along with ever-present state government. The state's capital, Juneau, is here, battling with the rest of the state to remain the seat of government. Separated from the other Alaskas by two time zones, accessible only by water or air, Southeastern Alaska is concerned with local matters and relationships with Seattle suppliers. The population resides in isolated towns, separated from each other by mountains, national forest, and ocean. It's the most independent of the Alaskas – the renewable resources of fish, forest, and rivers create a self-sufficiency which could last forever.

Southcentral Alaska contains over 60 percent of the state's 400,000 residents, a majority living in the municipality of Anchorage. It's the boomer capital of the state, the base for the oil industry, a financial center, the state's shipping and air transportation hub (increasingly a polar air crossroads for the European-Far Eastern air routes). It's the fastest growing of the Alaskas and wants to continue to grow. Support for massive hydropower projects is strongest in Southcentral Alaska; its people expect movement of the state capital to the region and favor development of the other Alaskas to bring more commerce to Anchorage. People here are the most comfortable with the United States; the region is an outpost of American boomerism (Los Anchorage, some from other parts of Alaska call it: the advantages of a city, and only a half hour from Alaska).

Interior Alaska is primarily the drainage of the international Yukon River. It has the largest land area, much held by the federal government for parks and wilderness, but it's the headquarters for the Doyon regional native corporation, the largest private landowner in the world. At its center sits Fairbanks, a frontier border town between civilization and wilderness, a service center for the north, and home of a state university strong in life sciences and geophysics. Interior residents seem most resentful of any Outside domination – Fairbanks is the home of a group called Alaskans for Independence, and people here love to hate Washington, D.C., Anchorage, and the state.

Western Alaska includes the 1000-mile Aleutian Island chain, the prolific Bristol Bay fisheries, and the coastal home of Yupik Eskimos. It is the coming battleground over

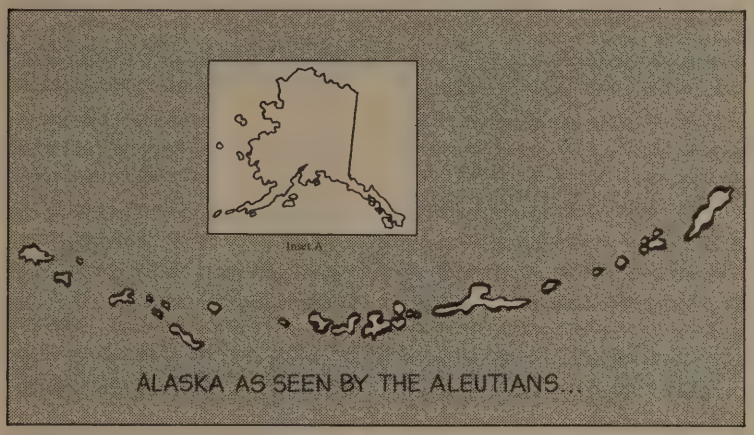


federal outer continental shelf oil development, caught in the transition from subsistence fishing and hunting. There are no roads connecting it with the other Alaskas, and probably never will be. As a coastal fishing region, it has elements in common with Southeastern Alaska; as part of "bush" Alaska it has the native heritage in common with Northern Alaska; and it shares the Yukon River with Interior Alaska.

Northern Alaska really shouldn't be part of the state, even though during most of the year it looks like the land of ice and snow most Americans picture when they think of Alaska. It is sparsely populated, primarily by the Inuit (Eskimo), a people having more in common with the Inuit of Canada's Yukon and Northwest Territories, northern Ontario and Quebec, and Greenland. The Inuit had a nomadic subsistence way of life dependent on caribou, bowhead whales, fishing, and waterfowl for centuries, until western civilization

came looking and found oil, the largest fields in North America today. Now the tools of the west, especially the airplane, telecommunications, and petroleum technology, are rapidly changing the North.

America's need for North Slope oil brought settlement of aboriginal land claims by Congress in 1972, but the Inuit were the only Alaska native group to reject the settlement. Since then, they have used their growing economic and political power to push for greater self-determination. They have forced concessions from the oil industry over drilling rights, land use and offshore development, forced the state to provide more education, transportation and communications, forced the federal government to turn over management of subsistence bowhead whaling. They are forging new ties with their brothers and sisters throughout the North, helping others toward home rule. The Eskimos of Alaska have been the driving force behind the Inuit Circumpolar Conference, gathering representatives from all northern regions and awakening a new sense of identity which transcends national boundaries.



ALASKA AS SEEN BY THE ALEUTIANS...

WHERE do we go from here and now? It isn't easy. The people are of five Alaskas, one state, and a part of the United States. We "seek reasonable self-control over our lives, land and waters, fish and wildlife, and trade and commerce" (from the statehood commission referendum). But each time we cry out as a state against Outside (federal) control, we hear our echo as five Alaskas cry out against state control, and again as individuals cry out against any control ("Alaska: Land of the Individual and Other Endangered Species" say the T-shirts).

The state protests federal actions designating land status in Alaska contrary to state interests, while overriding northern Alaskan desires not to have a road connection to the rest of Alaska. The state wants greater participation in federal treaty making with Canada over fish and wildlife issues, yet it is at odds with Interior Indians over what kind of treaty is desirable, if any. The legislature complains that the federal government receives twice as much money from Alaska as is spent here (a recent development), yet the North Slope Borough has to remind us that 90 percent of the state's revenues come from the North Slope. I suspect nearly every Alaska-U.S. problem is echoed by a corresponding five Alaskas problem.

In a state where the state is a major factor in people's lives, elections are a heated process. Especially next year, as Alaskans vote on whether to hold a second state constitutional convention (a question which appears automatically on the ballot every ten years). That vote is critical, whether it reaffirms the constitutional status quo or shows a willingness to reconsider Alaska's basic political document.

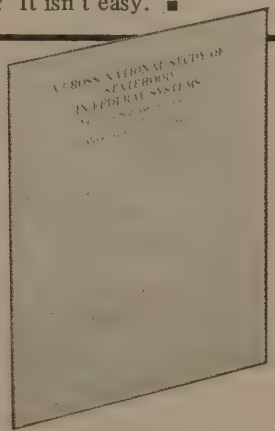
Next year's ballot also contains propositions representing conflicts between the five Alaskas: a fight over whether to authorize spending some billion dollars to move the state capital from Juneau to a site near Anchorage, a dispute by urban sports hunters and fishers against the state law giving priority to subsistence users of fish and game, and a constitutional debate over whether to limit state spending increases.

Where do we go from here and now? It isn't easy. ■

A Cross-National Study of Statehood in Federal Systems

Summary research on status change in countries, a comparison of federal democracies and types of federal association, devolution (transfer of power from the central point of command to another level of government), deconcentration (a shift of administrative authority along a central administrative line) and delegation (of duties to autonomous public or quasi-public agencies). Focus is on structural and behavioral change in federal-state relationships. Good bibliography covers the range from theory to case studies of devolution and status change; many new sources. —Brian Rogers

A Cross-National Study of Statehood in Federal Systems
Andrea R.C. Helms and Gerald A. McBeath
1981; 180 pp.
$10 postpaid from:
Alaska Statehood Commission
315 Barnette Street, Suite 205
Fairbanks, AK 99701



Drylongso

Most of the 42 working-class black Americans interviewed Studs Terkel-style in this book insist somehow that they're not part of the American nation. They belong instead to a separate nation on the same land, mostly invisible, and as righteously contemptuous of the dominant culture as any fourth world group. They sometimes call themselves "drylongso," which the author says means ordinary, as in everyday folks; very different from (in his words) the "street-corner exotica" image of black people that dominates the urban media. Instead, an old-fashioned, down-to-earth morality reverberates through this book. (The author, incidentally, is black, blind, and a student of Margaret Mead.)

Race is the worst taboo in our country, so it's rare to even notice out loud how much I and many of my white friends, for instance, have let racism creep back into our attitudes in the last few years. These straightforward, fascinating, impeccably edited interviews helped me see that more clearly than any treatise on race relations could. It may be the only glimpse most whites will get of everyday black attitudes. We need it. —*Art Kleiner*

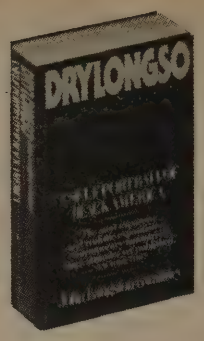
•

Glossary

days work — domestic labor done on a daily basis.
do-nothing-stool — buttocks.
dog bread — a low-prestige bread generally made with salt, water, and coarse corn meal.
doodleesqua' — nothing; less than nothing.
do something to death — to overdo; tasteless redundancy.
drag — a mild form of "sounding."

Drylongso
(A Self-Portrait of Black America)
John Langston Gwaltney
1980; 287 pp.

$5.95 postpaid from:
Random House
400 Hahn Road
Westminster, MD 21157
or Whole Earth Household Store



drylongso — ordinary.
feet to the fire — under extreme pressure.
'fending and proving — serious reasonable disputation, especially the art of slave clandestine theological exegesis.
Geechee — a southeastern United States littoral and insular black culture centered on the Sea Islands of Georgia and South Carolina.
git'n over — succeeding by Machiavellian half measures.

■

Now, if a white man was to come over here and ask me anything, I wouldn't break bad with him. He could sit right there where you are in my best chair. If I felt flushed I might even lay a brew on him too. But I have got sense enough not to tell that dude anything but what he thinks I think. Now, that, you might say, is a shame because you know I would have to lie to him. I have heard the thunder a few times, and I know that the man is not going to thank me if I tell him the truth about anything. I found out the hard way! I lost jobs and almost did time behind that, so I know what I am talking about.

Tell My Horse

Zora Neale Hurston, in **Tell My Horse**, *starts out rather tamely in Jamaica. She charms you with folk tales about how a medicine man she met could make the frogs in the mountains stop singing if he wanted. She explains how the Jamaicans keep the spirits of the dead out of their houses by spreading tobacco seeds over the door. The spirit, or duppy, can't enter until he counts all the seeds, and since he can only count to nine, he spends all night starting all over again. Her last Jamaican chapter tells about women in the Caribbean during the '30s. Not good.*

And then she hops over to Haiti and things get hairy. First she says the sons of voodoo know that "voodoo is a harmless pagan cult that sacrifices domestic animals at its worst." Then she goes on, layer after layer, explaining the intricacies, mystery, violence, fear, dread, and complications of voodoo. There are many gods, many rites, many uses of voodoo, good and evil. Ghosts are commonplace; zombies are a bit more exotic but do exist. We read about a rite that calls for the tearing out of the tongue of a red rooster before it is killed, another in which participants cut off the testicles of a pig then slit its throat and drink the blood as it gushes out of the wound.

Voodoo, Hurston says, is "a religion of creation and life. It is the worship of the sun, the water, and other natural forces. . . ." The gods are loa. "Rada" gods are the good guys, while "petro" gods are the ones who do the evil work. Practitioners dress in exotic clothes, sing and dance for their gods, offer them food and drink. Sacrifices are made of animals, mostly chickens, but in some taboo sects humans are sacrificed (Chapter XIV). In return, the gods provide their people with wisdom, knowledge, revenge, protection, and even material wealth or social prestige.

Zora Neale Hurston was a black female anthropologist. She went to Jamaica and Haiti to see for herself, and in this book she tells us all about what she saw. She tells of bodies being belched out of an exploding building. She tells of a moonlight that tasted like wine; of a fear that was so humid you could smell it and feel it on your tongue; about a stream whose running water chuckled among the greenery; about a scare that caused her flesh to draw up like tripe; about dancing the sun out of bed. Her prose is as enticing as the information it conveys.

It's a fascinating book, but then Turtle Island Press does that sort of thing regularly, somehow. Makes me want to read everything else Ms. Hurston wrote, and everything else Turtle Island has published.

Ah Bo Bo! —*Joe Bacon*

Tell My Horse
Zora Neale Hurston
1938, 1981; 301 pp.

$9.70 postpaid from:
Turtle Island
2845 Buena Vista Way
Berkeley, CA 94708
or Whole Earth Household Store

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The people who created Guedé needed a god of derision. They needed a spirit which could burlesque the society that crushed him, so Guedé eats roasted peanuts and parched corn like his devotees. He delights in an old coat and pants and a torn old hat. So dressed and fed, he bites with sarcasm and slashes with ridicule the class that despises him.

Guedé is never visible. He manifests himself by "mounting" a subject as a rider mounts a horse, then he speaks and acts through his mount. The person mounted does nothing of his own accord. He is the horse of the loa until the spirit departs. Under the whip and guidance of the spirit-rider, the "horse" does and says things that he or she would never have uttered un-ridden.

"Parlay Cheval Ou" (Tell my Horse), the loa begins to dictate through the lips of his mount and goes on and on.

City Country Miners

The Way We Lived

A Geography of Poets

First, a disclaimer: both Peter and I are in **City Country Miners**, *and that pleases me no end, because* **City Country Miners** *is very, very good. Another disclaimer: it (and* **The Way We Lived**, *reviewed below) are very Northern California-centric, and that's the parish of* **CQ**'s *parochialism. However, these two books (as well as Edward Field's* **A Geography of Poets***) are exemplary, and suggest what could be (or maybe has been, unbeknownst to us) done in your locale. Of course, you'll have to find some highly talented editors to do it. Mike Helm is one of the best, and knows how to mine without despoiling. Mike was the editor of a local magazine called* **City Miner** *and is now editor of Planet/Drum's* **Raise the Stakes**. *He has a a keen ear for good writing and good talking. His interviews, many of them included here, are among the best I've seen. The articles, testimonies, stories, and poems introduce us to people with authentic presence and local concern. They get personal, they get funny, and they all bite. Malcolm Margolin, also represented in* **City Country Miners**, *has proved himself to be as original an editor as he is a writer. His earlier books (***The Earth Manual**, **The East Bay Out**, *and* **The Ohlone Way***) variously dealt with the restoration of natural areas and the exploration and prehistory of the Bay Area.*

In **The Way We Lived**, *he has revealed, verbatim, the California Indians in all their life and variety. Margolin's comments on the selections are sensitive and deeply informed, fleshing in a picture of earlier life in the California bioregions. Is California unique in having this wealth of Indian verbal relics? Or do such resources exist where you live? A quest for them might give you some reinhabitory ideas.*

A Geography of Poets *belongs here because like the other books, it is synergetic — not all anthologies wind up being greater than the sum of their parts, but these do.*

Field's continent-spanning collection teems with poetry — a **Whole Poet's Catalog**, *assiduously recruited from and organized by all the regions of North America. This is rich — the variety is a revelation and here and there the poets speak with place locatedness. It's a journey book — a trove to take along and keep, like* **The New American Poetry** *or* **Technicians of the Sacred**. *—SM*

*[***A Geography of Poets** *recommended by M. Morford]*

•

What, then, of their passion? Strange as it may seem, even after bitter argument they could sometimes work their way back to each other by making love. By this time, of course, it was quite different than when they met. So much to ignore; so much to forget, such deep breaths to take simply to exhale the rage. Just to decide who would come to whose room required careful negotiation and diplomacy, someone had to concede. And even then her hands had to be washed clean of the Samoyed, he had to brush his teeth to eliminate the smell of cooked flesh. Nonetheless, on rare occasions, so much dangerous terrain finally spanned, their loving would be almost sweeter than before. Tinged, now, with the fear of loss; with self-reproach; and, in the small hours of the night, once in a very great while, with a piquant sadness for all that had come between them.

—Thomas Farber, "Passion's Duration"
in **City Country Miners**

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This rock did not come here by itself.
This tree does not stand here of itself.
There is one who made all this,
Who shows us everything.

—Yuki initiation song
in **The Way We Lived**

City Country Miners
(Some Northern California Veins)
Michael Helm, Editor
1981; 256 pp.

The Way We Lived
(California Indian Reminiscences, Stories and Songs)
Malcolm Margolin
1981; 209 pp.

$8.20 postpaid from:
Heyday Books
P.O. Box 9145
Berkeley, CA 94709
or Whole Earth
Household Store

A Geography of Poets
(An Anthology of the New Poetry)
Edward Field, Editor
1979; 560 pp.

$5.20 postpaid from:
Bantam Books
414 East Golf Road
Des Plaines, IL 60016
or Whole Earth
Household Store

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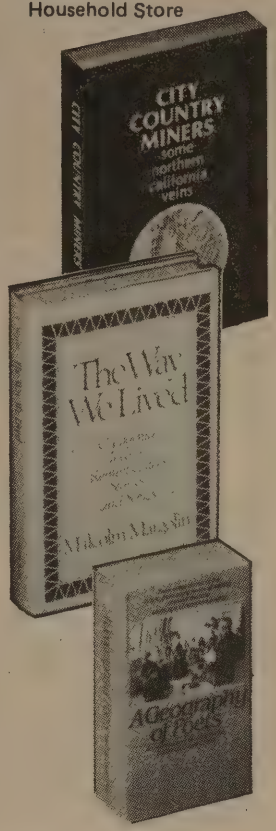
Satisfaction

Still I'm for upper
buzzardry: the high
easy fix
of the actual meal:
hunger lofts:
descent's a nasty dinner.

—A.R. Ammons
—**A Geography of Poets**

$7.95 postpaid from:
City Miner Books
P.O. Box 176
Berkeley, CA 94701
or Whole Earth
Household Store



The Northwest Experience

The Northwest Experience *is the first biopolitical compendium for Oregonian peoples. Essays on regional architecture, the politics of salmon ranching, profit in Seattle real estate, Weyerhauser . . . in short, the praxis of dreams.*

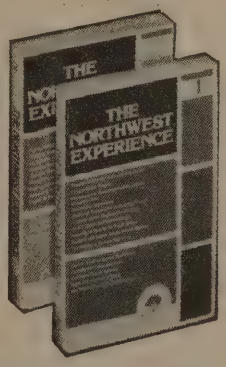
—Peter Warshall

Among its purposes: "To preserve in book form writing, originally published in more ephemeral media, that deserves the longer life that only books can give to it," which right there's worthy enough, but more important is "To explore the nature of regionalism and the ways that national and regional issues affect each other."

—SM

The Northwest Experience
Lane Morgan, Editor
Volume 1
1980; 180 pp.
Volume 2
1981; 183 pp.

$5.95 each
postpaid from:
Madrona Publishers
2116 Western Avenue
Seattle, WA 98121
or Whole Earth
Household Store



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"You have here a basis for civilization on its highest scale, and I am going to ask you a question you may not like. Are you good enough to have this country in your possession?"

—Lewis Mumford to the Portland City Club, 1938

Planet Medicine

The Night Sky

These are companion volumes by the same author. Both are extraordinary and brilliant works. **Planet Medicine** *revolutionized my understanding of medicine and health. Paul Lee described it thus: ". . . the whole existing literature on traditional medicine has been renewed by this single effort." I agree.* **The Night Sky** *transcends the human body to encompass the stars. It is about creation and astronomy and the occult sciences. It provides a spiritual framework for experiencing the heavens and our place in the cosmos.*

On another level I suspect these are alchemical works. A third book in process will complete the trilogy. If there is a Giordano Bruno or a Paracelsus in our midst, it is Richard Grossinger.

Planet Medicine *and* **The Night Sky** *also fit the theme of this issue. Before we can comprehend the meaning of place on Earth we need to know who we are, and something of our larger destiny. These books are guides.*

—John Todd

*[***Planet Medicine** *recommended by Dana Ullman]*

Planet Medicine
(From Stone Age Shamanism to Post-Industrial Healing)
Richard Grossinger
1980; 390 pp.
$5.95 postpaid from:
Doubleday and Company
501 Franklin Avenue
Garden City, NY 11530
or Whole Earth Household Store

The Night Sky
(The Science and Anthropology of the Stars and Planets)
Richard Grossinger
1981; 481 pp.
$17.95 postpaid from:
Sierra Club Books
P.O. Box 3886
Rincon Annex
San Francisco, CA 94119
or Whole Earth Household Store

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Matter itself does not challenge us or intend our defeat. It is the cutting edge of our being, and it keeps processing us, as perception and mass, through the thing of which we are made.

We have solid-seeming bodies and live in a world of definitive events. Yet our actual being is a shimmering, multidimensional thing, embodying, in its ongoing cellular life and continuum of perception, the first cell and the beginning of thought. Our contemporary life repeats and re-experiences ancient moments while giving birth to them anew. This is our profundity and our sense of our own meaning. The process that brings creatures into the world, in body and in senses, sustains and reproduces those creatures in exactly the same way that it invented them.

Categories of medicine are inseparable from definitions of life and consciousness. Disease occurs as organisms do: in the living chemistry of tissue and the cognizance of mind. It has no intrinsic meaning and no guarantee of remedy. Individual systems of medicine explain this in their individual ways, usually giving the appearance of order, understanding, and correctly selected cures. But disease is no more explicable than life itself. Any one system, like any one metaphysical inquiry, solves some problems but fails to arrange a perfect match between its explanations and remedies and the diseases themselves. Any one system is limited by its tools and its cultural context. By choosing a path of explanation and defense, it must neglect others, so it must always be regional or provincial.

This is a basic point to all discussion of medicine. For medicine is both a craft and a philosophy. It provides meanings and explanations for illnesses, and it also proposes to cure them. Unlike most philosophies, it cannot dawdle in the paradoxes; it must choose a path, even if that path is inadequate and partial. Many practices resolve crises but with profound secondary consequences. Other methods explore the profundities of cure and cosmos at the expense of decisive and explicit action. These poles mark medicine's ever-present struggle with both action and meaning. **—Planet Medicine**

•

It is an oversimplification to think of the humors as only the premicroscopic forerunners of a real chemistry of the body. They describe features of mental and physical life that no other system describes; they are a statement of the human imagination of the fluidity, layering, and process going on in the thick, wet layers within. They were real then and they remain real today, particularly as expressions of personality traits and peculiar psychosomatic relationships between emotions, such as anger and melancholia, and chronic illnesses, such as ulcers and arthritis. These continue to be perceived as approximate and humoral. In a sense, the humors are like spirits, are phenomenological insights into the condition of being alive. **—Planet Medicine**

•

The Earth *is* the sky again, and vice versa. The sky houses the Earth and provides numbers for its movement through space and time. As violent and portentous as the sky can be, it is the only trustworthy guardian of the Earth. It is the one assurance that we can never fall entirely out of this incarnation. If we were transported, kidnapped, to another world, another dimension, another system, the first reference point would be the sky. If the sky were partially lost, partially twisted, we might find our way back to the Earth or have some understanding of what had happened to us. If the sky were totally unfamiliar, we would be lost forever. The closest we come to this without starship travel is in the migrations from one hemisphere of our world to another. As seafarers enter unknown waters, stars close to the horizon behind them disappear, while, in front of them, new stars appear. Only on the approximate celestial equator do some horizon stars and star-groups remain in this altered company. It must have been a great shock to ancient navigators to find the sky as well as the sea changing, but it was an event in keeping with the mythic scope of the journeys. Clocks and calendars were not the only ancient practical astronomies; there were also sea maps of stars and compasses of celestial navigation.

—The Night Sky

•

Sometimes the dream sky is blacker than night; a heavy darkness permeates even the air. We find that the lake shore is just as black as the forest we have emerged from. The stray stars in the sky seem innocent enough, but at any moment a brilliant and intelligent set of constellations will burn their way through the ignorance and beam down on us. We must be ready, or escape. Flying saucers are looking for us; they will become so big, as they approach, they will be unbearable. They will take us into the arcane system of planets and suns. But are we ready? *No, we are not.* Not ready as Moses was for the burning bush. We must close our eyes to the darkness, stumble, and awake. And the question remains: Was this the astral universe in which our presence was so lucid and terrifying? Was it another universe whose name and place we do not know? Is that sky a blowup of our cellular tissue, fashioned by symbolism into night? Or is it some alien and primordial sky retained as a memory in the DNA of our species?

—The Night Sky

Wholeness and the Implicate Order

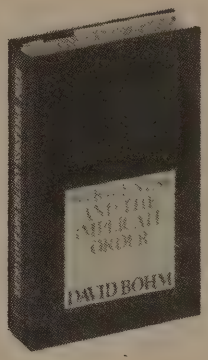
Early this century the Theory of Relativity and Quantum Theory shattered the assumptions of classical physics, eventually leaving physicists groping uncomfortably with a reality that would not fit any theory, including Relativity and Quantum Mechanics. The problem was shown in 1935 by Einstein, Rosen, and Podolsky, who suggested a hypothetical experiment in which a change in spin of atom A is somehow transmitted immediately to a "distant" and unrelated atom B: a phenomenon since demonstrated in physics laboratories. The difficulty lies in the word "immediately," i.e., instantaneously. To explain an instantaneous correlation between spins of the atoms we must assume that news of the change is carried through space from one atom to the other at a speed faster than light. According to Relativity this is impossible because there are no detectable connections between the two atoms and because Relativity has shown that nothing can travel faster than light. Quantum Theory predicts that such a correlation will occur, but it can't explain how or why.

Physicists call this "nonlocality" and previous attempts to explain it have been unsatisfactory. The latest is in terms of Implicate Order, a theory treating the totality of existence, including consciousness, as an undivided whole. **Wholeness and the Implicate Order** *is David Bohm's attempt to provide a new, unifying framework for modern physics.*

According to Bohm, everything in the universe affects everything else because they are all part of the same undivided whole, the Implicate Order. ("Implicate" is from the Latin, meaning "enfolded.") What we experience as separate things and events in the universe are the Explicate ("unfolded") Order, aspects of the Implicate Order drawn out by our probing of reality, our ways of observing and describing. Implicate Order is a multidimensional reality about which we can have only limited knowledge. Although he develops his theory formally within the technical context of physics, particularly quantum theory, Bohm's account of his resolution of the paradox of Einstein, Rosen, and Podolsky is a good example for nonphysicists of what he means by both Implicate and Explicate Orders. Instead of atoms A and B, he asks us to imagine two television screens upon which we see two different fish, one in profile, the other head-on. We notice that when the fish on screen A moves its fins the one on screen B simultaneously moves its fins. That is, the events of A are somehow instantaneously correlated with those of B, without A and B being related in any detectable way and without any signal passing between them, in the same fashion as the relations between the spinning atoms A and B. With the Implicate Order Bohm takes us beyond the world of the TV screens and into a studio where a single fish in a tank is being recorded by two cameras from two different angles. The difficulty lay not in the reality of the universe but in our failure to transcend the limited and limiting nature of our methods of observation and description. What we had taken to be separate things and events were in fact a single reality which appeared to be disconnected, and thus inexplicable, only because of our way of apprehending it.

The theme of wholeness has become fashionable these days, but rarely is it advanced by someone of Bohm's professional stature and competence, and even more rarely is it rigorously formulated within a discipline as basic as physics, which deals not with some particular aspect of reality, but with principles underlying the whole universe. —*Michael Yocum*

Wholeness and the Implicate Order
David Bohm
1980; 224 pp.
$25 postpaid from:
Routledge and Kegan Paul
9 Park Street
Boston, MA 02108



- Ultimately, the entire universe (with all its 'particles,' including those constituting human beings, their laboratories, observing instruments, etc.) has to be understood as a single undivided whole, in which analysis into separately and independently existent parts has no fundamental status.

- In a deeper and generally more suitable way of thinking, each of these elements is a projection, in a subtotality of yet higher 'dimension.' So it will be ultimately misleading and indeed wrong to suppose, for example, that each human being is an independent actuality who interacts with other human beings and with nature. Rather, all these are projections of a single totality. As a human being takes part in the process of this totality, he is fundamentally changed in the very activity in which his aim is to change that reality which is the content of his consciousness. To fail to take this into account must inevitably lead one to serious and sustained confusion in all that one does.

Herakleitos and Diogenes

This is the most popular gift item in the Whole Earth Household Store, and I can see why. It is a bag of ancient Greek fortune cookies that bite back. Diogenes was the "Socrates gone mad" who told Alexander to stand out of his light and didn't say please, who remarked that he had seen Plato's table and cups but not his tableness and cupness. Herakleitos was the early physicist who never stepped in the same river twice. —*Stewart Brand*

- To do the same thing over and over is not only boredom: it is to be controlled by rather than to control what you do.
—Herakleitos

- Not I but the world says it: All is one. —Herakleitos

- If your cloak was a gift, I appreciate it; if it was a loan, I'm not through with it yet. —Diogenes

Herakleitos and Diogenes
Guy Davenport, Translator
1976, 1979; 59 pp.
$4.63 postpaid from:
The Grey Fox Press
The Subterranean Co.
P.O. Box 10233
Eugene, OR 97440
or Whole Earth
Household Store

- We have complicated every simple gift of the gods.
—Diogenes

- I pissed on the man who called me a dog. Why was he so surprised? —Diogenes

Don't teach your baby to read

Dear Stewart Brand:

I am writing to take issue with your inclusion of Lois Britton's review of Glen Doman's **How to Teach Your Baby to Read** in the Spring issue of **CoEvolution Quarterly**.

As a former first grade teacher, I know something about the damage done to children by our hysterical overemphasis on reading. The vast majority of children reach an intense period of reading and writing readiness between the ages of three and eight as a natural extension of the human drive to speak. To respect this readiness is to put reading in its proper perspective and to reduce the teacher's task to a pleasant minimum. To rush the child into reading (no matter how short the sessions, how pleasant the teacher, how eager the child) is to disrespect both the child and the reading process itself.

It is not surprising to me that a 15-month-old child can read. Fifteen-month-old children are brilliant, and they brilliantly (if often incorrectly) work at making sense of their world every minute of the day. As Piaget points out, intellectual understanding depends upon development. Children's verbal ability, imitative skill, and social facility often mask confusions which (when and if we discover them) shock and delight us. These confusions are compounded when a child is asked to read before he has fully begun to speak.

Take Ms. Britton's example. Her 15-month-old son looked at a 20-pound sack of "Friskies ocean flavor cat food" and read, "Fish." Let's suppose that the child does not have a cat at home and (even more unlikely) has been spared TV ads for Friskies. Does he realize that this brightly painted mountain is, in fact, a sack? That it opens and that there is something inside? Does he think it *is* a fish? Does he think that there is a fish swimming around inside? Does he realize that "Fish-Flavored" means that he should read the rest of the label to find out what is *really* inside?

Driving along the highway, does Ms. Britton want her year old child to believe that those 30-foot high cigarettes are "KOOL"; that they have "MERIT" and are "TRUE"? It's hard enough to answer the questions raised by a five-year old who thinks about what he reads. There is no way at all to help a two year old discriminate between true and false advertising; he is not yet able to understand what truth and falsehood are. Nor is he able to articulate the questions that occur to him.

Once a child is literate, there is no turning back. Walk through an art museum. Watch the literate adults read the title cards before viewing the paintings to be sure that they know what to see. Or watch them read the cards and ignore the paintings entirely. Try to look at the photographs in a magazine without reading the captions. It isn't easy. As the primers point out, reading opens doors. But once those doors are open, it is very difficult to see the world without looking through them. And there is no way at all to recapture the eidetic memory or the oral tradition of childhood.

There is another significant problem with this Doman thing, and that is in the area of the parent-child relationship, in the parent's definition and understanding of his/her role. That we teach our children is inevitable. There are many times when I wish my daughter would *stop* learning from me and choose a better model. There is often a gap between what we think we are teaching our children and what they are actually learning. A five year old who learns to read when readiness asserts itself is learning to read for its own sake and for his own. An infant who is taught to read learns because of the joy that it causes his mother. It is a grave responsibility to use his love that way. Britton's gratification at her son's achievement is palpable and pathetic. For the child, reading has already been endowed with a disproportionate significance which may, at some future time, boomerang in the heat of parent-child interactions. What Britton is actually teaching her child under her neighbor's jealous eye is her own insecurity and inability to accept her child's developmental integrity; she is ultimately conveying her lack of trust.

As the mother of a two year old, I find it much harder *not* to teach my child to read than to teach her. I love her books as well as my own, and reading to her is a source of peace and pleasure. It takes more effort, but it is ultimately more rewarding to try to see the world through her eyes than to "help" her see the world through mine. In these complicated and often difficult times, it is essential to protect the young child's own resources; to steep him in the world as it is rather than as it is written; to introduce him to the oral tradition before the written word; to read their readiness rather than to impose our haste upon them. Children grow up too quickly as it is — and we grow old accordingly.

I have been a faithful reader of **CQ** for a long time, and I have learned a great deal from you. In the area of parenting and child development, however, you stand somewhere to the right of **Parents' Magazine**. There is more to this business than sick self-help, and the issues are at least as important as solar heating.

Sincerely,
Mayra Bloom
Nyack, New York

The Education of Little Tree

The time is long past that **CQ** *should review* **The Education of Little Tree**, *by Forrest Carter. This is Carter's true story of his boyhood in the Tennessee hills, where he was raised by his Cherokee grandmother and half-Cherokee grandfather. It's a great yarn that says more about love of place and respect for Gaia than a dozen treatises that purport to do so. Not only that, but there is a lot to be gleaned here about sensibly raising children, and about tolerance and about spirituality, and it's very funny, and it's a good enough story that I've read it to 13-year-olds with TV attention spans and held their interest.* —*Robin Dreyer*

Not only that, but the paperback is cheap.
—*Richard Nilsen*

•

Granma said that the spirit mind was like any other muscle. If you used it it got bigger and stronger. She said the only way it could get that way was using it to understand, but you couldn't open the door to it until you quit being greedy and such with your body mind. Then understanding commenced to take up, and the more you tried to understand, the bigger it got.

Natural, she said, understanding and love was the same thing; except folks went at it back'ards too many times, trying to pretend they loved things when they didn't understand them. Which can't be done.

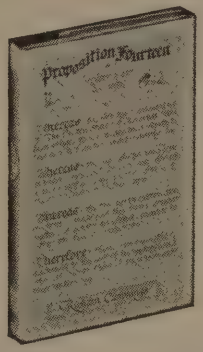
The Education of Little Tree
Forrest Carter
1976; 283 pp.

$2.25 postpaid from:
Dell Publishing Company
1 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza
245 East 47th Street
New York, NY 10017

or Whole Earth Household Store

Proposition 14

Legislatures will not vote themselves out of business. No one in power will. But people generally, who have been out for a long time now, just might. And there's actually a legal way to do it, through the initiative and referendum process available in many states and, ultimately, through a popularly sponsored constitutional amendment. Crazy? Sure. But what else do you suggest? Actually thousands (millions?) of people are seceding anyway, informally. This book is for those who want to explore the possibilities of doing it formally. It's Utopian in the nicest sense, i.e., that no matter how outlandish it sounds it's based on a well-researched practicability. Cummings is one of those oddball constitutional lawyers whom Jesse Helms (Ted Kennedy) might want to disbar as being too conservative (liberal). —Karl Hess



Proposition 14
(A Secessionist Remedy)
Richard Cummings
1980; 123 pp.
$8.40 postpaid from:
The Permanent Press
Franklin Watts Inc.
Sherman Turnpike
Danbury, CT 06816
or Whole Earth
Household Store

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Proposition 14

WHEREAS the various communities of The United States of America have been obliged to surrender their ability to live and to function freely, and

WHEREAS the individuals who live in these communities have been denied a meaningful say in the affairs of their common society, and

WHEREAS the two-party system, the electoral process, and the entire present system of governance have ceased to be either effective or responsive, and

WHEREAS the spirit of liberty still lives in the People, despite their victimization by those who manipulate government for personal power and gain; and

WHEREAS the Government has grown to such vast proportions that no one, however excellent and informed, can control or direct it,

THEREFORE, these communities according to the will of the individuals who constitute them, hereby reassert their autonomy:

To be free from the abuses of ever-increasing "government" in the form of usurpation of said communities' rightful function;

To end taxation beyond reasonable tolerance, and expenditure beyond any control;

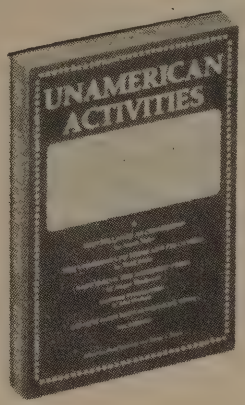
To end the imposition of any form of harmful technology without due regard to the consequences.

These communities hereby declare themselves to be self-governing by direct democracy, which is the only system to further mankind and to preserve the world.

Unamerican Activities

This PEN American Center report documents the successful efforts of a variety of government security forces to subvert, harass, discredit, and eliminate alternative media during the antiwar years.

The '80s look to be a time calling for a lot of intelligent dissent, and without a free press, dissenting voices don't carry. The first amendment is a miracle, increasingly breached rather than observed. It's an improbable thing — how any politicians could have been so altruistic is beyond me — and therefore not to take for granted. Rips shows how easily eroded such guarantees can be — the assaults take place a long way from the Supreme Court chambers. The tactics are slimy — agents provocateurs — and often violent — sometimes the cops would just bust through a newspaper office. Rips illustrates the campaign with photocopies of FBI and other documents winkled out with the Freedom of Information Act. This was no mean feat then, and is becoming even more difficult under the present administration. Chilling stuff. Consciousness-raising. —SM



Unamerican Activities
(The Campaign Against the Underground Press)
Geoffrey Rips;
Anne Janowitz and
Nancy J. Peters, Editors
1981; 176 pp.
$8.55 postpaid from:
City Lights Books
261 Columbus Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94111
or Whole Earth
Household Store

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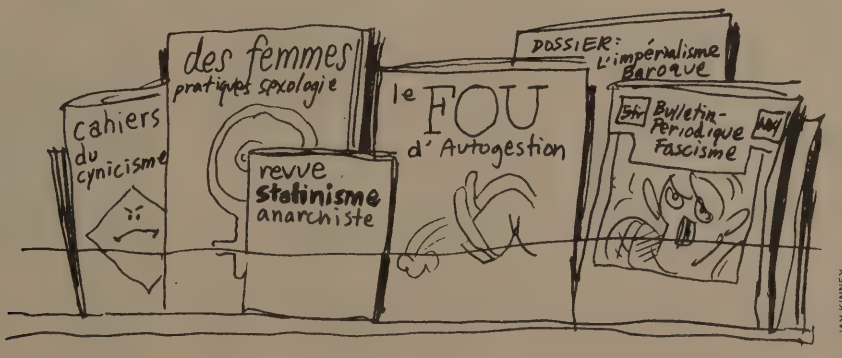
Then he suggested a novel strategy for silencing such "anti-establishment propaganda." The underground papers, he wrote, "are not a quality press. Eight out of 10 would fail if a few phonograph record companies stopped advertising in them." Since Resistance, like CHAOS, was nominally a spy operation, and since, again nominally, the CIA was prohibited from performing any "internal security function," the CIA did not itself feel comfortable carrying out such a program. The FBI, however, felt no such inhibitions.

In January 1969, four months after the Resistance agent had filed his memo on the underground press, the FBI's San Francisco office wrote to headquarters in Washington and to the FBI's New York office, asserting that financial "assistance" from Columbia Records — i.e., advertisements in the **Berkeley Barb** and other underground papers — "appears to be giving active aid and comfort to enemies of the United States." The San Francisco office suggested that the FBI should use its contacts to persuade Columbia Records to stop advertising in the underground press.

—Angus McKenzie, "Sabotaging the Dissident Press"

TYPICAL FRENCH
POLITICAL MAGAZINES



This expeditionary tale was first recounted to the readers of ***The Nevada City Independent*** *by Dan O'Neill, cartoonist extraordinaire, editor of the aforementioned weekly, and aspiring candidate for the Explorer's Club. –SM*

Deer Creek Expedition

by Dan O'Neill *Photos by Bob Lickter*

BACK IN THE WARM weather, sitting on Deer Creek . . . eating beef pasties for lunch and no one in the office knows where I am . . . I reflected on James Gordon Bennett . . . press mogul . . . Bennett said to his editors, "Who's lost?" He signed their paychecks, so they did try to find out who if anyone was lost and sure enough someone remembered that some Doctor Livingstone had disappeared in Africa a few years back and probably was dead and was considered therefore not only lost but difficult to find what with the lions.

"Perfect," said Bennett.

"Who is the nearest reporter doing nothing?" said Bennett. Off went Stanley to Africa and the rest is history AND a movie starring Spencer Tracy.

Neither history nor Stanley played by Spencer Tracy record the purpose of the expedition . . . merely the result. The result was they found Livingstone and he didn't know he was lost but was gracious about it.

The purpose was circulation. It's hard to keep people reading your newspaper. You don't get a dying puppy story everyday. News is like the wind, you know. Blows up all over the place one minute, and the next, not a puff in sight all the way to North Dakota.

This is the kind of reflection editors have under the best of circumstances and the best of lunches. Other people probably relax during lunch and enjoy their food.

And it was this kind of thinking that suggested the **Independent** launch an expedition. If James Gordon Bennett thought an increase in circulation was a good thing, well, that was all right with us.

We checked around. There were not any doctors missing in Nevada City.

A pretty tame bunch of doctors.

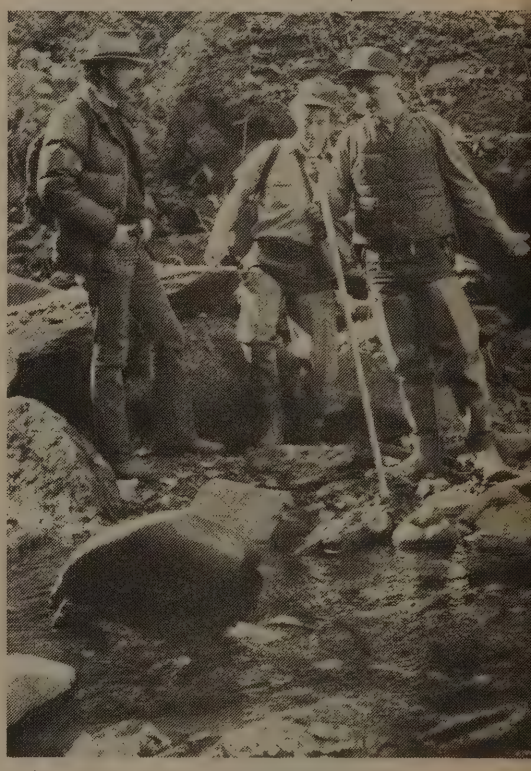
It occurred to us. An expedition is mainly something that marches somewhere. It didn't matter what we did as long as we marched while we did it. Probably we should have flags and uniforms.

Well . . . here was Deer Creek. Always have fished in it. Rumor has it pollution is hurting the fishing. Might as well find out . . . On the Great Pasquale Road to Willow Valley Deer Creek **Independent** Expedition.

7:30 in the morning . . . the only members of the staff to be found ready to go on the expedition are the photographer, Bob Lickter, and myself, and Lickter is there because photographers are crazy and I am there because the rest of the staff said, ". . . sure, Dan . . . we'll all get up at six in the morning and march down miles of Deer Creek when the frost is on the ground . . . of course we will . . ." So I was there to see them off but they lied to me again. Off we go.

8:00 . . . standing with two scientists, State Fish and Game creek experts, by the side of the road out at the Willow Valley crossing and they ask us if we brought any boots. Lickter and I are wearing street clothes and we say we are okay and they say sure we are and proceed to put on hip waders and Lickter and I know we are in trouble.

"First," says John Hixcox, State Fish and Game Scientist and Creek walker with the Fearless



John Hixcox (with stick) and Mark Smith explain to the editor. There are a lot of bugs down there . . . and a few newts and frogs . . . more bugs. . . .

Site of the Great Pasquale Road to Willow Valley Deer Creek Independent Expedition

Independent Team, "we have to take a species count."

"I should have brought my fishing rod," says the Editor.

"We don't fish that way," says Fish and Game's John Hixcox.

And out of their four wheel vehicle comes the most Buck Rogers piece of fishing equipment I have ever seen.

Creek Scientist No. 2, Mark Smith, helps Creek Scientist No. 1, John Hixcox, strap this contraption on his back and we walk over to the creek.

The Machine is powered by a 12-volt battery.

Hanging off the tail of this machine is a cord attached to what appears to be a waffle iron. A dial on the machine turns the waffle iron, now dangling into the creek behind Fish and Game Scientist Hixcox, into a negative grid. The other dial turns this long pole Hixcox is holding into a positive grid, and Lickter and I watch as he pokes the electric fishing pole under the bank and

ZAP! A huge German Brown boils up to the surface with his eyes crossed. Out Cold! Scooped into the bucket, swirl a little oxygen into the bucket, and the Brown comes to, and is madder than hell, but it's too late, he is in the bucket.

"I have to get one of these machines," says the Editor to himself.

"We know what you are thinking," say the Fish and Game scientists.

It turns out that a species count is done by knocking out all the fish and counting them . . . So we knocked out a bunch and counted them. And based on the sizes and population of the riffles and potholes the electric pole zapped into, Mr. Hixcox tells the **Independent**, "This creek has something in the neighborhood of 46,000 fish per mile," and adds, "You're right . . . anglers don't hurt the population very much."

"I must have this machine," thinks the Editor.

"We still know what you are thinking," says the Fish and Game.

Leaving one vehicle at Willow Valley, we pile into the Fish and Game truck, and head out Red Dog Road to Pasquale Road. Down Pasquale Road to the NID Ditch road and we intersect the creek below the dam and start hiking.

The flow of water down the creek is estimated at three cubic feet per second. Enough says our scientific half of the team to sustain life at this level . . . less flow would be less oxygen, and it turns out that all the life forms in the creek depend on that oxygen. The bugs need it. The fish who eat the bugs need it. The birds who eat the fish hang around because the fish hang around because the bugs hang around. Frog, newt, bird, fish, and many varieties of big type bugs who live in the creek area all eat the mosquitoes who carry the heartworm parasite.

It becomes clear to us. . . .

Dedicated Fish and Game types netting stunned fish while envious would-be poachers (not shown) look on.

If anything drastic happens to the ecological systems in the creek watershed area . . . a serious pollution problem perhaps wiping out one member of the chain that feeds on the heartworm mosquito . . . well, then . . . the mosquito will be unleashed and encouraged. It comes down to a very simple proposition. We have to be careful with the creek or all the little creek critters, our puppies, will die.

We check for oxygen. All systems okay. This is great. Good news for a change.

"At one time," says Hixcox, "records show the flow of water down this creek before the dam was built to be 14 THOUSAND cubic feet a second." Seeing three cubic feet going by at our feet, we realize that before the dam was built, where we are standing would be 15 feet underwater.

We slog down the creek, Fish and Game leading. Lickter with a fortune in cameras wrapped around his neck, knowing that one misstep will drag him to his doom at the bottom of the creek.

Hixcox and Smith identify dozens of species of bugs by their Latin and Christian names and throw in a few birds and newts, and Lickter and I are very impressed. This creek is the New York City of Bugland.

Every hundred yards of the creek is the home of the Water Oozle . . . a great bird. He's the one who is always bobbing up and down on the rocks ahead of you while you stumble down the creek. He stays ahead of you not because he is made nervous by your presence on his creek, but because you are driving bugs and small fish toward him. He is glad to see you. You are working for him. At the end of his territorial limit, another Oozle starts whistling and bobbing and off we go with him down his territory. It sounds very pretty, the two Water Oozles chirping at each other, but if we were able to translate their little chirpings into English we would discover language that would make a biker blush. Those little chirpers are tough. I wouldn't want to meet a ten pound Oozle behind Duffy's Alley on a dark night.

Noon: We are still so far above Nevada City by lunch time we are unable to hear the damned horn which is some comfort . . . but the **Independent** News Team realizes as the Fish and

Hixcox checks Deer Creek oxygen. . . we're happy to report: plenty.

Natural pollution from autumn leaves

Game Scientists pull out their lunches with real sandwiches that our supplies (two slightly bent English muffins and a piece of ham) are not adequate. The Fish and Game Scientists graciously share a peanut butter sandwich with us.

Closer to town, houses begin appearing on the shore. The Fish and Game scientists show us examples of a common error. People who live along the creek naturally love to build small dams in the summertime to improve their swimming and fishing areas . . . we all have done that at one time in our lives . . . the problem occurs when the dammers forget to dismantle the dam at the end of the summer. In place, the dam prevents the fish from moving upstream to spawn.

Evidence of gold dredging along the creek . . . piles of gravel by the side of the creek . . . if the small gravel isn't returned to the stream bed after dredging the gold out, the little fish have no place to hide, the biggies no place to spawn, and soon the whole system starts to fall apart. We busted up gleefully three leftover summer dams with the permission of the Fish and Game Scientists. Legal vandalism.

Natural pollution occurs when the autumn leaves dissolve in the water building the foam that collects in the backwaters of the pools but is also the home of insects . . . little eggs floating on bubbles of leaf goo.

The manmade pollution is slight along this creek. At this time of the year, groundwater is flowing out of the many mines left along Deer Creek, and it is tainted with sulphur and other nasty minerals and you can smell it, but we were assured that the damage is slight, and the creek is adjusting.

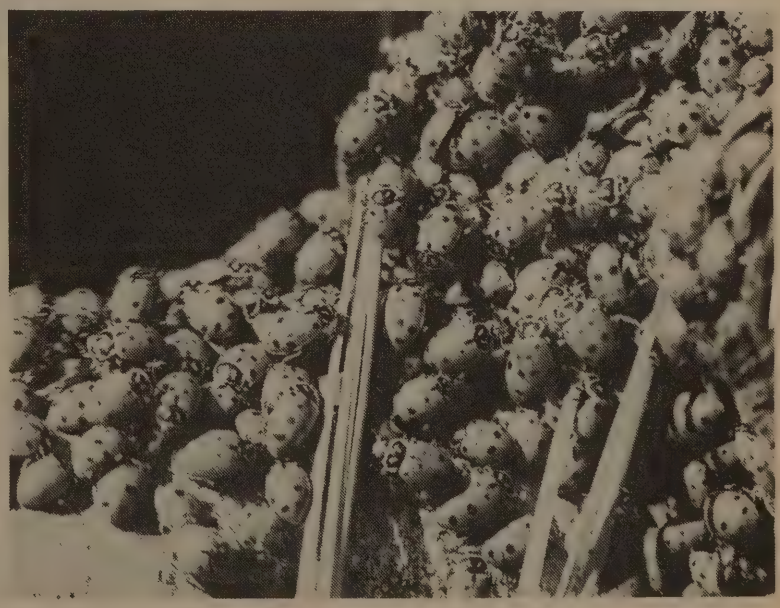
And we did stumble into The World's Most Miserable Pot Farm. Right on the main trail used by thousands of fishermen all year and it was a truly miserable showing. None of us have ever seen such scraggly plants. We left a note . . . "Very uncool. . . ." From the size of the house nearest the plants, we felt the grower could have afforded to buy some well-grown plants from someone around the county who knows what they are doing. If I was a sheriff, I would be ashamed to bust such punk plants.

Almost to Willow Valley, when we hear a shout from Lickter off in the bushes. He has discovered three acres of Ladybugs . . . swarming all over everything . . . including him. Investigation of this phenomena reveals a billion trillion bugs all exchanging telephone numbers. For the next three days, Lickter and I keep finding Ladybugs falling out of our pockets, hats, camera equipment. . . .

3:30 in the afternoon: We emerge from the bushes at the Willow Valley crossing. Every muscle in our bodies has been screaming for the last two miles, "You are 40 years old, fool!"

Still . . . the creek is certified one of the finest trout streams in Northern California . . . and if the new houses moving close to it are careful and considerate with their leach fields and septic tanks, if care is taken to not remove a dangerous amount of foliage that cools the water and keeps it at the temperature to support its life forms, and if miners, swimmers, and anglers continue to treat it as the absolutely beautiful little mountain stream that it is, and avoid thinking of it as a sewer . . . then we will keep it. We should. Let's hope.

See. This was a story full of good news. And if something happens to that creek, and the mosquitoes go crazy, then everybody's puppy WILL die. As an editor, I am happy. I still got my dying puppy story. ■



Lickter's discovery . . .

Intelligence, Not Heaven, Will Protect the Working Stiff

Paul Hawken is a frequent contributor to CQ, and author, with James Ogilvy and Peter Schwartz of Seven Tomorrows, to be published by Bantam Books in mid-January of 1982.
–SM

by Paul Hawken
Illustrated by David Wills

PEOPLE ON SALARY AND WAGES ARE GOING TO GET POORER. It is autoworkers now, but throughout the decade, most workers will take real cuts in pay. This will be accomplished by raises less than the real rate of inflation, and outright cuts. What we are seeing in the national budgetary wrangle, the shrinking sales of homes and cars, the weakened union position vis-á-vis wages, and the oscillating rate of interest and inflation is a slow-motion playing out of loss allocation.

The loss that has to be allocated is the difference between the amount of money that supposedly exists, and the perceived value of goods that is being created or exists. Imagine someone who has stashed a wad of bills in his house and then, thinking he knows where he put it, goes back to look for it, only to find it gone. That person will tear the house apart looking for the money before he will admit that it might not be there. And that in effect is what we are going to do, tear the house apart looking for the money. The house in this case is our social and national fabric. The money we seek does not exist.

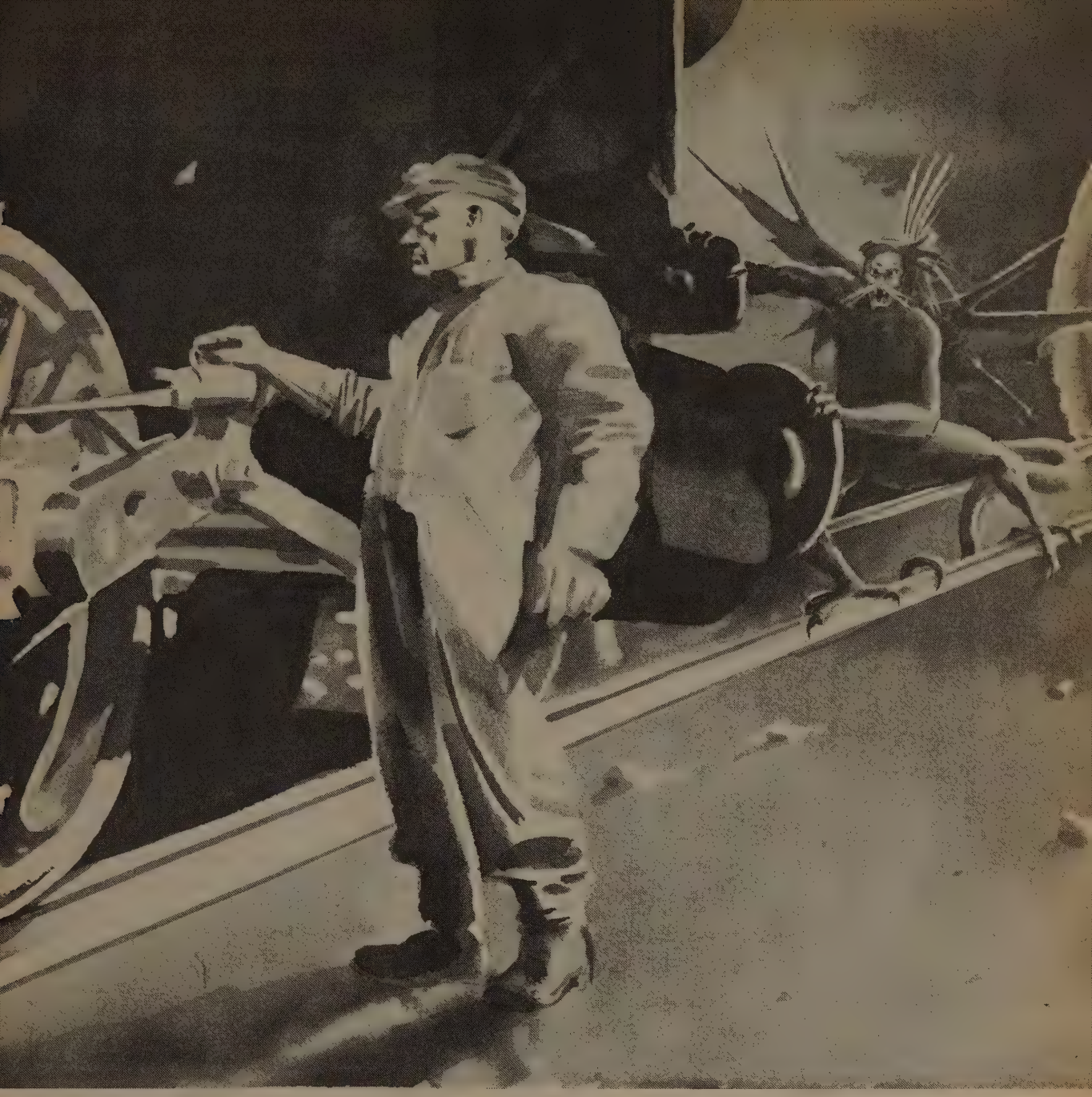
We lived in an economy that grew almost constantly and oftentimes vigorously. Such an economy was our norm and virtually all of our present day assumptions, models, and pictures of what a healthy economy is stem from this experience. All other economic experiences are looked upon as grim, aberrational, and depressing. And yet virtually all the conditions that undergirded a growing economy – falling energy prices, rising birthrate, cheap resources, stored up savings – have reversed. And what this means is that either the economy does not grow, and actually contracts, or it is forced to grow in ways which distort the social organism, hiding damage (loss) under rhetoric and hope.

This does not mean we are without hope, or that the economy is necessarily punitive to individuals. But it does mean that to deal with this economy a wage earner will have to take a very different strategy than he or she did in a growing economy. The reason a slow or no-growth economy is seen as negative is obvious. It results in unemployment, slower revenues to the government (which mean reduced services), and other rippling side effects. And while it is true that these are negatives, a far deeper look into the nature of the growth economy is necessary to understand how to make a transition away from it as a society, and thus how to create a transitional economic strategy personally.

The mass economy, whose swan song we are hearing, is empowered by its ability to shift production away from direct human labor toward production through machinery. And as long as fossil fuels, the main power source for the mass economy, were abundant and becoming cheaper every year, a growth economy could occur. That stopped in 1973, of course, but all of the mechanisms, theories, and outworkings of the mass economy are firmly in place, operating on cruise control.

In the mass economy, growth meant that we had more money to spend each successive year. Goods went down in price while wages went up. As long as cheaper energy was substituted for labor, this condition persisted. As wages climbed, the incentive to substitute machines for people grew as well, creating more industries, jobs, machines, factories, and economic self-congratulation. Although the mass economy first started getting wobbly when the Great Society ran head onto the Vietnam War and spent money that we simply did not have, the real shock was the cartelization of oil. The most important aspect of that event has yet to be recognized: for the first time in over 200 years, the price of energy rose in relation to the value of labor.

With rising energy prices, the physical and psychological fuel of the mass economy has ebbed, and the money available to spend, invest, tax, and dole out is shrinking. The question is, who is going to pay the bill? Or in other words, if there is less money, less real growth that results in less real wealth, who is going to have less? In a recent **Wall Street Journal** article, Peter Drucker reinvoked Thomas Carlyle and reminded his peers that



economics should remain the "dismal" science, because its role is to remind us that "everything has a cost and therefore a price, that nothing can be consumed unless it has first been produced, that nothing can be produced without work and sacrifice and, above all, that we have to make choices between competing satisfactions, between today and tomorrow and between conflicting values and goals."

Most, if not all, of the anomalous economic behavior that we experience is the playing out of this fact, or as stated earlier, the juggling of loss allocation. High interest rates are a result of governmental, corporate, and consumer borrowing having built up to unmanageable levels. It was borrowing on the faith that economic growth would continue and that today's debts could be retired by tomorrow's increased wealth. As the economy fluctuates and becomes more volatile, and the real Gross National Product is virtually stagnant, those debts descend from a future-growth path into insolvency. Why? Because the fundamental mechanism by which economic growth was previously attained has broken down. In the past, as credit eased and companies and consumers borrowed, spent, and invested, one could confidently expect results. The short-term solution offered by the Reagan administration is to shift from demand side to supply side, to shift stimulation away from consumption toward production by tax cuts. If I am correct about the fundamental reason preventing real economic growth, then this will result in further deterioration of the economy, something we are already

witnessing in that interest rates remain high, Reagan cannot balance the budget after all, and economic turbulence continues to be the rule rather than the exception.

Another factor in loss allocation is inflation, which is the most obvious wealth transfer system of all. Inflation deflates the value of money, and this particularly affects those on salary and wages. It is primarily the difference between the theoretical and the actual value of money. In other words, what we are seeing every year is the broad devaluation of currency as the marketplace continuously readjusts to its real value. The spread between yearly values, which is dubbed the Consumer Price Index (CPI), reflects the rate at which money flows into the system without corresponding value. This is an important point, because it is this differential that seduces so many people into *reactive* economic adjustments in hopes that they cannot only relieve themselves of inflationary penalties but actually take advantage of them and get ahead. This is, for example, precisely the reason real estate is unaffordable — it has been bid up by those who sought to beat inflation, and in the process it has caused the economy as a whole to deteriorate further.

For the past several years, reactive economic strategies have gotten widespread airplay, supported best-selling books, and resulted in commodity, real estate, and asset fluctuations. Reactive strategies depend on inflation to continue, and are simply ways of transferring money to assets that will climb in value faster than money declines in value. There are also reactive strategies that suggest means to have cash when inflation flips into deflation. I need not enumerate the different strategies here, but it should be noted that they are largely self-fulfilling. There is sense in them too. If the value of money is dropping like a stone in water, then better to have a plot of land, or something of enduring value. No argument. But the question is, what happens after you have bought your plot of land, and then, realizing the sagacity of your fiscal moves, you buy four more? Then you buy a house or two, maybe an apartment, and emboldened by success, sell treasury bills short while buying Japanese yen long. What happens when the primary economic behavior of micro and macro markets is directed toward reacting against yesterday's news? What's worse, what happens when you actually make money doing this? All of a sudden, you have to do something with it. Soon you are dabbling in more markets, maybe the Tokyo Exchange as well as the New York, you are into a few limited partnerships, and then to protect this growing nest egg, you invest in some tax shelters. You are doing nothing.

But something is happening. The speculative and reactive process further concentrates capital in fewer and fewer hands. And it skews the economic game so that fewer people can play. There is virtually no middle ground in the economy today. Reactive economic policies (and it is important to realize that the entire governmental economic policy of selective tax cuts, increased defense spending, the emasculation of Department of Energy spending on conservation and renewable energy, and the reduction of government transfer spending, etc., is wholly reactive) are by definition maladaptive, and thus they will be highly punitive and predatory to middle class wages.

It's important to undertake and define an adaptive strategy. Essentially, the relationships between labor (your worth in monetary terms), capital (the cost at which you can borrow money), and the value of real resources, and in particular energy, are changing rapidly. The old rules don't work. This change in relationship of values means that greater capital investment in goods-producing technologies is not economic. It means that technology has to shift from producing more to producing smarter. It means that wages will not rise in real terms. It means that we cannot borrow freely. It means that we cannot expand the frontiers of consumerism. There will be huge shifts in the economics of scale away from centralization back toward the particularized. The chart on page 111 lists some of the characteristics that distinguish the old mass economy and the emergent informative economy.

The implication for the wage earner is clear. While it is important to be frugal, save some, and not spend more than one earns, it is far more important to adopt a strategy entirely different than reactive monetary ones. To "get ahead" in the long run, one should concentrate on "banking" experience and knowledge, intelligence, and

insight, terms which are generally not associated with economic activity. In other words, it is important to avoid maladaptive actions which are speculative and disintegrative, and to move toward adaptive knowledge which integrates. To do this a worker must work within or create at the workplace a situation in which one learns and develops. Unless you are doing this, you are falling behind economically far more so than if you are merely poorer from one year to the next. The short term aberration of the economy will eventually pass. Whether it does so with a bang or a whimper, it will pass into a very different economic landscape than the one that exists today, and it is those who are highest on the learning curve who will make the passage with élan.

There is a great deal of confusion about what this new landscape is. If we believe Toffler, we will move into the electronic cottage where chips in our home sewing machine knock out custom-made clothing to fill orders that are networked into our home computer while we are out in the garden. Although there is much that I agree with in Toffler's **Third Wave** – the break-up of mass markets, etc. – I find this picture of the future naïve. There has to be a distinction between intelligence and information in a broad, distributed form. It is simply not true that sitting in front of a screen and absorbing low voltage cathode rays is going to make us a smarter, more information-rich society. If higher intelligence in systems is to recognize "the pattern that connects," to quote Bateson, that should not be confused with having most of the country wired up busily transferring bits of information. Intelligence comes from the interaction of a being and the environment, and the interaction between beings and computers may very well make us less intelligent. At the risk of sounding like a Luddite, I want to point out that electronic technology is a handmaiden of the mass economy. It functions best when sorting out the multifold complex transactions that take place within the mass economy: airline reservations and credit card purchases, engineering functions, etc. But as I have said in earlier articles, the mass economy is ebbing for structural reasons, and the kind of intelligence required to make a transition to an informative economy is not COBOL. What will make us more effective and intelligent is a language that remains to be invented, but its epistemological roots will have to go deep into the question of how an anticipated eight billion people 20 years hence can reside on a small sphere.

The informative economy teaches us how to do that. Almost all present economic activity is directed toward how not to do it. There is not a single area of human endeavor that is not touched by this fact. Every job, activity, livelihood, and business is a means to adaptive changes. Bucky Fuller defines wealth as that which supports life, and he makes the distinction between wealth and money, which was invented to symbolize wealth. Although much of the culture lunges after the symbols, it is entirely appropriate to pursue the reality behind the symbols. The most important economic act that an individual can make is to learn how the world works, and then make it work better. But that means how it really works. Not just how it is presently constructed. Learning is the only economic act that will keep us busy and fulfilled for the rest of our lives. Reactive economics turns us into proverbial moneychangers. Adaptive economics keeps us humane. ■

Mass Economy	Informative Economy
Expansive	Contractive
Replicative	Differentiative
Exploitive	Mutual
Accretive	Distributive
Affluent (amasses)	Influent (processes)
Consumptive	Productive
Intermediative	Disintermediative
More mass/less labor	More information/less labor
Entropic	Intelligent
High wages	Lower wages
Specialization (narrow skills)	Generalization (broad skills)
Professional	Paraprofessional
Technique	Whole systems
More goods	Less goods
Low durability	High durability

The Methods of Jean Pain

"Reafforestation will be the mark and work of the authentic civilization." —*Jean Pain*

This book chronicles 17 years of work with compost energy by French researcher Jean Pain. He and his associates have developed a technology for the extraction of energy from decaying biomass harvested from the forest, where it constitutes a major fire hazard.

More than 70 color plates and diagrams illustrate methods and equipment which are just now starting to receive wide recognition in some parts of Europe.

Through the use of these techniques, an amazingly productive agricultural program has been established in the adverse conditions of Provence, France, where humus has long since made its way into the Mediterranean, leaving chalk and parched, sandy soil as a poor substrate for any type of farming.

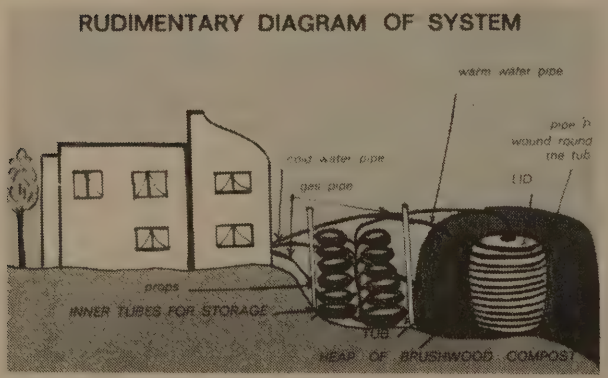
The book breaks down costs and calorie-gain and really substantiates the proposals set forth. This is, to my knowledge, the formost (and only) publication of its kind. Book sales go towards further research and education by Comité Jean Pain, which was established in 1974 to handle the outreach program for these ideas and practices.

The Comité Jean Pain has set up international workshops on these methods, and can be reached by writing: F. Vanden Brande, 18 Ave. Princess Elisabethe, 1030 Brussels, Belgium, Europe. —*Bruce Fulford*

In a subsequent communication, Bruce Fulford informed us that Jean Pain died last summer. His wife and the organization listed above continue the work. This book has sold 70,000 copies in Europe since it first came out in 1973.

In turning a brushy fire hazard into humus and heat via composting, this method ignores the fact that some forest species require fire to regenerate. Other than that, living off the heat of your compost heap makes good sense.
—*Richard Nilsen*

The Methods of Jean Pain
(Another Kind of Garden)
Jean Pain and Ida Pain
Ann Pellaton, Translator
1973, 1980; 88 pp.
7th Edition
$12 postpaid from:
BioThermal Energy Center
P.O. Box 3112
Portland, ME 04101



Tilth

Tilth is a regional membership organization promoting biologically sound agriculture in the Pacific Northwest. Begun in 1974, it now has 1200 members in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Northern California, and British Columbia. Tilth chapters have formed in many of these areas and function with considerable local autonomy.

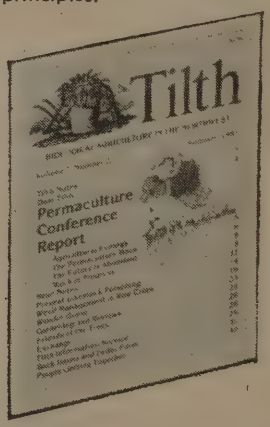
Tilth has chosen what you might call an organic mode of growth — slow and steady. Funding has been internal, from memberships, conferences, and the sale of publications. Grants and other outside sources of funding have been avoided. To anyone familiar with nonprofit buck hustling this is a crucial decision. Outside funding can often affect a small organization the same way chemical fertilizers do a plant — a big spurt of "growth" while the money lasts, followed by organizational shock when it runs out.

Tilth *is also the name of their quarterly journal. It features high quality information and no advertising. The Summer 1981 issue includes news from two regional permaculture conferences. If you live in any of the Northwest bioregions, the journal and a Tilth membership are excellent ways to stay informed and involved with friendly people working to create a sustainable and equitable agriculture.* —*Richard Nilsen*

•

Larry first dealt with the problem of language. "The term permaculture is not clear," he said. "It's vague. People wonder if 'permaculture' is a new kind of yogurt or if it's something you do to your hair. I like the term ecological agriculture," he added, "because that is *exactly* what we're talking about. We're talking about an agriculture based on ecological principles."

Tilth
Barbara Snyder et al, Editors
$10/year (4 issues; includes membership) from:
Tilth
13217 Mattson Raod
Arlington, WA 98223



New England Farm Bulletin

Formerly the **Massachusetts Farm Bulletin**, *this is a non-profit, one-family publication which acts as a regional marketplace for agricultural hardware, livestock, produce, land, and labor. The publisher's statement dedicates itself to the "improvement of small scale agriculture" in New England.*

The meat of each **Bulletin** *is the classified section. Subscribers may advertise free any noncommercial farm-related items. Short feature articles range from typical "how to" (raise chickens, manage your woodlot, birth your piglets) to testimonial and anecdotal stories of rural life. There are also announcements of current agricultural events, lists of pick your own produce places, farmers' markets, auction livestock prices, etc., plus ongoing reader tale swapping like "mean rooster" and "smart pig" stories.*

The editor's casual, sometimes ain't-it-great-to-be-out-here-in-the-country-together style has caused one (real) farmer friend of mine to drop his subscription to what he sees as yet another parasitic back to the land publicaiton. I can

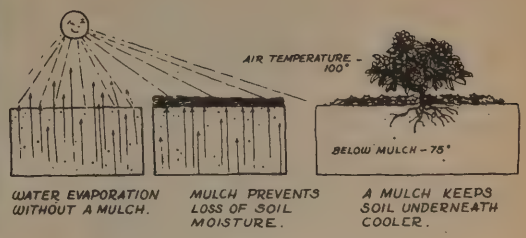
Easy Gardening with Drought-Resistant Plants

The 1966 drought in the eastern U.S. inspired this book. Dover Press, that good and roving eye in the flea market of publications, has brought this one back from out-of-print obscurity. A good thing too, since we are running short of water just about everywhere, and not just during droughts.

In addition to sections covering drought-tolerant annuals, perennials, trees, shrubs, vines, and ground covers, there is a whole chapter devoted to desert plants of the southwestern U.S. The chapter on irrigation omits drip or trickle techniques, which really caught on after this book first came out in 1968. Other than that, it's a complete treatment, with good photos throughout; appropriate as well for today's emphasis on low-maintenance gardens and native plants. —Richard Nilsen

Easy Gardening with Drought-Resistant Plants
Arno Nehrling and Irene Nehrling
1968; 320 pp.

$4.25 postpaid from:
Dover Books
180 Varick Street
New York, NY 10014
or Whole Earth Household Store



Summer Mulching

There are no set rules for the depth of a mulch. It may vary from 2 to 6 inches. A sandy, gravelly soil needs a thicker mulch than a heavier soil. Experiment. You will want a mulch deep enough to kill weeds and prevent the soil from drying out, but not too deep to prevent air and water from reaching the topsoil. Apply a mulch well before the summer droughts and before the weeds start active growth. The time may well vary depending upon where you live. Loosen soil with a hoe, removing any weeds, soak the soil well and thoroughly, then apply mulch. Some mulches last for several years, other finer ones break up more rapidly and need annual renewal.

Successful Cold-Climate Gardening

As the old Yankee says in this book of gardening technique for the northeastern U.S.: "Ain't nothing wrong with the climate. All you got to do is make the most of it." Lewis Hill is a Vermont nurseryman who has spent most of his life doing just that. He knows what grows, what doesn't, and why. He also explains how to landscape with snow drifts in mind, and how to position and prune shrubs and trees so they will be alive, with branches intact, when the snow and ice turn them loose in spring. —Richard Nilsen

Successful Cold-Climate Gardening
Lewis Hill
1981; 308 pp.

$10.95 postpaid from:
The Stephen Greene Press
P.O. Box 1000
Fessenden Road
Brattleboro, VT 05301
or Whole Earth Household Store

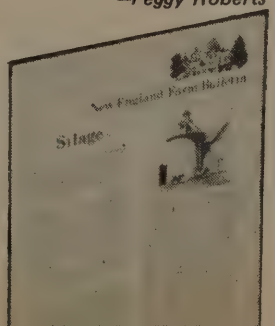
Some years the snow depth on our garden may reach 5 or 6 feet on the level, and deeper where it drifts. Like most gardeners, we are impatient to get started in the spring, and it seems that the snow takes forever to melt. So, for years we have sprinkled wood ashes on the snow to make it melt faster. On sunny days the sprinkled area disappears much quicker, and it is often completely gone a week or more earlier than the untreated snow.

To grow eggplant, pepper, and tomato plants, one method is to encircle them with two or three black, heat-absorbing automobile tires piled on top of each other to provide the warmth they require.

see his point, but the **Bulletin** *is a good resource, a place to sell, buy, and bargain, or just watch the transactions. The editor is matey; he is also accessible and flexible and provides real information exchange. Several editorial policies have been dropped or restored or initiated by reader response.*

The **Bulletin** *is always good to look at, well produced with beautiful illustrations admittedly pinched from old books with expired copyrights. I will probably always subscribe to it, even if I stop reading it, because I believe in the need for it.* —Peggy Roberts

New England Farm Bulletin
Robert Kaldenbach, Editor
$9.50/year (26 issues) from:
New England Farm Bulletin
29 West Chester Street
Nantucket, MA 02554



Directory of Bee and Honey Suppliers

More months ago than we care to count, a directory was promised of beekeepers with honey for sale, or supplies and equipment. Those whose names follow responded to our invitation. "H" means they sell honey, "E" is for equipment, and "P" identifies those with bees for rent as pollinators.

J and L Tartaglia (H)
RFD, Old Hardwick Road
Barre, MA 01005

David Whalley (H P)
30 Ed Holcomb Road
Southwick, MA 01077

Dennis Mareb (E)
(A.I. Root Dealer)
Konkapot Farm
Great Barrington,
MA 01230

Starbuck Smith (H)
Maple Street,
Stockbridge, MA 01262

Walter Kuzontkoski (H E)
Main Road
Turners Falls, MA 01376

Robert Nichols (H)
277 Hudson Street
Northboro, MA 01532

Ellen and Michael Zepp (H)
RFD 1, Torrey Road
Southbridge, MA 01550

Human Poisoning from Native and Cultivated Plants

This is the best book on this subject for the layman. It is fairly recent, and accurate in its botany and pharmacology. Each entry contains a description of the plant, its geographical range, the poisonous parts and their effects, and notes to the physician. This book brings together a lot of information not readily available and allows one to refute or confirm folklore about poisonous plants. For all its technical competence, it makes surprisingly interesting reading. —*W.R. Okie*

Human Poisoning from Native and Cultivated Plants
James W. Hardin and Jay M. Arena, M.D.
1969, 1974; 194 pp.

$13 postpaid from:
Duke University Press
College Station
P.O. Box 6697
Durham, NC 27708

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Nerium oleander L. — Oleander

Description: An evergreen shrub or small tree to 25 ft. tall, with thick gummy clear sap; leaves short-stalked, opposite or in whorls of 3, narrow, leathery, 3-10 in. long, margins not toothed, veins light yellowish and conspicuous; flowers appearing in summer, in clusters at the tips of the twigs, white to pink to deep red, about 1-3 in. across and sometimes double in certain horticultural forms.

Occurrence: Oleander is a native of southern Europe and has been commonly cultivated as an ornamental in southern United States and California. *N. indicum* Mill. is common in Hawaii.

Poisoning: The twigs, green or dry leaves, and flowers contain cardiac glycosides, nerioside and oleandroside. These are extremely poisonous and cause nausea, severe vomiting, stomach pain, dizziness, slowed pulse, irregular heartbeat, marked dilation of pupils, bloody diarrhea, drowsiness, unconsciousness, paralysis of respiration, and death. A single leaf is said to be sufficient to kill an adult, and severe poisoning has resulted from using the branches as skewers to roast meat over an open fire in Florida; children have been poisoned by chewing the leaves and also by sucking the nectar from the flowers. A poison honey is made by bees visiting the flowers.

■

First aid: What to do in case of internal poisoning

Call your physician immediately!

Be prepared to give him this information:

1. Name of plant if known.
2. How much and which parts of plant were eaten.
3. How long ago it was eaten.
4. Age of the individual.
5. Symptoms observed. All unusual symptoms should be carefully described.
6. A good description of the plant if the name is unknown. Save the specimen for later identification.

If a physician cannot be contacted

1. Have the individual drink a glass or two of water and then (if he is not unconscious or convulsive) try to produce vomiting by gagging the back of the throat with a finger or a blunt instrument (spoon, etc.) or by giving an emetic such as syrup of ipecac, warm salt water (no more than 1 teaspoonful salt to a glass of water for a child; excess salt for this purpose can produce "salt poisoning" and even death), mustard water, or soapy water.

2. Take the person to the nearest hospital emergency room or clinic. Be sure to take the plant along for identification if you have it.

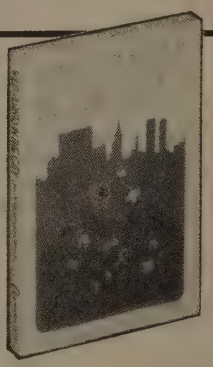
3. The *Poison Control Center* in your area may be helpful if your physician is not available. These centers can provide information on proper therapy and may be able to aid in the identification of the plant. Locate the Poison Control Center for your area now.

Wild Plants in the City

What grows between the cracks of the sidewalks of Boston is the subject of this book. You might call them weeds; I prefer to think of them as stubborn reminders that we have gone a bit overboard in our love of asphalt, concrete, and cars. Good black and white photographs reveal a city landscape from an unusual perspective, and the varieties of flowering plants, grasses, trees, shrubs, and ferns described occur in cities throughout the northeastern U.S. —*Richard Nilsen*

Wild Plants in the City
Nancy M. Page and Richard E. Weaver, Jr.
1975; 117 pp.

$4.70 postpaid from:
New York Times Books
Three Park Avenue
New York, NY 10016
or Whole Earth Household Store



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Burdock — *Arctium minus*
Naturalized from Europe

HEIGHT: up to 3-4 feet.

LEAVES: 10-18 inches long, about half as broad.

FLOWERS: pink, or occasionally purple, in dense, thistle-like flower heads ½ inch across. July to October.

Inadvertently carried from Europe to the United States by early settlers, Burdock was already recorded in New England by the seventeenth century. Today it is wide-spread on rich soil in waste places and neglected farm yards throughout the United States, and its large, rather dull, green leaves are conspicuous in many Boston lots.

During the first year of growth, a distinctive 1-2 foot rosette of large leaves and a thick taproot are produced, followed the second year by a flowering stalk which reaches 3 to 4 feet in height. After flowering and producing the familiar prickly burrs which cling to the coats of passing animals and humans, each plant usually dies, for the Burdock is a biennial.

The first-year roots, young leaves and peeled young flower stalks all are edible, and Burdock has been so valued as a food plant in Japan that a special garden variety has been developed. The plant has been used medicinally since ancient times. It was believed that its roots would draw out the poison of vipers, or cure eczema and toothache.

Powerline

This is the story of the fight by Minnesota farmers against a four-hundred-thousand volt direct current powerline, a fight which began in 1974 and continues today, although the line began commercial operation in 1979. Because this battle reached the point of tower-toppling sabotage reminiscent of Edward Abbey's **The Monkey-Wrench Gang**, *the book is more importantly a narrative of the breakdown of the democratic process in the pursuit of a hard energy path.*

The subtitle gives ample notice of the authors' political stance — in fact one of them was intimately connected with the protests. Despite this bias, they have done a remarkable job of chronicling a complex story in an objective and readable manner. —*Richard Nilsen*

Powerline
(The First Battle of America's Energy War)
Barry M. Casper and Paul David Wellstone
1981; 314 pp.
$7.95 postpaid from:
University of Massachusetts Press
P.O. Box 429
Amherst, MA 01004
or Whole Earth Household Store

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One thing that was learned soon was that it was easy to get the bolts out, but quite a trick to bring a tower down. . . .

Protesters removed bolts on the four legs of each tower. Then they used their hands or body weight or steel bars to tilt the towers a bit.

"This is the easy part," said one unimpressed protester as a tower swayed. "I've seen this before."

The hard part, he said, would be getting the towers to topple, something they'd never done before.

Another protester shook his head as the noise of steel banging against steel rang out in the quiet country night.

"This is a terribly slow method," he said, "and terribly noisy, too. Noisy as hell. There's got to be a better way."

Protesters said they have experimented with acid, hacksaws, torches, and wrenches in unsuccessful attempts to bring towers down in the past.

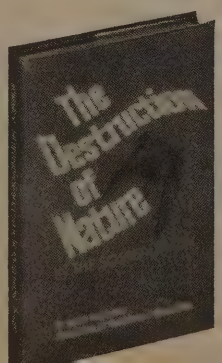
About this time a pool was started. For a dollar one could buy a ticket and predict when the first full tower would fall. The person with the closest guess would win a third of the pool. Another third would go to the legal defense fund, and one third would start the pool for the next tower.

Another discovery was the vulnerability of the insulators. To keep the current flowing along the powerline, instead of being sidetracked in a 400,000-volt flash down through the tower to the ground, each of the conducting wires is supported by a string of twenty heavy glass insulators. It was found at the wiener roasts that the insulators were relatively delicate objects. Rifle fire or even wrist rockets (sophisticated sling shots) would send them crashing down. As the summer wore on, the ground around the towers became littered with glass.

The Destruction of Nature in the Soviet Union

It's obvious that, whether socialist or capitalist, it is the industrialized societies that have the greatest impact upon the biosphere. But very little has been published outside the Soviet Union on the effects of their large-scale industrial growth during the past 30 years. Even within the Soviet Union, relatively little has been published on the damage to the environment. Marshall Goldman, in his foreword to this English translation, believes that this stems from two reasons, "military or strategic considerations and simple embarrassment." Komarov's book originally appeared through "samizdat" channels and, although Goldman believes the author to be harsher than necessary, it seems to be a carefully written and documented work. The author describes, in general terms, the effects of industrial growth in the Soviet Union upon the natural environment, particularly in the "New Lands" (the Arctic and Siberia), gives specific examples of damage and misuse of resources, discusses legal, political, and social aspects, and, in his last chapter, goes into the fundamental differences between socialist and capitalist treatment of the environment and approaches to solutions. Written with fire and some humor, this book gives an honest appraisal of Soviet attitudes and actions, including occasional shots across our own bows as well as self-criticism. While this may not become the Soviet **Silent Spring**, *it should be read by anyone concerned with the environment of one-sixth of the Earth's surface.*
—*Bryan Johnson*

The Destruction of Nature in the Soviet Union
Boris Komarov
1978, 1980; 150 pp.
$15 postpaid from:
M.E. Sharpe, Inc.
80 Business Park Drive
Armonk, NY 10504



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A few years ago an English film was shown on our screens in which a lunatic general hunted deer with ground-to-ground missiles equipped with heat-seeking warheads. Soviet zoologists and ornithologists commented ironically after viewing it that the English director and script writer must have really enjoyed making their little fantasy, which ridicules the maniac militarist. Among the divisions quartered in the Baikal area, however, hunting for deer in this manner has been a long and serious practice (in contrast to the pure fantasy of our Englishmen). Our rocket officers reasoned quite soberly that they could find no better targets for training troops to shoot ground-to-ground heat-seeking missiles at than wild boar and deer on the run. Startled by the sound of a shot, the animals dash across the wooded hills, and the accurate rockets overtake them wherever they go. Everything is quite logical, everyone sane . . .

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Claims that the burial of radioactive wastes is a problem only for the West seem baseless. The USSR had the sad experience of an explosion of nuclear wastes in 1958 near Cheliabinsk, when all crops, all animals, and houses were destroyed, and the population was evacuated 200 and more kilometers from the point of the explosion. It was only chance that the radioactive cloud did not reach Sverdlovsk but passed over a comparatively sparsely populated region. The number of victims remains a secret to this day.

Necessary Trading Company

This mail-order catalog claims to have "the largest assortment put together in one place for biological farming and organic gardening." Could be. Consider the range of some of what they offer: soil audits, foliar nutrients, comfrey root cuttings, open pollinated corn seed, books, grasshopper disease spore (Nosema locustae Canning), pheromone traps, beneficial insects, and canning and livestock equipment. —*Richard Nilsen*

Necessary Trading Co.
Catalog and Information
$1.50 from:
Necessary Trading Co.
328 Main Street
New Castle, VA 24127

ERISICHTHON

RISICHTHON WAS A profane person and a despiser of the gods. On one occasion he presumed to violate with the axe a grove sacred to Ceres. There stood in this grove a venerable oak, so large that it seemed a wood in itself, its ancient trunk towering aloft, whereon votive garlands were often hung and inscriptions carved expressing the gratitude of suppliants to the nymph of the tree. Often had the Dryads danced round it hand in hand. Its trunk measured 15 cubits round, and it overtopped the other trees as they overtopped the shrubbery. But for all that, Erisichthon saw no reason why he should spare it, and he ordered his servants to cut it down. When he saw them hesitate, he snatched an axe from one, and thus impiously exclaimed, "I care not whether it be a tree beloved of the goddess or not; were it the goddess herself it should come down, if it stood in my way." So saying, he lifted the axe, and the oak seemed to shudder and utter a groan. When the first blow fell upon the trunk, blood flowed from the wound. All the bystanders were horror-struck, and one of them ventured to remonstrate and hold back the fatal axe. With a scornful look, Erisichthon said to him, "Receive the reward of your piety"; and turned against him the weapon which he had held aside from the tree, gashed his body with many wounds, and cut off his head. Then from the midst of the oak came a voice, "I who dwell in this tree am a nymph beloved of Ceres, and dying by your hands, forewarn you that punishment awaits you." He desisted not from his crime, and at last the tree, sundered by repeated blows and drawn by ropes, fell with a crash, and prostrated a great part of the grove in its fall.

The Dryads, in dismay at the loss of their companion, and at seeing the pride of the forest laid low, went in a body to Ceres, all clad in garments of mourning, and invoked punishment upon Erisichthon. She nodded her assent, and as she bowed her head the grain ripe for harvest in the laden fields bowed also. She planned a punishment so dire that one would pity him, if such a culprit as he could be pitied – to deliver him over to Famine. As Ceres herself could not approach Famine, for the Fates have ordained that these two goddesses shall never come together, she called an Oread from her mountain and spoke to her in these words: "There is a place in the farthest part of ice-clad Scythia, a sad and sterile region without trees and without crops. Cold dwells there, and Fear, and Shuddering, and Famine. Go to Famine and tell her to take possession of the bowels of Erisichthon. Let not abundance subdue her, not the power of my gifts drive her away. Be not alarmed at the distance [for Famine dwells very far from Ceres] but take my chariot. The dragons are fleet and obey the rein, and will take you through the air in a short time." So she gave her the reins, and she drove away and soon reached Scythia. On arriving at Mount Caucasus she stopped the dragons and found Famine in a stony field, pulling up with teeth and claws the scanty herbage. Her hair was rough, her eyes sunk, her face pale, her lips blanched, her jaws covered with dust, and her skin drawn tight, so as to show all her bones. As the Oread saw her afar off (for she did not dare to come near) she delivered the commands of Ceres; and though she stopped as short a time as possible, and kept her distance as well as she could, yet she began to feel hungry, and turned the dragons' heads and drove back to Thessaly.

In obedience to the commands of Ceres, Famine sped through the air to the dwelling of Erisichthon, entered the bedchamber of the guilty man, and found him asleep. She enfolded him with her wings and breathed herself into him, infusing her poison into his veins. Having discharged her task, she hastened to leave the land of plenty and returned to her accustomed haunts. Erisichthon still slept, and in his dreams craved food, and moved his jaws as if eating. When he awoke his hunger was raging. Without a moment's delay he would have food set before him, of whatever kind earth, sea or air produces; and complained of hunger even while he ate. What would have sufficed for a city or a nation was not enough for him. The more he ate, the more he craved. His hunger was like the sea, which receives all the rivers, yet is never filled; or like fire that burns all the fuel that is heaped upon it, yet is still voracious for more.

His property rapidly diminished under the unceasing demands of his appetite, but his hunger continued unabated. At length he had spent all, and had only his daughter left, a daughter worthy of a better parent. *Her too he sold.* She scorned to be the slave of a purchaser, and as she stood by the seaside, raised her hands in prayer to Neptune. He heard her prayer, and, though her new master was not far off, and had his eye upon her a

moment before, Neptune changed her form, and made her assume that of a fisherman busy at his occupation. Her master, looking for her and seeing her in her altered form, addressed her and said, "Good fisherman, whither went the maiden whom I saw just now, with hair disheveled and in humble garb, standing about where you stand? Tell me truly; so may your luck be good, and not a fish nibble at your hook and get away." She perceived that her prayer was answered, and rejoiced inwardly at hearing the question asked her of herself. She replied, "Pardon me, stranger, but I have been so intent upon my line, that I have seen nothing else; but I wish I may never catch another fish if I believe any woman or other person except myself to have been hereabouts for some time." He was deceived and went his way, thinking his slave had escaped. Then she resumed her own form. Her father was well pleased to find her still with him, and the money too that he got by the sale of her; so he sold her again. But she was changed by the favor of Neptune as often as she was sold, now into a horse, now a bird, now an ox, and now a stag, and so got away from her purchasers and came home. By this base method the starving father procured food; but not enough for his wants, and at last hunger compelled him to devour his limbs, and he strove to nourish his body by eating his body, till death relieved him from the vengeance of Ceres.

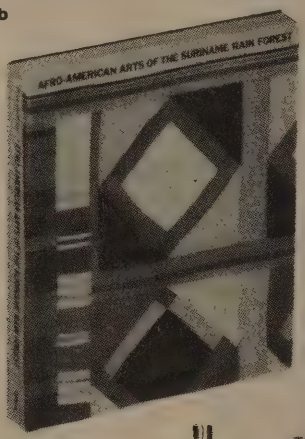
–Copied from an 1881 copy of
Bullfinch's Mythology,
S.W. Tilton and Company, Publishers,
Edited by E.E. Hale.
Submitted by Stephen Maye

Afro-American Arts of the Suriname Rain Forest

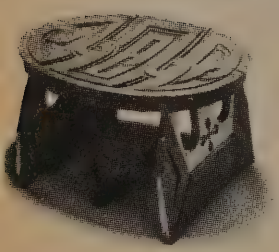
A Djuka comb

Highly decorative folk arts of the Suriname Maroon tribes, a 300-year-old culture of escaped African slaves on the northeastern South American coast. Pursuit to destroy them dates from the 1670s; Suriname gained independence from Holland in 1975.

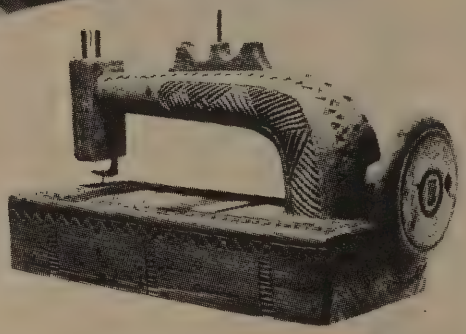
The book, rich in photos, text, and inspiration, covers carved wooden lintels, furniture, household items, highly painted and carved house faces and interiors, thatched roofs, calabashes, hair ornaments, canoe prows, spinning and weaving, amazing geometric appliqued, patched, and embroidered textiles, hair braiding, musical instruments, dancers. There's a picture of a calabash tree (I thought they grew on vines like gourds). Silver spoons bought at market and decorated with woodcarving tools made me want to light into my silver immediately. The overall elegance and precision of their work in combination with free-flowing primitive geometrics make this tiny, little-known culture unforgettable. —*Alexandra Hart*



Afro-American Arts of the Suriname Rain Forest
Sally and Richard Price
1980; 237 pp.
$16.45 postpaid from:
University of California
California Press
2223 Fulton Street
Berkeley, CA 94720



Maroon men carve all their household goods, from folding stools to sewing machines.



On a Djuka house, everything's painted with decoration, even the ends of the roof beams.

•

The Maroon emphasis on individuality, expressiveness, and personal style — described in Chapter 3 in regard to dress and adornment — is a very general feature of Maroon life. A special attention to "performance" marks social interaction of all kinds, and Maroons exhibit a keen appreciation of nuances of speech, gesture, and posture. Playfulness, creativity, and improvisation pervade everyday conversation, making even ordinary speech a lively art. Newly invented elliptical phrases frequently substitute for standard words so that, for example, a watch becomes a "back-of-the-wrist motor," food "under-the-nose-material," and a stool "the rump's rejoicing." The love of mimicry reflects Maroons' interest in distinctive characteristics of individual (or even tribal) mannerisms. We once saw two friends, separated by a roaring rapids, silently greeting each other; one began with a humorous imitation of the dance style of a fellow villager, and the second — who had no trouble identifying the subject of the impersonation — countered with his own rendition of another man's performance of the same dance. The expressive, dramatic quality of Maroon life may be seen also in the spontaneous songs and dances that are frequently sparked by mundane but happy events. To cite just two of innumerable possible examples: an elderly woman, who had been fishing without success for over an hour, was finally rewarded with a tiny fish; dropping into a sitting position in the shallow water, she broke into a sinuous dance of celebration with her upper torso. Another woman, noticing a neighbor passing her door with a new enamel bucket on her head, sang a spontaneous little song: "The red bucket suits my 'sister-in-law,' look how red bucket suits my 'sister-in-law.' "

Backstrap Weaving of Northern Ecuador

This manual about building, setting up, and weaving on a backstrap loom provides glimpses of the ancient culture of Ota Valo, the high Andean valley of Ecuador, where Redwood learned this craft from José de la Torre, "patriarch, farmer, dyer, and weaver."

Along with clear descriptions, step-by-step diagrams, and complete lists of supplies needed, this book is a distillation of Redwood's sojourn, recorded in drawings, translations of songs and poetry, and photographs of these ancient people and their countryside. This is also a commentary about Andean life through instructions on how person and loom may create harmonious utility and beauty. —*Patty Davis*

Backstrap Weaving of Northern Ecuador
Redwood
1973; 35 pp.

$5 postpaid from:
Straw Into Gold
3006 San Pablo Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94702

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Bean Flower

Bean Flower
Black and white
Like the heart of that dark man
Who loves two women.
Long live the apple.
Its tears are sweet.
This world has reason to be bitter.

Little star of heaven
Lend me your brightness
For the life of this world
is a dark night.
(Quechua)

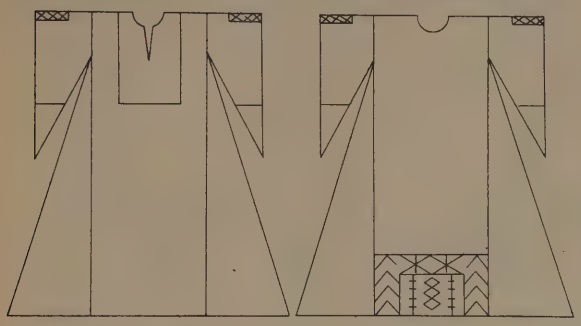
•

In Ota Valo, fringe is the sign of a novice or lazy weaver. A master weaver will weave all the way to the end, finishing the piece as tightly as he began it. If you are interested in developing this fairly esoteric standard of quality and mastery, I recommend that with each consecutive piece you make a point of producing shorter and shorter fringe.

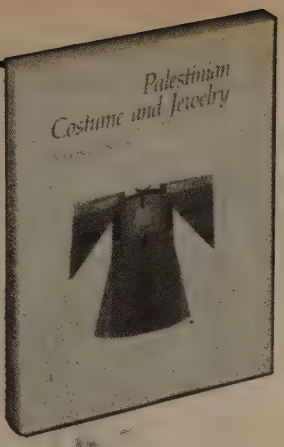
Palestinian Costume and Jewelry

Beginning life as a catalog of a Museum of International Folk Art, Santa Fe, exhibit, **Palestinian Costume and Jewelry** *expanded to provide folkloric ethnographic/historic information to enthusiasts of Middle Eastern costume. In my own research for Folkwear Ethnic Patterns (***NWEC** *p. 268), I would have been delighted to have this book to identify the many garments that were available a few years back. If you have worked on a Gaza dress or Bethany dress from Folkwear's pattern collection, were lucky enough to collect a Palestinian garment before the prices went out of sight and availability vanished, or just love costume and the geometric embroidery designs from this part of the world, this book will aid in your identification and understanding of these vanishing textiles. It also includes a section of motifs and clear stitch diagrams and an extensive bibliography.*

—Alexandra Hart



Palestinian Costume and Jewelry
Yedida Kalfon Stillman
1979; 138 pp.
$15.95 postpaid from:
University of New Mexico Press
Albuquerque, NM 87131



A dress of Ramallah, of dark blue cotton covered with cross-stitched plants and animals

Into Indigo

Into Indigo *covers a wide selection of West African, especially Ivory Coast, textiles, cultural history, and technique. Belying its title,* **Into Indigo** *is not restricted to indigo-dyed fabrics, and is the more valuable for this. For example, new information on mudcloth alone is worth the acquisition of the book. Producing this fabric, whose patterns are created by painting negative space with a mud concoction, involves a complex series of steps, some of which may be of superstitious value only. Much misinformation has been circulated on this fabric, and more investigation would be of value, but Polakoff's work is a good starting point. And though she has confined her book to resist-dyeing, painting, bleaching (discharge), and hand painting, she brings such respect and thoroughness to her subject that you feel you've also gained an understanding of the people through her descriptions of the folklore and customs woven into the processes.*

Adrinkra cloth (stamped printing), tie dye, wax and paste resist patterning, and a tremendous amount of indigo technology are well presented. If you've experienced difficulty with indigo (and of those who've tried it, who hasn't?), both folk and technological solutions are suggested. The book is well indexed and has an impressive bibliography. There is more text than pictorial material, but the drawings and photos are satisfying. One legend of the origins of indigo dyeing as discovered by Asi, seeress of Foya Kamara, is a delight for telling how people might have discovered the intricate steps in combining indigo, urine, salt, and ashes that brings out the elusive indigo blue.

—Alexandra Hart

Into Indigo
Claire Polakoff
1980; 269 pp.
$7.95 postpaid from:
Doubleday and Company
501 Franklin Avenue
Garden City, NY 11530

The mud cloth artist uses a spatula to create a pattern by filling in negative space.

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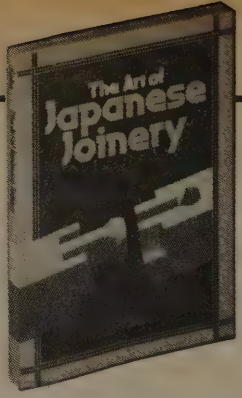
The actual process of preparing the cloth and creating the designs on bokolanfini cloth is lengthy and time-consuming, requiring a great deal of patience, skill, and precision. The unique manner of applying the mud/dye to the cloth has distinguished bokolanfini from other drawn and painted designs found in African textiles at the same time as it has caused confusion. The solution to the mystery lies in the main step in creating bokolanfini cloth. . . .

Rather than taking the usual approach and painting a *direct* line on the fabric, the true bokolanfini artist creates that line by painstakingly applying the coloring agent as an outline and then filling in the background *around* the desired design space. In effect, the artist has painted a dark background which creates in the remaining space a fine light line — as Clouzot simplistically described it — of "circles, squares, lines, zigzags." It is this fine, light line against a dark background that has made the method difficult to analyze, principally because the light-against-dark quality of bokolanfini cloth resembles other fabric-dyeing techniques which are familiar to most textile scholars through studies of Asian and Egyptian methods.

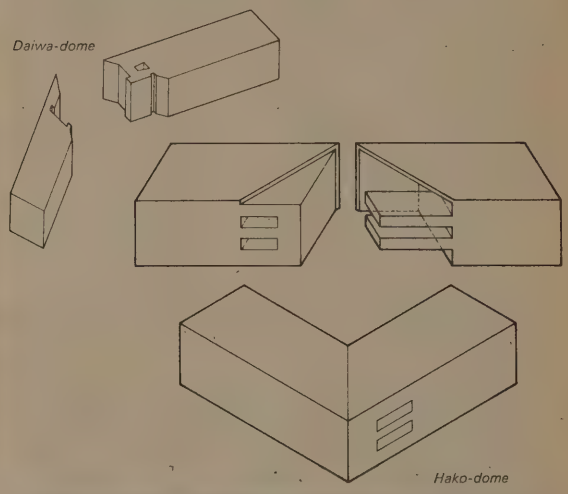
The Art of Japanese Joinery

This is an art book as much as it is useful for the beauty, geometry, and ingenuity of the joins. The photography and presentation of the 48 joints is as aesthetic as the painstaking craftsmanship of their basic structures. Clear isometric projections supplement the photographs. The text gives a brief history and development of Japanese carpentry and descriptions of the use and special attributes of each join. Though the back cover says the weekend carpenter can duplicate from these pages, I would say s/he would be better equipped to do so with quite a few weekends of carpentry under his/her obi. As with much Japanese craft, it presents an aesthetic of excellence to aspire to. —Alexandra Hart



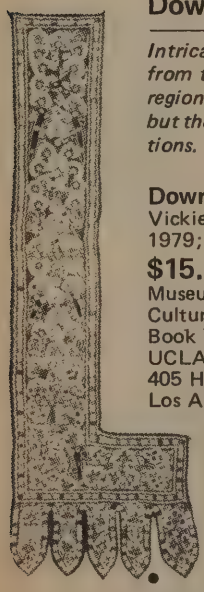
The Art of Japanese Joinery
Kiyosi Seike
1977; 127 pp.
$11 postpaid from:
Asia House
Derby Square
Salem, MA 01970
or Whole Earth
Household Store

Mortising a miter joint not only strengthens it but also helps control the effects of shrinkage. A tenon that is fan shaped in cross section is more effective than a square tenon in controlling shrinkage and warping, and two or more small tenons are more effective than a single large one. To keep miter and finishing joints from opening up, Japanese carpenters favored the use of a variety of shaped joint faces ranging from the *hako-dome* to much more complex joints like the *daiwa-dome*.

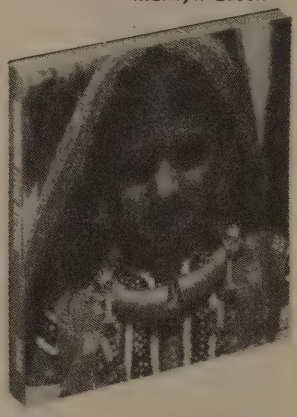


Dowries from Kutch

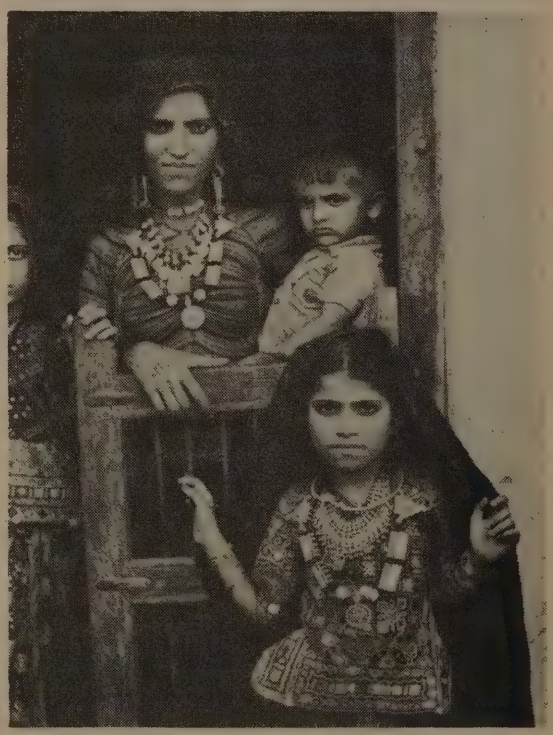
Intricately detailed, made-to-last textiles and accessories from the dowries of women of Kutch, a poor, desolate region on the northwest coast of India. The text is weak but the book is worth its price for its breathtaking illustrations. The color ones, in particular, sparkle like fireworks. —Marilyn Green



Dowries from Kutch
Vickie C. Elson
1979; 127 pp.
$15.25 postpaid from:
Museum of
Cultural History
Book Order Desk
UCLA
405 Hilgard Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90024



The Daysee Rabaris of Abrasar embroider their blouses with designs that are more typical of the region in which they live than of their *jati*. Their dowry jewelry is typical of that given to Rabari women in Kutch, and the necklace made of silver amulets and an embossed gold medallion is characteristic. The woman in the back is wearing the *nahgahlah* earrings which are the mark of a married Daysee woman. Her hands, arms, and neck are tattooed in traditional designs made up of dots for added beauty.



Young girls are often tattooed with a cross on a cheek or a scorpion on a hand to keep them from being too beautiful.

The Mountain Man's Sketch Book

Feminine Fur Trade Fashions

The Frontier Scout and Buffalo Hunter's Sketch Book

Hats, caps, jackets of leather and blanket, Kit Carson pants, shirts, vests, leggings, moccasins, firearms, shaving gear and tools, smoking gear and kettles, saddles, horse equipment, shelters — all are covered variously by each of these books. There is little text, all are hand lettered and drawn with proportion but no measurements. Pattern shapes and details are adequate for someone with sewing experience to reproduce with some trial and error. **The Mountain Man's Sketch Book** *has two volumes — Volume One extends from 1810 to 1840, Volume Two a little further into the 1850s — the others roughly the same time period. If you love one, you'll want them all. If choosing one over another, go for the* **Mountain Man** *One and Two in that order, the* **Feminine Fur Trade** *for women's items, and the* **Frontier Scout** *last. Rough clothing made from skins, Indian style, Mexican and Canadian styles, and wonderful oddities abound. Great for adapting frontier clothes to your own frontier or for costume folks.* —*Alexandra Hart*

The Feminine Fur Trade Fashions 1800 to 1840
Kathryn J. Wilson and James A. Hanson
1976; 48 pp.

The Mountain Man's Sketch Book
Volume One
Kathryn J. Wilson and James A. Hanson
1976; 48 pp.

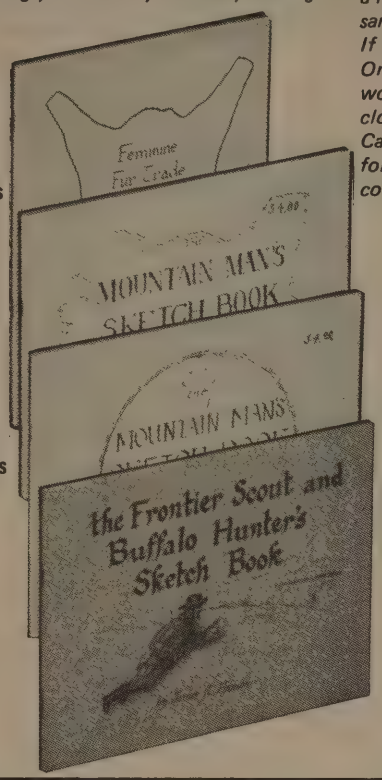
Volume Two
Kathryn J. Wilson and James A. Hanson
1976; 48 pp.

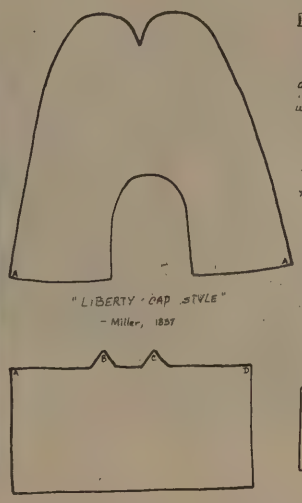
The Frontier Scout and Buffalo Hunter's Sketch Book
James A. Hanson
1980; 48 pp.

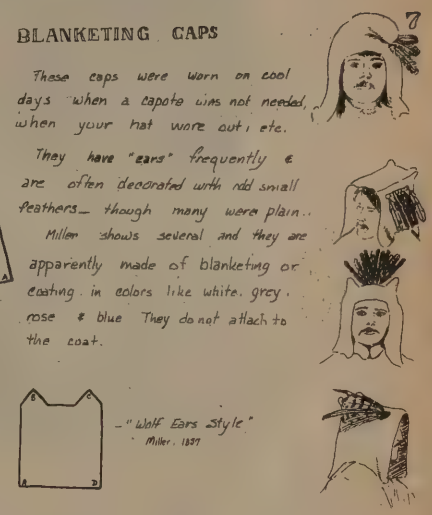
$4.80 each postpaid

Catalog
free

all from:
Museum of the Fur Trade
Route 2, Box 18
Chadron, NE 69337







Ethnic Accessories

This small esoteric company is the retail mail order outlet for the complete Folkwear pattern line (**NWEC** *p. 268*) *and specializes in crafts from places where villagers are trying to keep their cultural traditions intact by selling to the outside world. They deal mainly through travellers interested in the welfare of the people and their work rather than making a profit. As a result, desirable items are often available only for a time, becoming impossible to get when political conditions change. When possible the artisans are acknowledged with their crafts.*

The Tarascan Blouse Kit originated by Ethnic Accessories allows one to faithfully reproduce a charming Tarascan Indian embroidered and tucked blouse from Patzcuaro, Michoacan, Mexico. New items to be catalogued in their next edition include Guatemalan red-striped passport bags ($4.50 each plus $1 postage and handling) and "morga," what I think of as Guatemalan denim, that indigo blue fabric with an occasional narrow white stripe. It is a simple fabric with character, a favorite of mine. They promise a price well under $10/yard. Mention your interest if you write before the end of 1981.

The catalog offerings include a compact booklist of ethnic costume and textile titles and many hard-to-find small press titles. —*Alexandra Hart*

Ethnic Accessories
Catalog

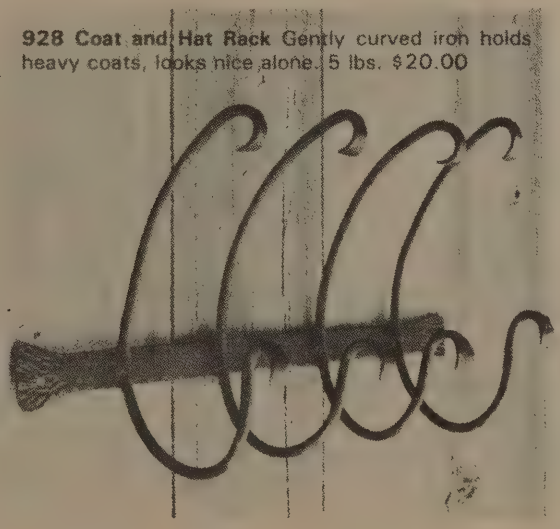
$1.50 postpaid from:
Ethnic Accessories
P.O. Box 250
Forestville, CA 95436

Student Craft Industries

Students at Berea College in Kentucky produce useful, traditional Appalachian crafts and sell them by mail. Textiles, serviceable clay items, wrought iron, hearth brooms, and wooden toys are included. —*Marilyn Green*

Student Craft Industries
Catalog

free from:
Berea College
Student Craft Industries
Berea, KY 40404



GOOD MOVIES

by Sheila Benson

Pixote

PIXOTE, a great and anguishing film from Brazil, is one of the year's finest. Director Hector Babenco, fueled with anger, made it after stories in Brazilian newspapers told that 100 of the street children routinely rounded up in police sweeps of the parks and alleys had been taken from their reform school, questioned about adult crime connections, then dropped over a cliff. Babenco got to know one of the survivors; out of that knowledge he built his white-hot film about the lives of Brazilian street urchins.

But **Pixote** is cinema, not sociology. Babenco mixes real street kids with professional actors and gets from Marilia Pera, who plays the broken-down hooker some of the street kids move in with, an unsparing performance of the first magnitude. But it is the children who haunt us, especially Fernando Ramos da Silva as ten-year-old Pixote and Jorge Juliao as the transvestite Lilica. In his artistry, which looks casual but is actually finely controlled, Babenco never sentimentalizes the children. At the film's end, it is clear that they are lost; growing up with horror around them, they have lost even the slightest moral connection between their actions and the consequences of them.

★ ★ ★

Resist the impulse to bolt out of **ON GOLDEN POND** during the first scene, which seems to promise the Elderlovlies, Henry Fonda and Katherine Hepburn, grown old and cunning together. It quickly moves into a duet about love and age which is enough to break you apart. As Norman, Fonda, frail enough to make the sturdiest of us ponder mortality (Tom Joad, *old?* Young Mr. Lincoln, *frail?*) changes in the presence of a 13-year-old left with the couple for the summer. Director Mark Rydell has held both actors so that neither surges ahead of the other but both contribute impeccable performances. They are joined by Jane Fonda as the daughter so tangibly hungry for the approval her father has never been able to give, Dabney Coleman as her fiancé, and Doug McKeon as the boy you'd love to strangle, at first. What builds is a quiet film, laced with astringent, ribald humor and with underpinnings of optimism and strength.

★ ★ ★

TIME BANDITS has every virtue, including unexpectedness. Who would have thought that a kid's-eye view of time travel could be so deliciously satisfying to adults? Or, to look at it the other way, that an adult film fairly bristling with wit and invention could so easily lure children?

Time Bandits is the invention of two of the reprehensible Monty Pythons, American animator-writer-director Terry Gilliam and his cohort Michael Palin, and has to do with a stolen map of the holes in the fabric of the universe. An irascible band of six dwarves plans to sprint through these celestial potholes, gathering the plunder of the ages as they go. The film's effects are sumptuous, the eras visited unevenly fascinating (Sean Connery's Greek warrior and John Cleese's Robin Hood are perfect; the Napoleon sequence with Ian Holm is tiresome; and Shelley Duvall's talents are generally wasted) and the duel at the close between good (Ralph Richardson) and very evil (David Warner) is everything it should be.

★ ★ ★

8 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT, a portrait of antinuclear activist Dr. Helen Caldicott, is not a sophisticated documentary on the lines of **The Day after Trinity**. It doesn't give us an in-depth view, via count-

On Golden Pond

8 Mintues to Midnight

Montenegro

less, multifaceted interviews, of the Harvard-based, Australian-born pediatrician who over the past five years has become a spirited leader in the antinuclear forces. What we see instead is almost more valuable – a close-up view of Caldicott's passion, intellect, and commitment at work.

Near the end of the film, a young woman asks what possible grounds she can have for hope. Caldicott answers with an urgency that permeates the whole film: "I'm just *damned* if I'm going to let those bastards kill us all. Life is my religion. I worship it. I'm a mother and I can't tolerate the fact that we might wipe it all out. I just *won't* accept that. The power of good *must* be greater than the power of evil." The power of documentarian Mary Benjamin's film is as gripping and unarguable as that.

★ ★ ★

In **TAXI ZUM KLOS** ("Taxi to the John") we join German director and autobiographical central performer Frank Ripploh on his trips through Berlin's gay world, a journey, complete with golden showers and a visit to the proctologist, only for those who absolutely understand the graphic nature of what they're in for. What you meet is Frank, a caring, imaginative grade school teacher, his lover Berend, and their universal problem, that of the nester vs. the cruiser.

Frank is so likable and so secure in his belief that the world will love him back that it does, probably attracted by the raffish gleam in his eye. Stolidly handsome, puppy-eyed Berend is doomed to fidelity. You know the results in advance, yet director Ripploh's view is ironic and moving. It's a selective view of the gay life: no one is beaten (who doesn't wish to be) or even rejected; life's victim's are the film's messed-up women. These naivetés aside, it is a landmark work.

★ ★ ★

My reporter friends responded overwhelmingly in favor of **ABSENCE OF MALICE**, a sincere look at the responsibilities that go hand-in-hand with the power of the press. Directed by Sidney Pollock, the film is more dogged than brilliant, but its power comes from the argument at its core, a variation on Ben Bradlee's remark: "Truth? People think we print truth? We don't print the truth. We print what people tell us."

Sally Field on the newspaper side and Paul Newman as her wronged adversary are splendid, but it is Melinda Dillon and ex-horseshoer-turned-actor Wilford Brimley, as a Justice Department attorney, who walk away with the picture. Are the results predictable? Yes and no. (It's closer to truth that way.) It does make for a chewy, debate-filled trip home from the movies.

★ ★ ★

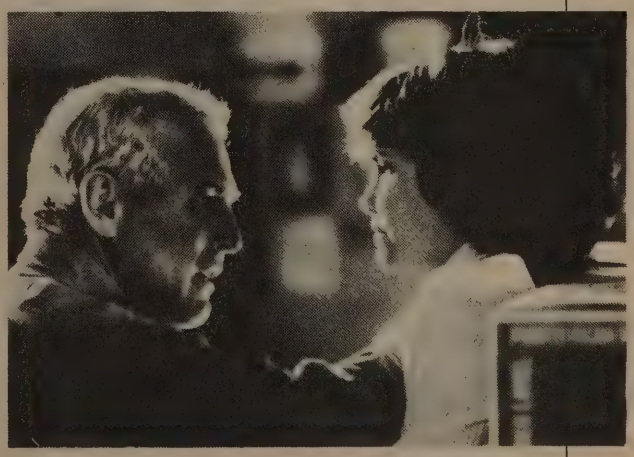
If you've ever seen a Dusan Makevejev film you may already be braced for **MONTENEGRO**'s insight laced with impudence. This cuckoo offering, labeled pretty accurately "an erotic comedy," takes the bored American wife (Susan Anspach) of a rich Swedish businessman (Erland Josephson) out of her loveless house by the cold lake and into a Yugoslavian enclave called the Zanzi Bar, which is also an illegal distillery. (Don't ask.)

As frequently happens with Makevejev, sex equates with death, a most debatable view, but the outrageous nightclub, with its wild and crazy emcee and the shy immigrant transformed before our eyes into an exotic dancer, is worth the whole trip. It's the best Anspach has ever been, and as the enormous, handsome Montenegro, Yugoslav actor Svetozar Cvetkovic has old-fashioned movie-hero appeal.

★ ★ ★

As we go to press, news comes of the death in Paris of **Napoleon**'s director, Abel Gance. Gance's death at 92 cannot be regarded as a sadness but a liberation; his young spirit is free now from the body and the mind which betrayed it increasingly in the very last years. Yet, I think we'd grown smug about Gance: his work had proved so stunningly durable for more than 50 years that I think we secretly believed he would continue to live along with **Napoleon**. And of course he will. ■

Taxi Zum Klos



Absence of Malice

The NRAG Papers

Since its inception in 1973, the Northern Rockies Action Group (NRAG) has assisted in the start-up of nearly every citizens' organization dealing with natural resource issues in their area. One offshoot of this noble involvement is **The NRAG Papers**, *a professional-quality quarterly of strategies and tactics for public interest groups that is relevant well beyond any regional purview. Each issue covers one topic, ranging in past issues from "Fund Raising in the Public Interest" to "A Celebration of Volunteers" to "Preventing Burnout in the Public Interest Movement" — this last a document that could alleviate much of the senseless martyrdom so endemic to "do-good" organizations.*

Though intended for public interest groups, the **Papers** *could, I suspect, offer much of value to small businesses and nonprofit organizations, especially those just starting out.* —*Joe Kane*

The NRAG Papers
Linda Wood, Editor
$12/year (4 issues)
from:
Northern Rockies
Action Group
9 Placer Street
Helena, MT 59601

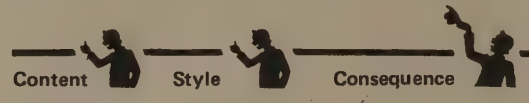
•

A lawsuit is not a social gathering.

The distant battle will have little home support unless there is a steady flow of combat reports.

It is equally important for the group to recognize that the conduct of a lawsuit cannot be an exercise in participatory democracy.

Nothing has a more chilling effect upon free speech than a toll charge. —"Contemplating a Lawsuit?"



The Mill Hunk Herald

In a season of political and economic bummers, one prizes signs of a way out. Though **The Mill Hunk Herald** *is three years old, I only recently came upon it and it made my day.*

Written and published on a shoestring by and for steelworkers, machinists, teachers, nurses, and others in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, **The Mill Hunk Herald** *provides a local rallying point and a lively educational tool for working people. Earlier this year the* **Herald** *hosted the successful First Worker-Writer Conference, attended by several hundred folks from Pittsburgh, Detroit, and other Eastern industrial centers.*

Here's hoping that the **Herald** *does indeed herald an upswing in local work-based discussion and activity. The magazine's mix of first-person workplace accounts, accessible economic analyses, news, cartoons, and poetry is eminently readable and a fine model for other such efforts.*
—*Jay Kinney*

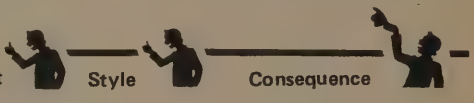
The Mill Hunk Herald
$3/year (4 issues)
from:
The Mill Hunk Herald
916 Middle Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15212

•

One job almost no one wants in the BOP Shop is stopper maker. John Beecher has written a little poem about it:

the stopper-maker
puts a sleeve brick on an iron rod
and then a dab of mortar
and then another sleeve brick
and another dab of mortar
and when he has put fourteen sleeve bricks on
and fourteen dabs of mortar
and fitted on the head
he picks up another rod
and makes another stopper

But more than the monotony, it is the heavy lifting of the 75 pound rods and the sleeves and the fast pace that wear out the men. Unlike most jobs this is piece rate and many have hurt their backs, ruined their knees trying to make their quota.



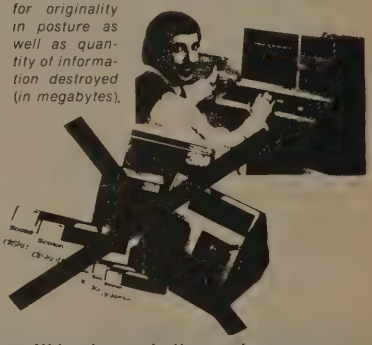
Processed World

The journal of the next revolution, with great graphics. "Office workers, awake" is the message, "and dream the world you want and start to make it." **Processed World** *is a good beginning, both radical and open minded, and its editors invite you to join in writing the magazine and in making the revolution.* —*Anne Herbert*

Processed World
$10/year (4 issues)
from:
Processed World
55 Sutter Street, #829
San Francisco, CA 94104

The Race To Erase

Each contestant is given 30 minutes to erase the data stored in the firm's data banks; *points given for originality in posture as well as quantity of information destroyed (in megabytes).*



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We hope these articles will begin to challenge the assumptions upon which this society is built. At the root of this effort is our desire to live and take part in a radically different social system, a society which as yet exists nowhere on Earth.

These new forms of social existence begin with communication, with breaking down the barriers that isolate us and finding different ways to express our feelings and thoughts. With a shared understanding of the fears, desires, and pleasures of our daily existence, we can counter the false images and stereotypes encouraged by those who want to keep us in our "place."

Write to us. Tell us about your situation — where you work, what conditions you work under, what kinds of resistance you are already involved in, how you coordinate your activities with coworkers, etc. And write to us about your dreams. What kind of a world would you like to live in? What would you do with yourself if you could do what you enjoyed instead of what you've been forced to do to make a living?

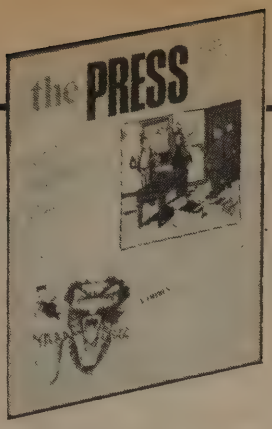
Content Style Consequence

The Press

The Press *bills itself as "a pipeline to the facts behind the way the media reports." Unlike many previous pretenders to the throne, it does a pretty good job of delivering. It's 50 pages, no ads, chockablock with the produce of that most narcissistic of professions doing what it most loves to do: talk about itself. It covers, but doesn't limit itself to, newspapers, magazines, books, television, radio, cable, and video.*

If **The Press** *lacks the eye-to-the-keyhole texture of the defunct* **[MORE]** *or the wry blowgun pugnacity of the* **Village Voice***'s Alexander Cockburn, it compensates with the sheer range of its gallery of writers. It recruits contributors from the best of the alternative media (however vague the boundaries of that genre may be) and from such heavies as the* **New York Times** *and the* **Washington Post.** *About half the articles are reprints and half originals, and one wonders why the journals where these articles originally appeared aren't credited, or, for that matter, why there is no indication that they are indeed reprints. Still,* **The Press** *manages to be sophisticated but not slick, eclectic but not aimless, and succeeds where oh so many have succumbed to incest.* —*Joe Kane*

The Press
Anthony King, Editor
$12.50/year (10 issues)
from:
Tone Arm Publications
112 East 19th Street
New York, NY 10003



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Gilberto and Steve stopped for a moment near the roadway to pull a tape recorder from a bag. In an instant, rifle shots were hitting the ground in loud explosions all around us.

My first instinct hurled me into a shallow culvert at the cliff wall. I saw Gilberto lying on the ground and thought, "Good, he's lying low." Then a second glance at him, and I saw him slowly falling face down on the ground, his hands clutching his midsection. A torrent of blood spurted from his mouth and I knew he was gone.

As I watched, a shot boomed in front of me and sudden little pinpricks raced up my left arm. Blood covered the arm and in the same instant there was an unemotional realization: "I'm hit, too."

Stunned. Gilberto dead. I'm hit. Shots continued to kick dirt into my face. Stay and die as they zero in on me? I decided to run.

A blurred 25 yard run to the Salvadorans, where none spoke English but understood the blood soaking my shirt. In the only light moment of the ordeal, a portly, middle-aged Salvadoran reporter rushed up and blurted out, "What's the matta, buddy?"...

Later they found my card in Gilberto's wallet. There was a bullet hole clean through it. Born on the same day of the same month of the same year, one died and one lived.

—George Thurlow

Content Style Consequence

American Fabrics and Fashions

For fabric junkies and magazine junkies and quality junkies. **AFF** *is a trade magazine with several differences. Until recently, it was edited by Bill Segal, the recipient of Paul Reps'* **Letters to a Friend,** *reviewed in the last* **CQ,** *and it still has poetry in its soul and occasional Reps in its pages. It reminds me of* **Fortune** *in the '30s — it's made by people who think any magazine worth doing is worth doing superbly and who aren't much restrained by expense. You get striking design, good photos, solid writing, and a broad range of topics within the field — from the latest in man-made fabrics to the most beautiful in ancient Japanese robes. You also get 20 to 40 fabric swatches in each issue, which is a kick, partly because the fabrics are interesting and fun to touch and partly because it's weird and wonderful to open a magazine and find a real live French linen sock.*

At $52 for four issues, this obviously isn't the magazine to get if you're withdrawing from the cash economy. But if you spend a lot of money on reading material anyway, you should get rid of a couple of those cookie cutter, what-were-they-worrying-about-in-literary-New-York-last-month magazines and replace them with this. Its excellence in its endeavors may inspire you to increased excellence in yours. —*Anne Herbert*

American Fabrics and Fashions
Sheila Hicks, Editor
$52/year (4 issues)
from:
Doric Publishing Co.
24 East 38th Street
New York, NY 10016

Content Style Consequence

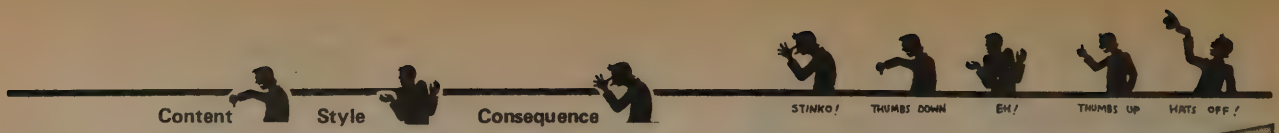
Madam X's Gazet

Cancel my subscription to the **San Francisco Chronicle.** *Madam X puts out a paper (3½" x 5½"; 2-4 pages) which is much more entertaining and less detrimental to one's sense of well-being. She is a mail artist whose drawings and paintings have appeared in Southern California galleries as well as post boxes everywhere.*

I got my first copy of the **Gazet** *from a friend of notable whimsy. One* **Gazet** *was not enough, so I sent Madam X ten bucks to defray the expense of putting me on her mailing list. She responded with a priceless compendium of* **Gazets** *and a copy of the special King issue of her* **Famous Man** *magazine, done in brilliant color xerox. Rarely has such modest art patronage been so richly and delightfully rewarded.*

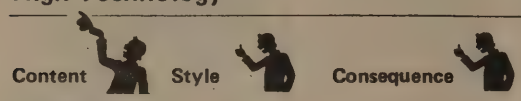
If your mail's on the dull side, you might just want to subscribe to Madam's irregular periodical. In her typical elusive fashion, she doesn't specify how much, but be generous! Her fey irony is a pearl of great price. —*SM*

Madam X's Gazet
Madam X, Editor
some $/year
(some issues) from:
Madam X
c/o Newspace
5241 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90038



Technology Illustrated

High Technology



CineMagic

Two new magazines about technology appeared this fall from the same publisher. **Technology Illustrated** *is ostensibly for average folks who can't understand what their technologist friends are up to, but it'll be read by would-be entrepreneurs who think they can turn a fast buck in the high-tech game once they learn the jargon.* **High Technology**, *aimed at science literates who want to keep up with events outside their specialties, fills an important niche competently and has a good eye for timely topics. But it's partly too slick, partly too dry, and mostly too shallow.*

There are occasional great articles in both magazines — a vivid piece on auto aerodynamics, for instance, by hobbyist-mechanic Don Sharp in **Technology Illustrated**. *But writing about technology requires a different form of journalism. The slick freelance style produces a pseudo-explanatory gee-whiz prose straight out of the sales brochures, or it distances technology and makes it seem like an esoteric cult object. Good technology coverage should notice out loud that a new invention is a political act, and that technology is a participatory sport — you can't understand it unless you do some. Soulful technology coverage should include the obsessiveness, the financial background, the suppressions and oppositions, the human effects, the wider ramifications, and the how-they-did-it as well as the how-it-works. There should also be some how-to-get-involved.*

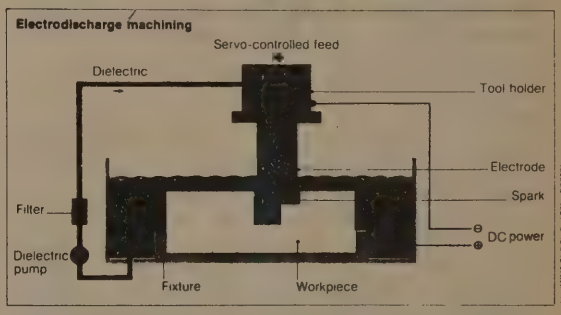
For an admittedly limited example, but a great magazine, check out **CineMagic**, *published by* **Future Life** *(NWEC p. 548). Its subject is special effects and film animation, as practiced by everyone from eighth graders shooting Super-8 to Hitchcock and John (***Halloween***) Carpenter. This magazine inspires filmmaking, invention, storytelling, equipment-building, financing, drawing, sculpting, understanding the film biz, and generally sinister all-around creativity. And, oh yeah, technology — not awe of tools but use of tools.*

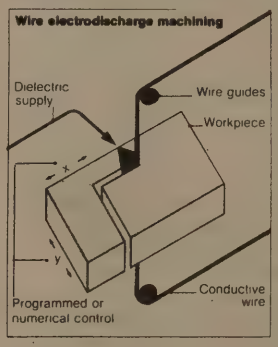
—Art Kleiner

Technology Illustrated
Denis G. Meacham, Editor
$15/year (6 issues)

High Technology
Norman Raben, Editor
$18/year (6 issues)
both from:
Technology Publishing Co.
P.O. Box 2808
Boulder, CO 80321

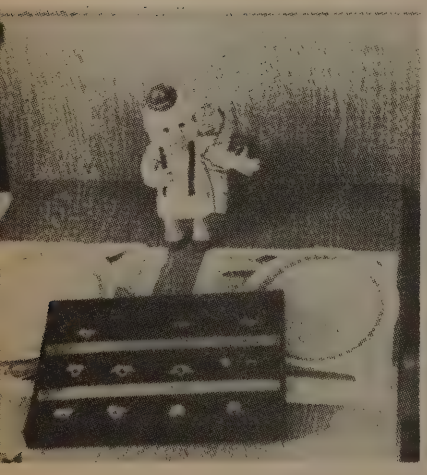
CineMagic
(The Guide to Fantastic Filmmaking)
David Hutchison, Editor
$8.99/year (6 issues)
from:
CineMagic
Subscription Department
P.O. Box 142
Mt. Morris, IL 61054





Metal is removed in electrodischarge machining **(top)** by a rapid-fire sparking action—anywhere from 200 to 500,000 sparks per second are fired from the electrode onto the part. The vaporized metal immediately resolidifies into small balls that are washed away by the dielectric oil. In wire EDM **(left)** the electrode is a continuously moving conductive wire. The anodic cutting action is similar to that of a bandsaw. Deionized water is used as the dielectric and flushing fluid. Flushing is essential for achieving high accuracy and preventing short-circuiting between the wire and part.

—High Technology



Left: "Sweet William" on set with his replacement mouth and moustache parts. The basic technique of replacement animation is quite simple and not difficult for young filmmakers to experiment with. Rick explains, "I start by making a clay sculpture of the face, mouth, moustache or whatever. Then a rubber mold is made, complete with a registration system. From this mold a series of identical positives is cast in wax. The wax positives are then modified using heat and sculptor's tools to effect the alterations." The result is a series of replacement parts identical except for those changes that will convey the illusion of a speaking character.

—CineMagic

•

Virtually all musical sounds involve a mixture of fundamental tones plus higher-pitched overtones that give each musical instrument its characteristic tonal quality. It turns out that when two or more waves are combined (that is, when two voices or instruments are heard simultaneously), their waveforms can simply be added algebraically, point by point, to form a single, unique, composite waveform representing both sounds. And when the 100 musicians in a symphony orchestra play together, the complex pressure waves from the individual instruments all combine in the air to produce a single continuous waveform of still greater complexity. If it seems confusing that many instruments playing at once produce only a single waveform, it helps to bear in mind that a vibrating human eardrum can only be in one place at a time.

—Technology Illustrated

A Season of Delight

High Crimes and Misdemeanors

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden *(NWEC p. 574) was written by Joanne Greenberg. So are these two books. The searing realism and equally searing fantasy that made* **Rose Garden** *(1964) an unforgettable true account of teenage schizophrenia also informs these recent books, but what a maturing is added.*

The new hardcover novel **A Season of Delight** *is the tale of a happily married woman, late forties, firmly Jewish, proudly small town, who works on the local fire and rescue squad. It's an adventure story. The aggrieved mother of a witless Hare Krishna and an overly narrow-minded feminist, she falls for a new young member of the squad, thrown into utter intimacy with him by the nature of their daily heroic work. Love story. Through the harsh reality of the rescue work and careful attending of Judaic wisdom, the right way to handle it all is sorted out for her. Moral story. The opposite of* **Madame Bovary**. *Author Greenberg, late forties, wife and mother, works on a volunteer fire and rescue squad in Colorado.*

High Crimes and Misdemeanors *(1977) is her third collection of short stories. They are phenomenal. I want to publish any new ones she comes up with and would buy them sight unseen, she is that reliable. Put it another way: seering realism and seering fantasy. Joanne Greenberg, young crone.* —*Stewart Brand*

A Season of Delight
Joanne Greenberg
1981; 252 pp.
$13.35 postpaid from:
Holt Rinehart
and Winston
383 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10017
or Whole Earth
Household Store

High Crimes and Misdemeanors
Joanne Greenberg
1977; 194 pp.
$3.20 postpaid from:
Avon Books
Mail Order Department
224 West 57th Street
New York, NY 10019
or Whole Earth
Household Store

■

"It is said," Rabbi Jacob murmured, "that the Lord withdraws himself. He leaves a gaping vacuum inside each man, and the more the man is conscious of the vacuum, the larger it seems. Our sages tell us He does this so that the man will have to grow out into that space, will have to expand in seeking Him and will come at last to be a finished creation by finishing himself. The gift is that we are unfinished."

—**High Crimes and Misdemeanors**

●

"In some ways it's like being a combat soldier in a war," I say. She looks at me hard. The look says, Damn you. The Home Brite husbands have not yet come out of their meeting, and my own people are just beginning to collect at the door, and because I had never, not ever in all those four years of high school, when it mattered so much, gotten a single reaction from her, I go on. "It's like combat because nine-tenths of the runs are routine and even boring. False alarms, drunks asleep in overturned cars gone down off a soft shoulder, things that look bad but where no one is badly hurt. One-tenth are life-and-death runs — your life or somebody else's — the fuel truck that explodes in rush-hour traffic, the fire that comes running toward you faster than you can run away, dying victims pinned in a wrecked van. What makes it like combat is that you never know when you start out which kind of run it's going to be. You get the same adrenaline charge for all of them. Also like combat, there are really no regular hours. In a bad situation everyone gets called. Another way it's like combat is the trust you come to have in your corps mates."

I am being cruel and I know it.

—**High Crimes and Misdemeanors**

The Soul of a New Machine

Superior journalism on a riveting subject — the hugger-mugger of a new computer design in a damn-the-torpedoes managerial regime. The machine was a minicomputer known as Eagle developed at Data General near Boston in 1979 to 1980 — high quality at top speed. Pinnacle 20th century technology, this. How our times are made.

The book compares favorably with Tom Wolfe's astronaut book, **The Right Stuff** *(NWEC p. 12).* —*Stewart Brand*

The Soul of a New Machine
Tracy Kidder
1981; 293 pp.
$13.95 postpaid from:
Little, Brown and Company
200 West Street
Waltham, MA 02154
or Whole Earth
Household Store

●

"Writing microcode is like nothing else in my life. For days there's nothing coming out. The empty yellow pad sits there in front of me, reminding me of my inadequacy. Finally, it starts to come. I feel good. That feeds it, and finally I get into a mental state where I'm a microcode-writing machine. It's like being in Adventure. Adventure's a completely bogus world, but when you're there, you're there." —Carl Alsing

●

Maybe in the late 1970s designing and debugging a computer was inherently more interesting than most other jobs in industry. But to at least some engineers, at the outset, Eagle appeared to be a fairly uninteresting computer to build. Yet more than two dozen people worked on it overtime, without any real hope of material rewards, for a year and a half; and afterward most of them felt glad. That happened largely because West and the other managers gave them enough freedom to invent, while at the same time guiding them toward success.

West never passed up an opportunity to add flavor to the project. He helped to transform a dispute among engineers into a virtual War of the Roses. He created, as Rasala put it, a seemingly endless series of "brushfires," and got his staff charged up about putting them out. He was always finding romance and excitement in the seemingly ordinary. He welcomed a journalist to observe his team.

MATT ANDERSON ©1981

Just a Closer Walk with Thee

by Joe Bacon

Joe Bacon and CQ/Whole Earth go a long way back. Joe did typesetting on the Whole Earth Epilog, and contributed "Bar Stories" to CQ four years ago. Shortly thereafter, he returned to Louisiana, his native country. He lives on Royal Street in New Orleans and finds that you can go home again.
–SM

MUDDY WATER splashed up onto the lid of Henry "Booker T." Glass' midnight blue metal casket when it hit the bottom of his rain-soaked grave.

As the Olympia Brass Band played "The Old Rugged Cross" you could see old Booker T., in your mind, shifting his shoulders around in his satin-lined coffin, trying to get comfortable in his muddy grave for however much time there is left in eternity.

Members of the immediate family shed a few more tears while hordes of photographers were getting their last shots of what was left to see of the 101-year-old New Orleans jazz musician.

Glass, who played the bass drum, was the last of the musicians who had been on the scene during the early years of this century when trumpeter Buddy Bolden was creating what we know today as New Orleans jazz. So it was right and just that he was laid to rest with a proper New Orleans jazz funeral.

Services were scheduled for ten a.m. on Monday, June 29, at the Charbonnet-Labat Funeral Home on St. Philip Street in the city's Treme section, a predominantly black neighborhood on the lake side of the French Quarter.

While Booker T. lay in state in the Chapel of Roses, crowds were gathering on the sidewalks up and down the street and in the funeral home's parking lot. Most of the musicians who were to play for the funeral were down at the corner in front of the Caldonia Bar and Lounge.

As the hour grew nearer, whites and blacks, most of whom had never met Glass, began to take up positions across the street from the funeral home. A fleet of taxicabs arrived, filled with squeaky clean, polyester-encased tourists visiting New Orleans for the international Kiwanis convention.

With their plastic name tags on their shirt pockets, cameras over their shoulders, they were soon invading the funeral home itself for a peek at Mr. Glass in his coffin. What they saw was an old black man, dressed in a black suit, white gloves, a white Masonic apron, and a black skullcap. Around the casket were wreaths of flowers, one a replica of the Masonic emblem.

As lights from cameras flashed and Polaroids whirred, a white lady standing near the foot of the casket spoke to a photographer:

"It's okay to take pictures now, but not when the family arrives."

The photographer, a professional and obviously a New Orleanian, replied frostily:

"Don't tell that to me, tell it to the tourists."

Outside on St. Philip Street a lady tourist took off her plastic babushka and posed with one of the tuxedo-clad grand marshals while her husband took their picture.

Across the street, in front of Jackson's Grocery, a white woman wearing denim jeans and a gray T-shirt stood and surveyed the crowd. In her right hand was a cigarette that she puffed on occasionally; in her left hand was a doughnut that she munched between puffs. Her white standard poodle was on a leash wrapped around her wrist.

The skies were turning black and intermittent thunderclaps could be heard over the roar of 18-wheelers barreling across elevated I-10 next to the funeral home parking lot. But the crowd continued to grow.

"Where's the funeral home at?" a tourist asked of no one in particular as he climbed out of yet another taxi that had just pulled up to the curb, under the blooming crepe myrtle trees, at the mortuary's front door.

Another conventioneer came out of the funeral home, crossed the street and told his friends, "Hey, ya'll are missing it all." After a few words of encouragement he escorted two women back across the street for a look inside.

By this time Kiwanians were standing in the funeral home doorway, cigars in hand, as if it were their friend being buried. Inside, they had taken over the sofas in the reception rooms adjacent to the chapel where Brother Glass rested.

The dark skies crackled with flashes of lightning when the Olympia Brass Band bass drummer hit his big drum four times, just as Booker T. Glass had done often during his day, setting a slow and mournful tempo for the band's march from the Caldonia Bar to the funeral home parking lot. As they walked, playing Mr. Glass' favorite hymn, "Just a Closer Walk with Thee," several umbrellas were lifted into the air and twirled slowly by second liners, people who follow the jazz bands and dance in the streets when the bands break into fast music after leaving the cemetery.

Minutes after the band members took their places behind the waiting hearse in the parking lot, funeral directors wearing blue pinstriped suits asked onlookers to step back and allow room for the limousines carrying members of the immediate family.

The aroma of marijuana filled the air. People shuffled around, making room for two black limousines to back into the parking lot.

When the rear door of one of the limousines opened, television cameras focused on two elderly black women who emerged slowly from the back seat. One was dressed in white with a black and white turban on her head. She walked with the

help of a three-footed metal walker. The other was dressed in black. As they made their way carefully from the limousine into the funeral home their faces were blank, emotionless. Celebrities for only these few hours in their long lives, they played their roles flawlessly, with much dignity.

"Hey, Abdullah, where y'at?" said one bystander to another as they slapped hands, palms hitting palms. Abdullah was very visible in his blue pinstriped suit, blue and white check shirt, red striped tie, and black and white paisley print handkerchief, which was tucked into his coat pocket.

Standing a bit behind him was a young black man wearing nothing but a pair of blue running shorts. Well defined, perfectly proportioned pectoral muscles glistened with sweat from the summer heat and humidity.

Mr. Harold Dejean, leader of the Olympia Brass Band, spoke to acquaintances while they waited for the body to be brought out of the funeral home:

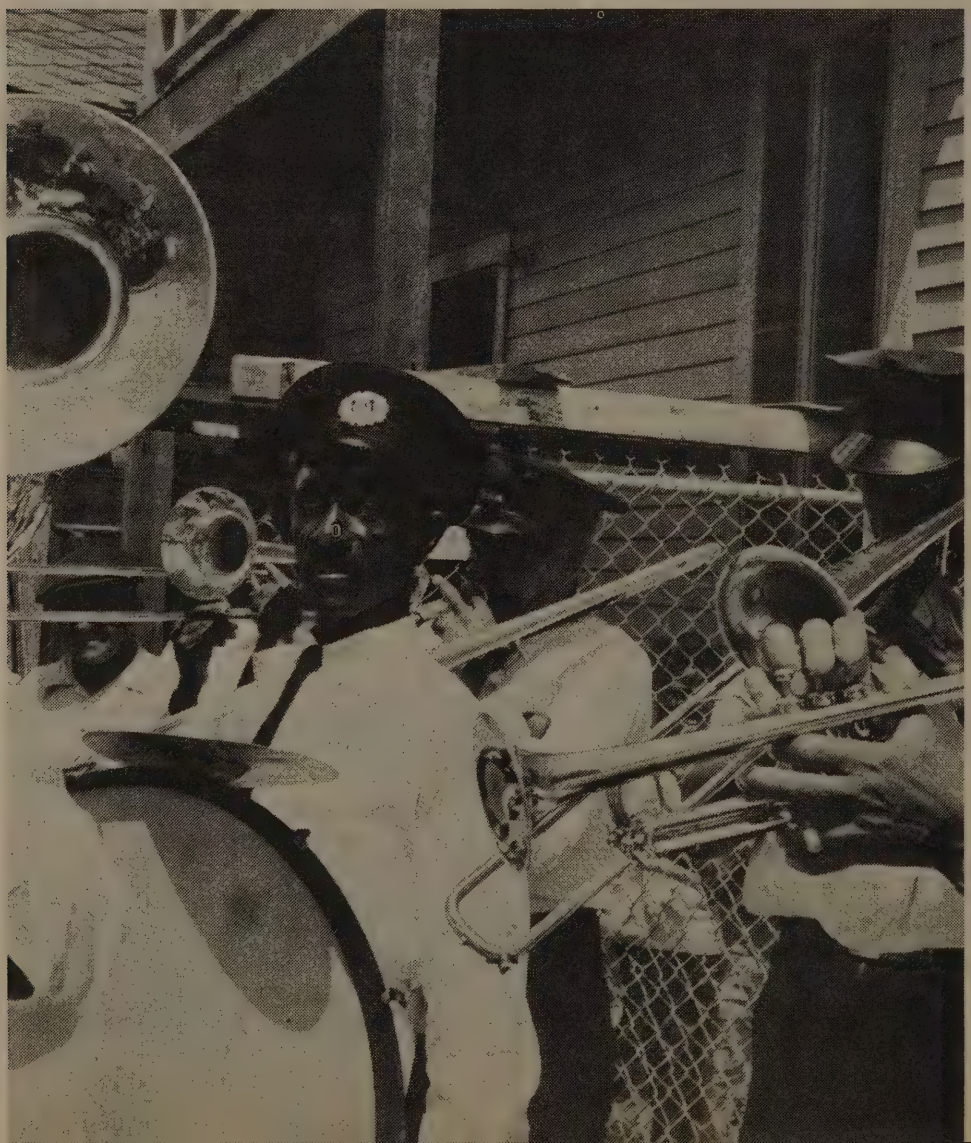
"He was a fine man, a very good bass drum player. One of the best. I worked with him for 40 years.

"I got my first band together in 1960 and he's been with me ever since, up to '73, '74, when he lost his eyesight.

"He was an old man who never got tired. I be tired and he never got tired. He get a kick out of everything."

The band, according to Mr. Dejean, was scheduled to march with the cortege to the corner of Esplanade Avenue and North Robertson Street, a distance of about five blocks, where they would "cut him loose."

Acting on a signal from one of the funeral directors, the four grand marshals lined up alongside each other in front of the side door of the funeral home. One of them wore a white tailcoat, a black top hat, a black vest, and a white tie, and had white spats on his shoes. Across his right shoulder was a black velvet sash with white silk fringe. He was a tall man, over six feet, with a beard and a gold front tooth.



Booker T. Glass and drum

Next to him stood New Orleans' only female grand marshal, Ellyna Tatum, wearing a black tuxedo and a bowler. A white stuffed dove was perched on her left shoulder.

Once again there were four slow beats on the bass drum. Then the Olympia Brass Band again played "Just a Closer Walk with Thee" and the grand marshals, walking in a slow strut with their hats over their hearts, led the way for the pallbearers, who carried the coffin to the hearse. The principal mourners followed them.

After the casket and several sprays of flowers had been placed in the hearse and the family members were in their limousines, the cortege pulled slowly out of the funeral home parking lot onto St. Philip Street.

In the lead was the blue limousine that carried the pallbearers. Behind that was another blue limousine, with a lone passenger, the Reverend Zebadee Bridges, pastor of the Asia Baptist Church. Final rites for Brother Glass would be held there.

The Olympia Brass Band immediately preceded the hearse and behind the hearse in two black limousines was the family.

As the cortege cautiously forced its way through the crowds, people watching from their porches along the way sipped beer from cans and bottles and waved to friends. Second liners twirled their umbrellas slowly and strutted in front of, alongside of, and behind the hearse.

From the midst of the masses of people a black fist was raised in salute as the hearse turned from St. Philip onto North Robertson Street, and once again the aroma of marijuana smoke floated through the air.

An old black man with gray hair weaved through the crowd carrying a plastic bag filled with garlic.

"Garlic pods! Garlic pods!" he sang.

Several customers appeared with money in their hands, swapping cash for fresh garlic. The Olympia Brass Band played "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

When the lead car in the cortege neared Esplanade Avenue, a funeral director elbowed his way through the crowd and told the grand marshals, "Go to the corner and stop."

It was time to cut Brother Glass loose, time to let his soul leave his body and go on to wherever it was it had to go.

The cortege came to a halt and the musicians lined up across from each other on both sides of the street. The grand marshals took their places directly in front of the hearse, hats again over their hearts. Then, as the band played "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," the solemn-faced foursome, walking in their funereal strut, escorted the hearse and limousines through the double row of musicians.

As the hearse emerged from the honor guard a man reached through the crowd and patted the rear fender and said, "I be there one day myself. Hope it ain't too soon, though."

By the time the hearse reached the corner the band had broken into a faster version of "Just a Closer Walk with Thee." Umbrellas started spinning and people started dancing in the streets.

"Where y'all goin'?" a man asked his friends, who were headed away from the funeral procession.

"Back to the projects, man."

"Hell, I ain't goin' all the way to no projects, man," he responded. "Shit no."

I MANAGED TO HITCH A RIDE to the church in the bus carrying the band. It was a rickety old school bus of indeterminate vintage, even indeterminate make. Hand-lettered on the side was: "C. Price. Better known as Good Deal."

We bounced across town to the Asia Baptist Church near the corner of St. Bernard Avenue and Sere Street, across from the St. Bernard housing projects.

Along the way I was adopted by Mrs. Ernestine Trotter, whose husband was playing the snare drums in the band. She told me there were representatives from four different bands playing for the funeral: Dejean's Olympia Brass Band, the Young Tuxedo Brass Band, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, and the Majestic Brass Band.

Emerging from the bus, the band got into formation at the corner and played "The Old Rugged Cross" while they proceeded slowly toward the church.

"Not as many musicians today as there was for Papa Cornbread's funeral," Mrs. Trotter whispered as the band approached the hearse, which was waiting in front of the church.

"When was that?" I asked.

"Couple of months ago," she replied. "They even played him in the church. But this is a Baptist church, probably won't even let the band go in. Baptists say that's goin' to the devil."

When the casket was pulled from the hearse the band played "Nearer My God to Thee," and marched behind the pallbearers as far as the door of the modern A-frame building.

Inside, an organist was playing the same hymn, slowly, softly. People took their places in the pews, including, much to Mrs. Trotter's surprise, the band.

From his pulpit, the Reverend Bridges, wearing a

long gray robe with maroon velvet trim, said, "Photographers may take pictures, but please try not to disturb the services."

He began his eulogy with a quote from the Bible that began with the words, "Lord, thou hast been my dwelling place in all generations. . . ." When he finished with his opening remarks he asked for silence and the organist played "Abide with Me."

At the conclusion of the organ solo the band stood, and after the now familiar four solemn beats on the bass drum they played "Savior, Savior, Hear My Heavenly Call."

The minister then invited a lady wearing a navy blue dress with a white collar from the congregation to the pulpit. She spoke, she said, in behalf of the family and urged those in attendance to "Open up your hearts and let Jesus in." Turning to the family, she said, "You're going to need Him now."

Reverend Bridges returned to the pulpit and said, "Brother Glass lived a long life. What we might consider a good life is debatable, but he lived a long life.

"I knew Brother Glass," he continued, "as a man, as a brother in Christ, and as a friend." The minister talked of how the departed had loved and enjoyed his music, his world travels, and meeting people. He talked about how he had watched him nurse his wife and work with his children, how much he loved his country.

"But he never forgot," said the preacher, his voice rising slightly, "that there was a God!"

"Oh, yes! Amen!" came the responses from the congregation.

As the preacher continued his eulogy his tempo increased and the responses from the congregation became more frequent, louder, more impassioned.

"In 1960," the reverend said, "Brother Glass told me, 'I want to be baptized because I want to be saved!' "

"Amen!" said the congregation.

"Brother Glass has finished his work on Earth and God came the other day to take him home!" said the preacher.

"Yes, Lord!"

"I have three questions I would like to ask Brother Glass if he could hear me and answer me," said the minister.

"I'd like to ask Brother Glass, what did death look like when it came in the room?"

"Oh, yeah!"

"I'd like to ask him, how chilly was the water in the River Jordan?"

"Amen!"

"And I'd like to ask him, how high did he have to hold his head above the tide when he crossed the River Jordan?"

"That's right! Amen!"

"I'm sure the water was chilly. And I'm sure he had to hold his head high. And so will we, because we're all going to have to cross over to the other side one day ourselves."

"Yes, sir! Amen!" agreed the audience.

While a male soloist sang, "If I Could Help Somebody," a lady, sitting in the rear of the church, stood and held both of her arms out lengthwise. As she flapped her arms slowly, like a bird in aimless flight, she moaned, lowly at first. When her moaning grew louder another woman came and stood next to her and held her by the wrists.

"Come get me, Sidney, I'm here," the woman said, abandoning her mantra. A man from the back of the church walked up, hugged her to his chest, lifted her off her feet and gently walked her back down the side aisle, her arms still waving in the air.

As soon as the soloist stepped down from the podium the band stood and played "Just a Closer Walk with Thee." While they played they walked to the casket, surrounded it, played over it, played to it.

After a short prayer of benediction by the Reverend Bridges, the body was carried out of the church and the organist played "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." Outside, the band played the same hymn.

Across the street a woman wearing bermuda shorts, her hair in large plastic rollers, stood silently, watching from the balcony of her St. Bernard project.

With the band leading the way, the cortege proceeded slowly through the crowd of second liners and onlookers. The strains of "Savior Lead Me Lest I Stray" were punctuated with short blasts of the hearse's horn, trying to clear a path. Children stuck their heads in the open window of the hearse as it passed, straining to get a better look at the casket.

Back in the school bus with the musicians, heading out Gentilly Boulevard toward the cemetery in New Orleans East, Mrs. Trotter explained that her husband had played the drums for years. "Since before I met him and we been married since 1946," she said.

Lurching along the old highway, now used mostly for local traffic since the new Interstate 10 was completed, we passed the Mardi Gras Marque Lounge and Restaurant, Gaylord's, the New Orleans Baptist Theological Seminary, a Burger King, and, just before turning off the main

highway, Equitable Shipyards, Inc., "A Trinity Industries Company."

The cemetery, located in an industrial area that has blossomed since the space industry moved in, was a large tract of neglected land. Weeds that had sprouted after recent summer rains obscured many of the grave markers. Unlike most New Orleans cemeteries with their aboveground tombs, the Restheaven Memorial Cemetery permits underground burials only, and simple bronze plaques are the only grave markers.

While the final rites were conducted by the Masons and the band played its last hymn, a huge Case tractor waited impatiently in the background, its large iron basket hanging in the air, eager to finish its task.

After the last goodbye was said, after the last photograph of Booker T. Glass' casket was taken, pallbearers escorted the family members back to their waiting limousines and the Olympia Brass Band regrouped at the cemetery gates.

"All right, now!" someone shouted, and the musicians broke into a fast, jazzy rendition of "When the Saints Go Marching In."

Second liners twirled their umbrellas and strutted out onto the highway, heads thrown back, pelvises thrust forward. Others waved white handkerchiefs in the air and danced on the pavement, oblivious to the traffic they were blocking.

As the limousines honked their way through the dancing crowd, the roar of the tractor's engine could be heard in the background. While the second liners danced in the street the tractor pushed mud back into the grave, covering Brother Glass' shiny blue casket.

When the celebration ended, the musicians filed back onto the bus and we headed back to town. On the way our driver lost control for a second and almost sideswiped a car coming in the opposite direction; when he swerved to avoid a collision he went too far and hit the curb on the other side of the street, causing the bus to rock and roll down the Chef Mentur Highway, much to the delight of all aboard.

When we pulled up in front of the Caldonia Bar and Lounge, where it had all started earlier in the morning, one of the musicians announced that Chilite, a drummer, was buying drinks for everyone.

Chilite responded: "Yeah, everybody go in and sit down and wait 'til I come. I be there in a few minutes." ■

MATT ANDERSON ©1981

The Backcountry Booster

If you listen to a local AM radio station during the daytime because during the daytime your AM radio will only get local stations, or if you live out in the boonies so far that you don't even get AM radio in the daytime, then this little gizmo should be given a chance to dissolve that border which may exist between sender and receiver because the receiver isn't trying hard enough.

Essentially the Backcountry Booster is just a tiny coil of a hundred or so loops of fine wire, a capacitor, a couple of leads terminating in handy little alligator clips, and a molded plastic case about the size of half a saltine. By hooking a long wire with an insulator from a one lead and a wire from a ground (water pipe, metal fence post, nail in a tree) to the other, then moving the plastic wafer over the body of your radio until you locate the internal antenna by having a distant signal suddenly get clearer, you create an external antenna for that radio there, on the kitchen counter, that wouldn't get you out past Paul Harvey when you really needed it.

It weighs an ounce or so. You provide the wire. Good backpacking tool. Also improves local reception. It is patented.
—J.D. Smith

Backcountry Booster
$8 postpaid from:
Backcountry Booster
P.O. Box 85
McCall, ID 83638

Pyrochemicals

For fun and a sense of accomplishment, making your own fireworks is hard to beat. Pyrotechnics are not necessarily confined to the Fourth: for a special treat, set off a ground display for a birthday party. Two sources that specialize in pyrochemicals are the Westech Corporation and the Chempac Supply Company. Westech also sells casings for rockets, cones, and whistles as well as fuses, packing tools, and mixing sieves. While almost alchemical in nature, pyrotechnics is a simple science for those who will treat it with forethought, patience, and respect. Safety rules are mostly common sense: don't smoke while you're working with fireworks, wear a dust mask, grind each chemical individually, etc.

If you plan to work regularly with pyrotechnics, get friendly with the local fire chief. Firemen dig fireworks and will cooperate if they see that you're a responsible and serious student of the art. *—Fredrick Crichton*

Westech Corporation
Price list
free from:
Westech Corporation
P.O. Box 593
Logan, UT 84321

Chempac Supply Co.
Price list
$1.50 postpaid from:
Chempac Supply Co.
912 Crescent Street
Brockton, MA 02402

Chemite — Flash Powder Intensifier. Mix only of 1% of the weight of your powder. 1 oz. — $1

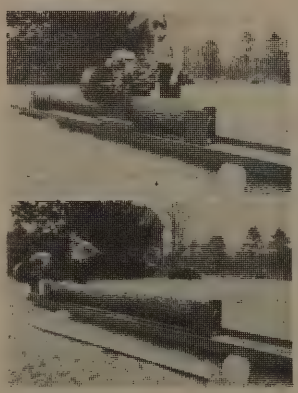
Ventex: Make your own rock-hard end-plugs, rocket nozzles, etc. Just mix with water, use, then let dry. $2.50/lb. $10/5 lb. **—Westech Corporation**

Ross Bandmill

Here at last is an alternative to the fearsome, shrieking chain saw boardmakers! It's essentially a huge band saw cutting horizontally as it rolls (by gravity) down its tracks. A measly five horsepower lawnmower-type engine runs it. Other advantages include a very small kerf (that's the width of the saw cut), cheap blades, easy portability, and a very accurate smooth finish on the cut. The machine has a good and growing reputation in these parts and I can see why. This thing is great. *—J. Baldwin*
[Suggested by Lester Schwartz]

Ross Bandmill
$4400 (approx.)
Information

free from:
W.K. Ross, Inc.
Main Street
West Hampstead, NH 03841



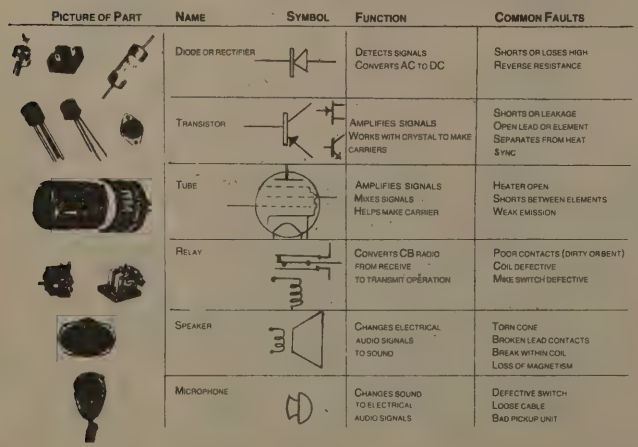
With moveable log rests set to suit log length, and shelves adjusted for diameter, log is rolled onto mill.

Saw is partway into first cut. Dog spike driven into end of log through hole in log holder keeps log from rolling during cut.

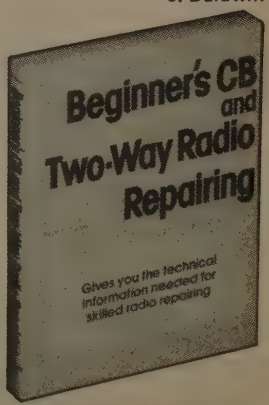
First cut is completed, stab removed, and saw carriage has been returned to top of track.

Beginner's CB and Two-Way Radio Repairing

This is a no-nonsense introduction to CB and two-way radios — how they work and what to do when they don't. The author starts by assuming that you are a reasonably intelligent person with absolutely no knowledge whatsoever of the subject, or any other electronics, for that matter. Things go from there, slowly, and with reminders of what has gone before, until you are stuffed with enough know-how to be considered a budding expert. It's very well done as these things go. Now Citizen's Band can be repaired by citizens. Might need that someday. . . .
—J. Baldwin

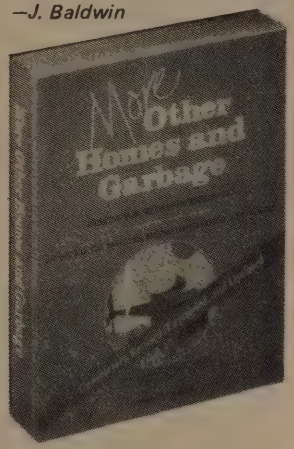


Beginner's CB and Two-Way Radio Repairing
Newt Smelser
1981; 232 pp.
$17.95 postpaid from:
Nelson-Hall
111 North Canal Street
Chicago, IL 60606

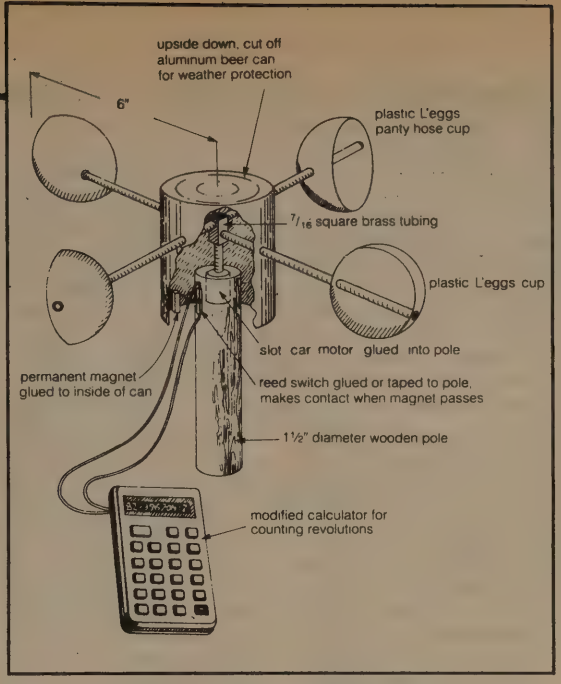


More Other Homes and Garbage

One of the original and best of the alternative energy books has now stepped from adolescence into useful adulthood with this revised edition. Where once there was a sort of naive optimism there are now facts and numbers, brand names and proven schemes. Always good, the book is now a first choice if your heart yearns for environmental righteousness but you don't know where to start. In fact, it's a pretty good place to start for anyone seeking basic knowledge of any of the wide variety of subjects that come under the heading of "alternative." Comparing strategies for self-sufficient living is easy too . . . everything is all together in one place here. Nice job. —J. Baldwin



More Other Homes and Garbage
(Designs for Self-Sufficient Living)
Jim Leckie, Gil Masters, Harry Whitehouse, and Lily Young
1981; 374 pp.
$16.70 postpaid from:
Sierra Club Books
P.O. Box 3886
Rincon Annex
San Francisco, CA 94119
or Whole Earth Household Store



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There are electromechanical counters on the market for about $25 that could count these pulses, but such counters typically consume about 5 watts of power continuously. While that may not sound like much, it is enough to drain most car batteries in about a week's time, which would make it pretty difficult for us to make our system totally portable. . . .

A really slick solution is to modify an inexpensive hand calculator to make it add up the counts and display the total. Some of these calculators go for only $5 to $10, which is a real bargain considering the sophisticated circuitry that you get. The modifications that you'll need to make to the calculator take only a few minutes and do not affect its continued use as a calculator. We will see that we can use the calculator not only to add the revolutions of the anemometer, but we can also automatically work in a calibration factor that lets the display read out in miles of wind directly if we want.

Micro-Hydro Power

All the books on small and micro hydroelectric power lack the practical information needed to actually design and build a good system. For example: ways to protect a system from water hammer, such as standpipes, blowout valves, or a deliberately weak section; the need for a vacuum relief if you have a shutoff valve at your intake, so the water flowing out won't collapse the pipeline; or how to build thrust blocks at turns in a pipe.

What is needed is a comprehensive book oriented toward micro-hydroelectric systems. Such a book would cover river hydrology, hydraulics, civil engineering of pipelines, flumes, and dams, turbine types, electronics, and permits.

Micro-Hydro Power *doesn't have all that, but it does fill a few more of the gaps. It includes a decision tree to help organize your thoughts on getting a system together. The standard information on measurement of flow, head, and potential power includes two handy nomographs on potential power and friction losses in pipes. A section on the economics of systems, which other books lack, includes a sample economic analysis. There is a good list of equipment suppliers and professional services, and an annotated bibliography.* —Bruce Stoker

Micro-Hydro Power
Ron Alward, Sherry Eisenbart and John Volkman
1979; 43 pp.
$1.75 postpaid from:
National Center for Appropriate Technology
P.O. Box 3838
Butte, MT 59701

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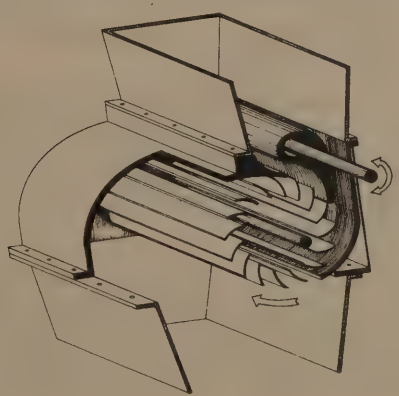
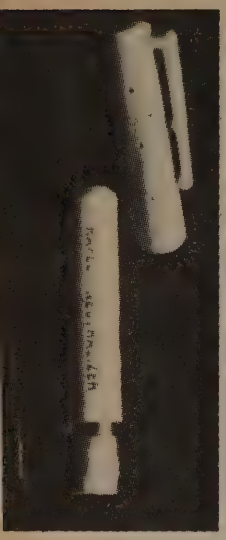
The Crossflow Turbine:
A crossflow runner is drum-shaped with the blades fixed radially along the outer edge. The unit, open in the center, resembles a "squirrel cage" blower. When looked at from the end as though it were a clock face, the water enters at 9 o'clock, crosses the center and exits at 4 o'clock; thus the name crossflow. Most commercially available crossflows are made by Ossberger of West Germany or by someone else under their license. Because of its design, the crossflow is said to be largely self-cleaning and is well suited to low head applications. Ossberger has, in fact, installed them successfully in situations with only 39 inches (1 meter) of head. The Ossberger crossflow uses a metering vane at the intake side and maintains high efficiency over a wide range of flow rates. Because the runner and housing fit fairly close, a draft tube is used on the down side of the turbine, allowing some flexibility in installation relative to turbine placement and tail water level. The crossflow is used widely around the world, although it is less common in the United States.





Rapel Rape Deterrent

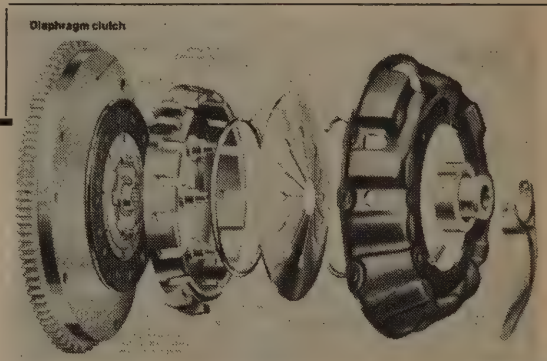
As gory assault stories fill not only the newspapers but the real lives of too many people I know, the question of personal defense unavoidably comes home to us all. An estimated one in three women will be raped at some point in their lives (approximately half of those rapes will occur in the victim's own home), and assault at knife or gunpoint is an ever-increasing grim reality for both men and women. How to resist such an attack is highly subjective — the choice of active, passive, or violent resistance depends on the individual and the circumstances involved. Obviously the most effective resistance is alert prevention.

The Rapel Rape Deterrent — the name is something of a misnomer; it can be used in any assault, not just rape — is being marketed rather specifically for women as a preventive "nonweapon" that will make an assailant turn and run. The idea is to stink out the enemy. A synthetic skunk odor has been encapsulated in a small vial that can be clipped onto any item of clothing. Even if you're caught by surprise, the vial is readily accessible, and can be squeezed open by one hand. A powerful stench then permeates the immediate vicinity (we tested it outside the office — it's truly awful-smelling). The effect on the attacker is supposed to be an overwhelming desire to flee, leaving a smelly trail for the police to follow. Rapel provides a neutralizer for the victim for immediate relief once the attacker has fled. Clothes should be placed in a plastic bag with the remaining neutralizer, sealed for 24 hours, then cleaned. If you do use Rapel in an attack, send a copy of the police report you file and they will replace the capsule free of charge.

No one knows how an attacker will react, but one advantage of Rapel is that unlike mace, tear gas, knives, or guns, it is not a weapon that can be turned against the victim. If to maintain your peace of mind you need to carry some sort of weapon, Rapel provides a nonviolent form of resistance that's also time-tested: it's obviously worked for the skunk. —Anne Nilsson

Rapel Rape Deterrent
$9.95 postpaid from:
Rapel Products
P.O. Box 15227
Austin, TX 78761

This is a product we haven't tested in a real life situation. We did crack open the capsule (with a ten-foot pole) and we were grossed out. If you've used Rapel, please drop us a line. —SM



Causes of tread wear

Chronic overinflation causes tire to wear out in the center first, reducing useful tread life. This tire is dangerously worn and must be replaced.

Reader's Digest Complete Car Care Manual

Finally! A car book for laymen, not morons or mechanical wizards initiated into third water mysteries. Most books on do-it-yourself car repair are either too simple-minded to be of use or too sophisticated to be understood. Others contain terrific information about a few things but either don't cover all they should to make them worth their usually hefty price, or else limit their treatment to only certain makes of automobiles, perhaps under the theory that if you can work on one car you can work on them all. This latest addition to the **Digest***'s growing library of fine do-it-yourself guides has complete information on virtually every brand of car on the road today, and it really shows you how to maintain and repair the one you own. (Unless it's something like a Rolls, or a Ferrari, or a DeLorean; presumably if you own one of these you either don't work on it yourself or you don't need the* **Reader's Digest** *to show you how.)*

Anyway, the clear text and fine artwork — some of the illustrations are even expensively airbrushed in color — depict exactly just what to do, how to do it, and (if you're interested) why. They even show you how to use automotive tools and test equipment like a pro. Best of all, this book will be a long time going out of date: along with the main volume you get a supplementary booklet containing all the tune-up and maintenance specs for popular makes and models of both domestic and foreign cars from 1970 to present, which the editors intend to update continually and publish in revised form every two years or so. —John Warde

Reader's Digest Complete Car Care Manual
Wade A. Hoyt, Editor
1981; 480 pp.
$22.95 postpaid from:
Book Department
Reader's Digest
Pleasantville, NY 11570
or Whole Earth Household Store

In a cover letter accompanying this review, John Warde 'fessed up: He used to work for **Reader's Digest** *and helped out on this book. He left the* **Digest** *about a year ago and is now an editor at Rodale Press. Our in-house auto expert, J. Baldwin, endorsed the review and the book.* —Joe Kane

Zeiss 8 x 20 monocular

An optical Swiss Army knife, this bargain item is now part of my personal furniture. Even though it has only two blades, it gets as much daily use as my 15-blade Victorinox knife. (Two blades? Yeah. I didn't know it till Peter Warshall showed me, but a monocular reversed makes a splendid microscope.)

The point here is the extraordinary combination of great usefulness, superb quality (there is no better monocular than Zeiss), real portability (at two ounces, it really does live happily in a shirt pocket, unlike the mini binoculars that are more than twice as heavy and bulky), and amazing price ($114). To be sure, part of the amazingness of the price is in the distributor we recommend. While Edmund Scientific, for example, would sell you a Zeiss 8 x 20 mini binocular for $350, Competitive Camera offers the same instrument for $240 (shipping cost is about $5 from each source). Other top mini binoculars are the Leitz Trinovid (the 8 x 20 is $270 from Competitive Camera) and the Nikon (the 9 x 30 is $225 from Competitive Camera). They are fine, but nothing like twice as good as the Zeiss 8 x 20 monocular. And it has a robust pocket clip. —Stewart Brand

Zeiss 8 x 20 Mini Monocular
(shown actual size)

$114 from:
Competitive Camera
157 West 30th Street
New York, NY 10001

The Armchair Engineer

Lotsa folks running around using all manner and stripe of technology but having no idea at all about what's going on in there. Even if you hate technotwitics, you really ought to know the basic principles. On the other hand, who wants to go to night school to take physics? Well, you could start by giving this book a read. Such things as vibration damping, quality control, and how insulation works are discussed in layperson's terms, illustrated with simple diagrams, and generally taken to a point where you'll have enough of a feel for the subject to be able to understand the basic principles of the hardware surrounding you. Sort of like how learning basic geology adds a little something to that hill behind your house. —J. Baldwin

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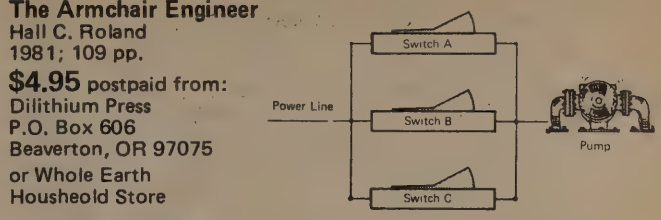
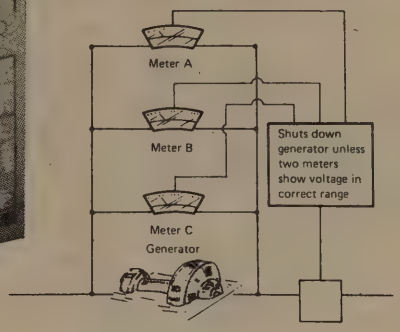
Let us look at a couple of simple applications of probability to engineering safety. Suppose I have a piece of equipment that is electrically powered and is turned on automatically by a switch, for example, a pump to remove water from the basement of a building in case of leakage. Since extensive damage would occur if the switch failed to start the pump, I want to protect myself against this possibility. How can I do this? Let us suppose that previous experience, or extensive testing of the switches to be used, shows that the probability that a switch will not close properly and start the pump is 0.001 (or one chance in a thousand). If I am not willing to accept this probability, I can use two switches in parallel, as shown in Part (a) of the drawing. Since one closed switch will operate the pump, I have reduced the probability of failure to 0.001 X 0.001 = 0.000001, or one chance in a million. If I do not like this figure, I can reduce it to one in 1000 million by adding a third switch in parallel with the other two. Thus, I can provide any degree of safety I am willing to pay for by adding extra switches. This is called safety by redundancy and is widely used in nuclear power systems.

Another principle of engineering systems for safety involving probability is the idea of two out of three logic.

The Armchair Engineer
Hall C. Roland
1981; 109 pp.
$4.95 postpaid from:
Dilithium Press
P.O. Box 606
Beaverton, OR 97075
or Whole Earth
Housheold Store



(a) Parallel switches to control pump



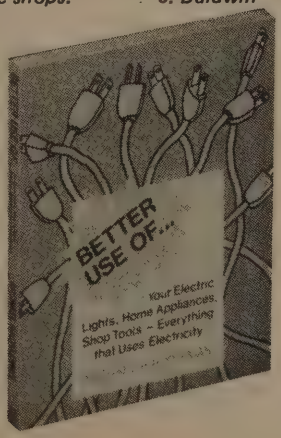
(b) Two-out-of-three meter control of generator

Suppose we are required to hold the electrical voltage output of a generator to within certain values, and to shut it down if it gets outside these values. If we use a single voltage-measuring instrument to do this, the generator will be shut down if the instrument malfunctions. If we use two instruments, we cannot tell which one is wrong. However, if we use three instruments, A, B, and C shown in Part (b) of the drawing, we can arrange it so the generator will continue to run if any two agree that the voltage is the right value. The probability that all three instruments will malfunction at the same time, in the same way, keeping the generator running when it should not, will be exceedingly low. At the same time, the generator will not be shut down due to the malfunction of one instrument.

Better Use of . . . Everything that Uses Electricity

Michael Hackleman has come a long way since his **Wind and Windspinners** *introduced thousands of tinkerers to the joys and sorrows of savonious rotor windmills. In this book he has collected a truly useful batch of how-to strategies for adapting your several watt-users to low voltage DC power sources. He takes things right down to brand name details and proven wiring diagrams, which is what you need to accomplish something. I take a special pleasure not only in the quality of the details shown, but in the overall purpose of the book. It stands nearly alone in attending the devices using alternative energy sources. The book has already saved me a lot of tedious searching around in libraries and electric shops.* —J. Baldwin

Better Use of . . . Everything that Uses Electricity
Michael Hackleman
1981; 166 pp.
$10.95 postpaid from:
Peace Press
3828 Willat Avenue
Culver City, CA 90230



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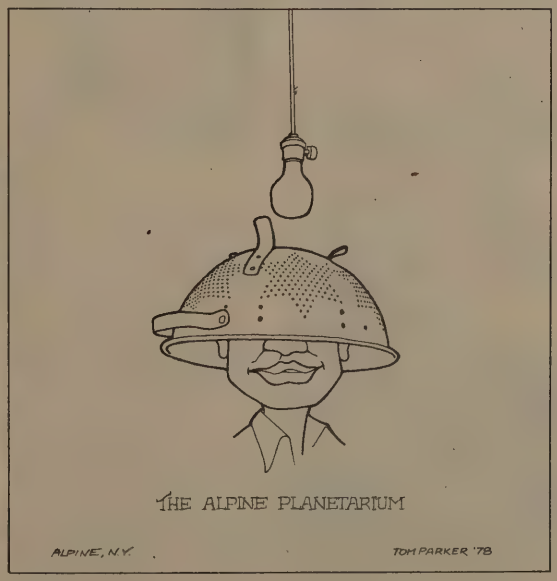
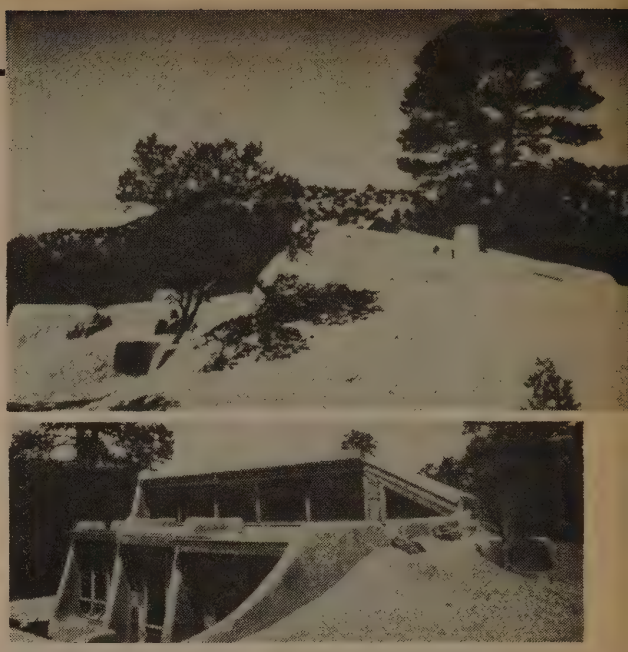
That information won't help a bit if you're trying to get toast at 32 volts or 12 volts DC. But, for a 32-volt setup, rewiring the toaster is one possibility. Ever notice that there are four grids inside the two slot-toaster? One on each side of each piece of toast, with an insulated piece between the two inner grids. Well, that makes it mighty handy to "cut" the nichrome wire into four pieces, paralleling these sections for 32-volt operation. Well, if you have a knack for such things, it does!



Earth Sheltered Homes

This lavishly illustrated assortment of "underground" homes is enough to incite a sprint to the hardware store for a shovel! I'll admit to being a trifle less than sold on the idea of earth-sheltered structures except in principle; on paper the case for them is pretty strong. But here we have photo after photo of really spiffy houses — real ones with people in them. Many of them are downright exciting. It's been many years since I've seen so much imagination at work by people obviously entranced by what they are doing. Yum! —J. Baldwin

Earth Sheltered Homes
(Plans and Designs)
Donna Ahrens, Tom Ellison, and Ray Sterling
1981; 125 pp.
$10.81 postpaid from:
Van Nostrand Reinhold Co.
Order Department
7625 Empire Drive
Florence, KY 41042
or Whole Earth Household Store

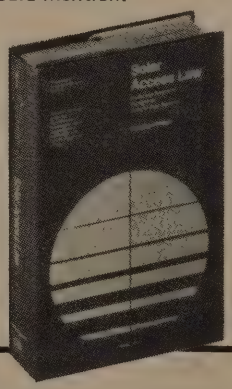


•

Suncave
Dug into the side of a southwest-facing hill and partly covered by earth on the roof, Suncave was the first passive solar adobe home built on speculation. The earth sheltered design was a response to the sloping site characteristics, a request for low visibility from the neighboring road, and the owners' desire for a high degree of thermal integrity, achievable through earth sheltering. Its earth-covered form permits the house to harmonize with the surrounding terrain, minimize heat loss, and take maximum advantage of solar exposure.

Solar Access Law

Whew! Just in time we get a really good look at the legal problems associated with solar devices and the shading thereof by person or persons about to become defendants. The solar access problem is horridly complex. If you're involved in such matters, be you attorney or victim, this easily understood book will prove helpful. It is unusually good in about any way you could mention.
—J. Baldwin



Solar Access Law
Gail Boyer Hayes
1979; 303 pp.
$22.50 postpaid from:
Ballinger Publishing Co.
54 Church Street
Cambridge, MA 02138

•

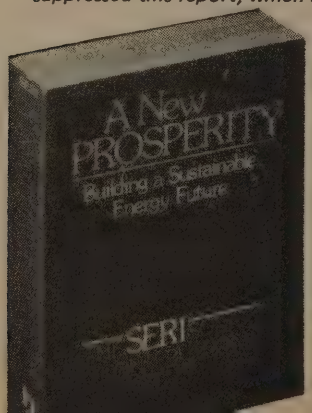
Nuisance Law
It is generally understood that a public nuisance is "virtually any form of annoyance or inconvenience interfering with common public rights" and that a private nuisance is an interference with an individual's right to use or enjoy his land. As opposed to a private nuisance, a public one must infringe on the rights of some appreciable portion of the community, not just on the rights of one person. Both public and private nuisance laws have been proposed to protect solar access.

At first glance, these definitions seem broad enough to encompass solar access disputes. For example, the owner of a $10,000 solar space heating system may call a neighbor's new garage a "nuisance" if it shades his collectors. But the particulars of nuisance law raise serious questions about its applicability. Nuisance law is extremely complex. One expert has complained of both public and private nuisance law:

"There is perhaps no more impenetrable jungle in the entire law than that which surrounds the word 'nuisance.' It has meant all things to all men, and has been applied indiscriminately to everything from an alarming advertisement to a cockroach baked in a pie."

A New Prosperity

The Solar Energy Research Institute (SERI), a division of DOE, produced this document just as the regime was a-changing in Washington, D.C. The newcomers promptly suppressed this report, which shows very clearly, by the government's own analysis, that conservation holds the key to future energy independence and a sustainable economy. The book is exhaustive, well documented, easy to read, and uniquely irritating in the light of current government energy policy. The publisher (Brick House) is to be commended for making this available in the face of deliberate suppression, and I recommend strongly that you all read it then pass it along to a friend. Then get on your senator's case; you'll have a good argument.
—J. Baldwin



A New Prosperity
(Building a Sustainable Energy Future)
SERI Staff
1981; 454 pp.
$21.45 postpaid from:
Brick House Publishing Co.
34 Essex Street
Andover, MA 01810
or Whole Earth Household Store

•

The strategy outlined in this report is rooted in the conservative sentiment that investments should be allowed to flow in the direction that produces the greater rate of return — rather than being channeled in less efficient directions through government action. This strategy therefore proposes to remedy many market distortions caused by public policy. It proposes that federal energy spending be both reduced and redirected.

Complete Guide to Rutan Homebuilt Aircraft

There are lots of people in the world who've never heard of Burt Rutan, but damn few of them fly. Those who do have been hearing about him for some years, but mainly just bits and pieces in flying magazines doing features on whatever award winning or record setting design he most recently produced. Now the story has been put into some kind of order, going from the days when Rutan was flight testing F-4s for NASA through the development of the canard designs that have become his trademark. Although the writing quality of the book is variable, it does give the first coherent look at the most interesting aviation development in several decades, so forget about Great Literature for awhile and give it a try.

Rutan's influence results from not only his design genius but also the serendipity that enabled him to convert a complex construction technique being used by European glider manufacturers into a relatively simple chore that enables homebuilders to cut a block of rigid, closed cell foam with a hot wire and then cover it with layers of fiberglass and epoxy to create a wing that's lighter, stronger, and smoother than a painstakingly built metal or wood equivalent.

*Using different aspects of this composite, or sandwich, construction method will produce a plane like the VariEze (***NWEC** *p. 459), with room for two at 185 mph on 30-plus mpg. That's almost as fast as a Bonanza and half again better mileage than a Cessna 152, so at a time when $2/gal. avgas and uninspired, low spirited $25,000 trainers from Piper and Cessna are threatening to kill aviation at its roots, there's a new path being offered. So far this year more Rutan kits have been sold than 152s, and in fact two-thirds of all two-place plane sales have been homebuilts, most of them Rutan designs or spin-offs. How much longer the big guys will sleep through the revolution is unknown, but with their twins and bizjets still selling fast it might be awhile. And for the time being that leaves Burt way out ahead, and all alone.*

So if you're an airplane junkie like me then forget about that dream where you walk into the showroom with a big bankroll, and start making plans for the workshop where you'll build your own. —Dick Fugett

Complete Guide to Rutan Homebuilt Aircraft
Don and Julia Downie
1981; 288 pp.
$8.95 postpaid from:
TAB Books
Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17214
or Whole Earth Household Store

- A composite as used in this article is defined as a sandwich of a low density core covered on both sides by a high strength material. A major point I want to clarify is that the VariEze is *not* a fiberglass aircraft — it is a *composite* aircraft.

Aircraft Spruce and Specialty Company

Maybe you've gone past the fantasy level and now it's time for nuts and bolts, or in the case of a Rutan design, epoxy and foam. Aircraft Spruce and Specialty has been supplying homebuilders for 25 years, and this hefty 250 page catalog will give you pictures, prices, and descriptions of everything from the materials and tools required for building a plane to the instruments and engine you'll have to buy before finally discovering Homemade Flight. What lifts this volume above the competition is a descriptive commentary that changes windowshopping into education, and the simple catalog you started with ends up a reference book. —Dick Fugett

Aircraft Spruce and Specialty Company
Composite Aircraft Supply Catalog
$4 from:
Aircraft Spruce and Specialty Company
P.O. Box 424
Fullerton, CA 92632

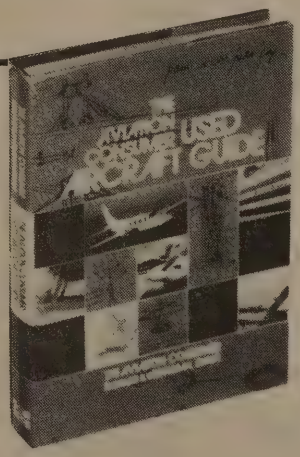
- One of the unique features of the glass-foam-glass composite construction technique is the ability to visually inspect the structure from the outside. The transparency of the glass/epoxy material makes it possible to see all the way through the skins and even through the spar caps. Defects in the layup take four basic forms: (1) resin lean areas, (2) delaminations, (3) wrinkles or bumps in the fibers and (4) damage due to sanding structure away in finishing.

The Aviation Consumer Used Aircraft Guide

When I consider how much learning went into this book, not to mention parts and labor, I'm staggered as well as gratified that it wasn't me who had to pay the bills for all the experience. What we're given here is a handsome, hardbound collection of reports from **Aviation Consumer** *(***NWEC** *p. 459), that solitary, self-supported aviation voice that has no fear of advertisers' wrath, due to their complete lack of advertisers.*

The amount of information in the book is incredible, and far surpasses those glossy, surface level summaries of factory specs and marketing department photos that are normally passed off as "The Compleat Airplane Review." **Aviation Consumer** *tells that happy stuff too, but also gets down to the guts of the matter and will as soon produce a scoop on Bonanza airframe failures as go into detail regarding Cessna Cardinal RG landing gear problems. Everything is culled from somebody's real flying experience, and by the time you've finished reading the five page rap on each of 47 airplanes, from J-3 Cub to Citation jet, you'll be closer to understanding the machines than many of the owners are.* —Dick Fugett

The Aviation Consumer Used Aircraft Guide
Richard B. Weeghman, Editor
1981; 227 pp.
$22.50 postpaid from:
McGraw-Hill Book Co.
Princeton Road
Hightstown, NJ 08520
or Whole Earth Household Store



A perfectly normal touchdown — only with the nosegear jammed in the up position. The pilot, who shut down the engine on a quarter-mile final to lessen damage, said his glider training came in handy.

CoEVOLUTION Quarterly

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Illustrations
Melinda Gebbie, Gary Hallgren, Jay Kinney, Jack Malotte, Bruce McGillivray, Tom Parker, John Prestianni, Don Ryan, Mary Lou Sanelli, John Warnock, Louise Whetter, David Wills, G. Russ Youngren
Photographs
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Marinstat, Mill Valley (stats and halftones)
CTS, San Francisco (display type)
Graphic Arts of Marin (display type)

Gossip

Seems strangely quiet around here — maybe too quiet — in our first long break from **Catalog** *mania in two years. (Soon, we hope, Christmas orders will come in and we'll gratefully return to the order-filling part of* **Catalog** *mania.) Lots of people have disappeared for brief or lengthy periods. Usual editor Stewart Brand, Soft Tech maven J. Baldwin, architect/***CQ** *contributor Sim Van der Ryn, former staff member Patty Phelan, New Alchemist Liz Fial, and* **Christian Science Monitor** *reporter Stewart MacBride have all travelled together in the South Pacific for varying parts of the last month or so. Sometimes they fought storms on sailboats skippered by sail training expert Mary Crowley, and sometimes they rested up on Rarotonga, a remote island.*

Kathleen O'Neill has spent much of this quarter at her enviably complete studio on the Petaluma farm she moved to this summer, painting, planning the forthcoming **Rising Sun** *book with Anne Herbert, and feeding chickens. David Wills is designing for the antiblindness campaign Seva and for the merchants of the Haight-Ashbury. Tim Ennis left to pursue audio work and sell silkscreened goods with his wife Kathy in San Francisco. Nancy Dunn went to the Writer's Congress in New York in October, partly to help form a national writer's union. Sarah Sharp has, alas, gone to day care, now that she's too old to be content sitting on her mother's desk watching her work.*

Anne Nilsson, who research-edited much of the **NWEC** *Second Edition, is leaving in January for an indefinitely long sojourn in Nepal and points east; she hopes to bump into Thomas Laird on the streets of Katmandu. By the time you read this, Jay Kinney will have returned from a shorter but more demanding voyage, to Dallas November 22 for the first world convention of the Church of the SubGenius. Advance word says several hundred SubGenii will circle around Dealey Plaza in fervent homage to their saint-figure J.R. "Bob" Dobbs.*

Our Christmas promotional mailing also disappeared — or, rather, got submerged in the bureaucratic bogs of a post office in Long Island. We mailed it from there because it's doubling as a wraparound on the **Catalog***'s new edition, and was thus printed back East. The P.O. wouldn't send out the mail under our nonprofit rates until they'd unexpectedly aged the paperwork six weeks, and it took Jonathan Evelegh's phone calls to our congressman John Burton (and his helpful assistant Barbara Whitehill) to get it out at all. The mailing said anyone who ordered a subscription or* **Catalog** *by November 27 would see it delivered by Christmas. If the mailing reached you after November 27, well, at least you're getting our apology on time.*

Hmmm, what else? Robert Crumb and Aline Kominsky had a baby girl, Sophia Violet, born September 27, '81. Anne Herbert seeks drawings of the whole Earth done before photos from space existed (the drawings look different). If you've seen any, write her at **CQ**. *I'm researching the prevention of street crime; if you have practical stories or thoughts about it, please write me at* **CQ**.

It's been quiet here, but not boring; the fruit of Stephanie Mills' and Peter Berg's work should prove that. We're celebrating with (as Steph suggested) a native-dress-and-food party for Harvetia, the mythical bioregion now occupied by the **CQ** *office (which was once a restaurant called Harvey's Lunches).*

—Art Kleiner

We came into work one morning and Dick had put a dead mouse in the xerox machine. Don did the decorating.

CERTIFICATION TEST FOR SENIOR GENERALISTS

INSTRUCTIONS:

Read each question carefully. Answer all questions. Time limit 4 hours. Begin immediately. Work in numerical order (equipment remaining from Question No. 1 may prove useful with Questions 3 and 6).

1. *Medicine.* (A) You have been provided with a razor blade, a piece of gauze, and a bottle of Scotch. Remove your appendix. Do not suture until your work has been inspected. (You have 15 minutes.) (B) If the examiner approves your work, complete the health insurance forms necessary to receive reimbursement for the operation; if your work does not pass inspection, complete paperwork necessary to file a malpractice suit. (10 minutes)

2. *History.* Describe the history of the papacy from its origins to the present day, concentrating especially but not exclusively on its social, political, economic, religious, and philosophical impact on Europe, Asia, America, and Africa. Be brief, concise, and specific.

3. *Public Speaking.* Two thousand drug-crazed aborigines are storming your office. Calm them. You may use any ancient language except Latin or Greek.

4. *Biology.* Create life. Estimate the difference in subsequent human culture if this form of life had been created 500 million years ago or earlier, with special attention to its probable effect on the English Parliamentary system.

5. *Music.* Write a piano concerto. Orchestrate and perform it with flute and drum. You will find a piano under your seat.

6. *Engineering.* The disassembled parts of a high powered rifle have been placed in a box on your desk. You will also find an instruction manual printed in Swahili. In 10 minutes, a hungry Bengal tiger will be admitted to the room. Take whatever action you feel is appropriate. Be prepared to justify your decision.

7. *Sociology.* What sociological problems might accompany the end of the world? Construct an experiment to test your theory.

8. *Management Science.* Define management. Define science. How do they relate? Create a generalized algorithm to optimize all managerial decisions. Assuming a 7600K CPU supporting 50 terminals, each terminal to activate your algorithm, design the communications interface and all necessary control programs.

9. *Psychology.* Based on your knowledge of their works, evaluate the emotional stability, degree of adjustment, and repressed anxieties of each: Alexander of Aphrodinias, Ramses II, Gregory of Nicea, Hammurabi; support your evaluation with quotations from each man's work. It is not necessary to translate.

10. *Economics.* Develop a realistic plan for refinancing the national debt. Trace the possible effects of your plan on these areas: Cubism, the Donatist controversy, the wave theory of light.

11. *Epistemology.* Take a position for or against truth. Prove the validity of your position.

12. *Classical Physics.* Explain the nature of matter. Include in your answer an evaluation of the impact of the development of mathematics on science.

13. *Modern Physics.* Produce element 107. Determine its half-life.

14. *Energy Resources.* Construct a working fusion reaction from the materials provided you for Questions 1, 5, and 6.

15. *Foreign Affairs.* It has recently been suggested that only a foreign war can restore America's lost national consensus. Propose the ideal opponent(s) for the U.S. in such a war, and how the conflict might be engineered. Discuss the pros and cons.

16. *Art.* Explain the Mona Lisa's smile.

17. *Juris Prudence.* In Part 2 of Shakespeare's **Henry VI**, Jack Cade, the leader of a populist revolt, proposes that the first order of business following the successful seizure of power could be "to kill all the lawyers." In light of the present populist mood in the United States, assess the utility and potential impact of such a policy today.

18. *Philosophy.* Sketch the development of human thought; estimate its significance. Compare with the development of any other kind of thought.

19. *General Knowledge.* Describe in detail, briefly.

20. *Extra Credit.* Define the universe; give three examples.

—Submitted by George Root:
author unknown

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

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(Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: CoEvolution Quarterly	A. PUBLICATION NO: 0 7 7 1 5 0	2. DATE OF FILING: 10/9/81
3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: quarterly	A. NO. OF ISSUES PUBLISHED ANNUALLY: 4	B. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $16.00

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EDITOR (Name and Complete Mailing Address): Stewart Brand 27 Gate 5 Rd., Sausalito, CA 94965

MANAGING EDITOR (Name and Complete Mailing Address): none

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FULL NAME	COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS
Point	27 Gate 5 Rd., Sausalito, CA 94965

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BOX 428 SAUSALITO CA 94966

Geographic Tongue

CoEvolution Quarterly — Fall 1981 Financial Report

EXPENSES	May, June, July	Aug, Sept, Oct
Salaries & Fees		
Office	$ 23,041.52	$ 21,419.83
Production	10,847.39	10,215.05
Editors	12,061.05	13,664.27
Contributors	6,700.00	6,955.00
Office rental, materials, etc.	17,374.03	15,230.05
Phone	1,737.90	1,875.73
Promotion	604.89	11,830.38
Printing	41,337.61 (52,000 copies)	31,241.92* (47,000 copies)
Subscription process & mail	19,905.19	15,983.02
Shipping	1,307.68	1,347.03
Business reply	1,200.00	1,200.00
Refunds	400.00	200.00
Other products (posters, maps, T-shirts, retail Whole Earth Catalogs)**	—	5,916.39
Total	$136,517.26	$137,078.67
INCOME		
Subscriptions, gifts & renewals	$ 90,581.80	$ 94,031.62
Maniacal subscriptions	1,000.00	-0-
Back issues	2,380.00	2,314.75
Distribution	15,639.50	17,448.22
Other products (posters, maps, T-shirts, retail Whole Earth Catalogs)**	—	9,857.67
Total	$109,601.30	$123,652.26
NET GAIN OR (LOSS)	**($26,915.96)**	**($13,426.41)**

*not all expenses incurred are shown (see part of accounts payable).

from now on this category will be included in the **CQ part of the report since many expenses incurred in connection with fulfillment are difficult to break out from regular magazine costs.

POINT Financial Report

	Aug, Sept, Oct 1981
CQ (see left)	
Income	$123,652.26
Expense	137,078.67
NWEC (1st & 2nd Editions)	
Income (royalties)	20,000.00
Expense (production)	57,208.39
POINT	
Income	300.00
Expense	1,345.00
TOTALS	
INCOME	$143,952.26
EXPENSE	195,632.06
NET GAIN OR (LOSS)	**($51,679.80)**

POINT Balance Statement 31 October 1981

Assets	
Cash in bank	$ 2,223.32
Investments	51,507.26
Accounts Receivable Distributors	32,673.04
Inventory	
Back issues, CQ	207,769.67
Other products	17,502.60
Liabilities	
Accounts Payable	17,077.85
Subscriber Liability	303,688.00

Thank you, Maniacals

Bamboo Flying Water
New York, New York
Donna Boyd &
Gene Combs
Lexington, Kentucky
Marlon Brando
Beverly Hills, California
Stephen & Julie Briggs
Brattleboro, Vermont
Robert Dunn
Sparks, Nevada
Allan Hogle
Gualala, California
Michael O. Johnson
Los Angeles, California
James E. Lovelock
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Davis California
Katherine W. Tremaine
Santa Barbara,
California
Greg & Pat Williams
Gravel Switch,
Kentucky
and 5 anonymice

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Whole Earth Household Store
Fort Mason Center, Building D
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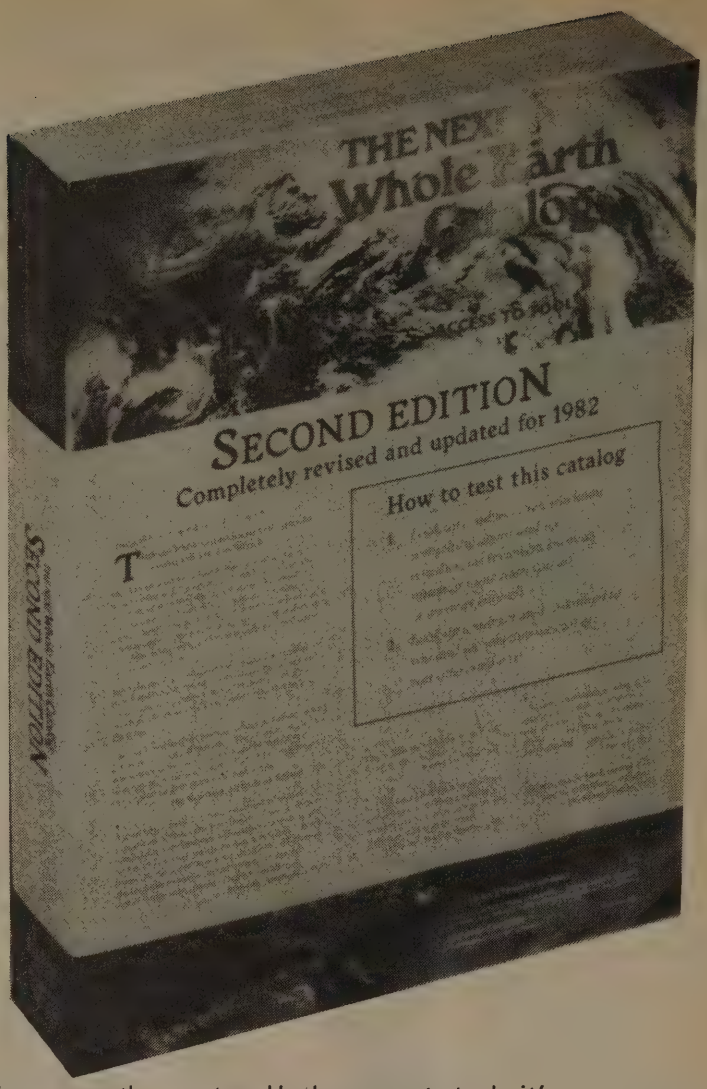

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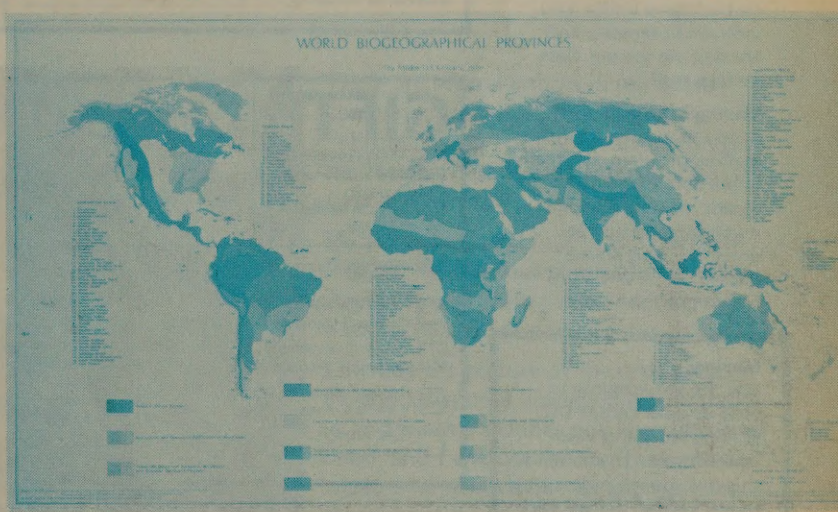

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Mist-clad ocean rocks colored in tints and shades of ultramarine blue deepening to Payne's grey

Amicable crab flashes deep cadmium red on a Prussian blue ground strewn with lavender rosettes of sea flora.

These are several entries in my mostly completed, ten-year, thousand-image "chromatic log" of my favorite bioregion: the Northern California Intertidal Coast-*Line* and *Vicinity.*

My alleged interest in it is as a *Chromo-Region.* Its political status as an *Energy-Region* has, unfortunately, endangered (!) both its chromo and its bio.

I include the picture of the crab because He and I disputed bioregional boundaries in an amicable manner one low-tide afternoon, and I enclose the sunflower starfish because he seemed like an appropriate bioregional "spokes" person.

The local consensus is that things would not look better with oil on them.

Sincerely,
David J. Rust

P.S. Make signs against the dread Gerrymander! and "Forget Not the Ethnic Joke!"